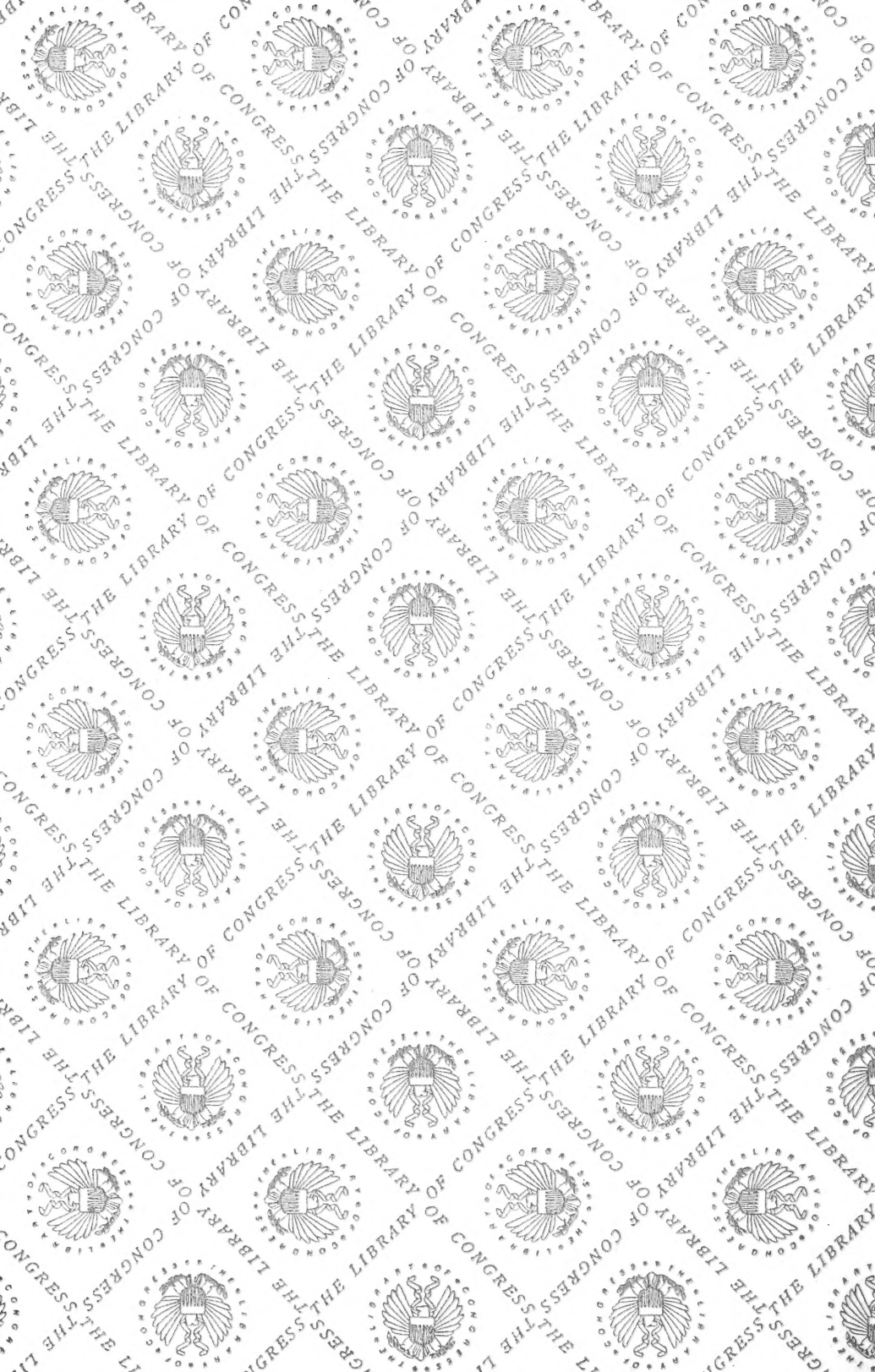
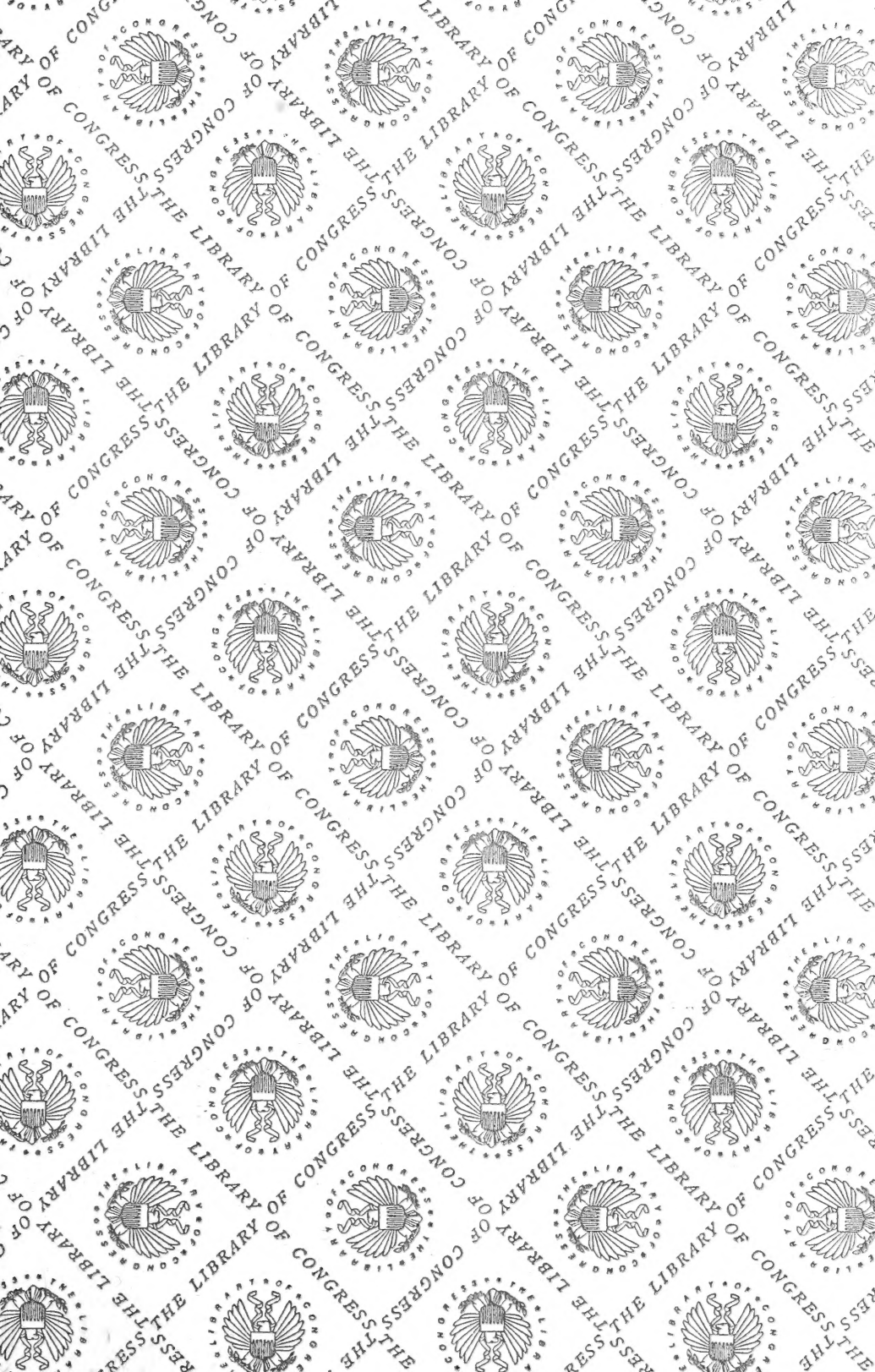


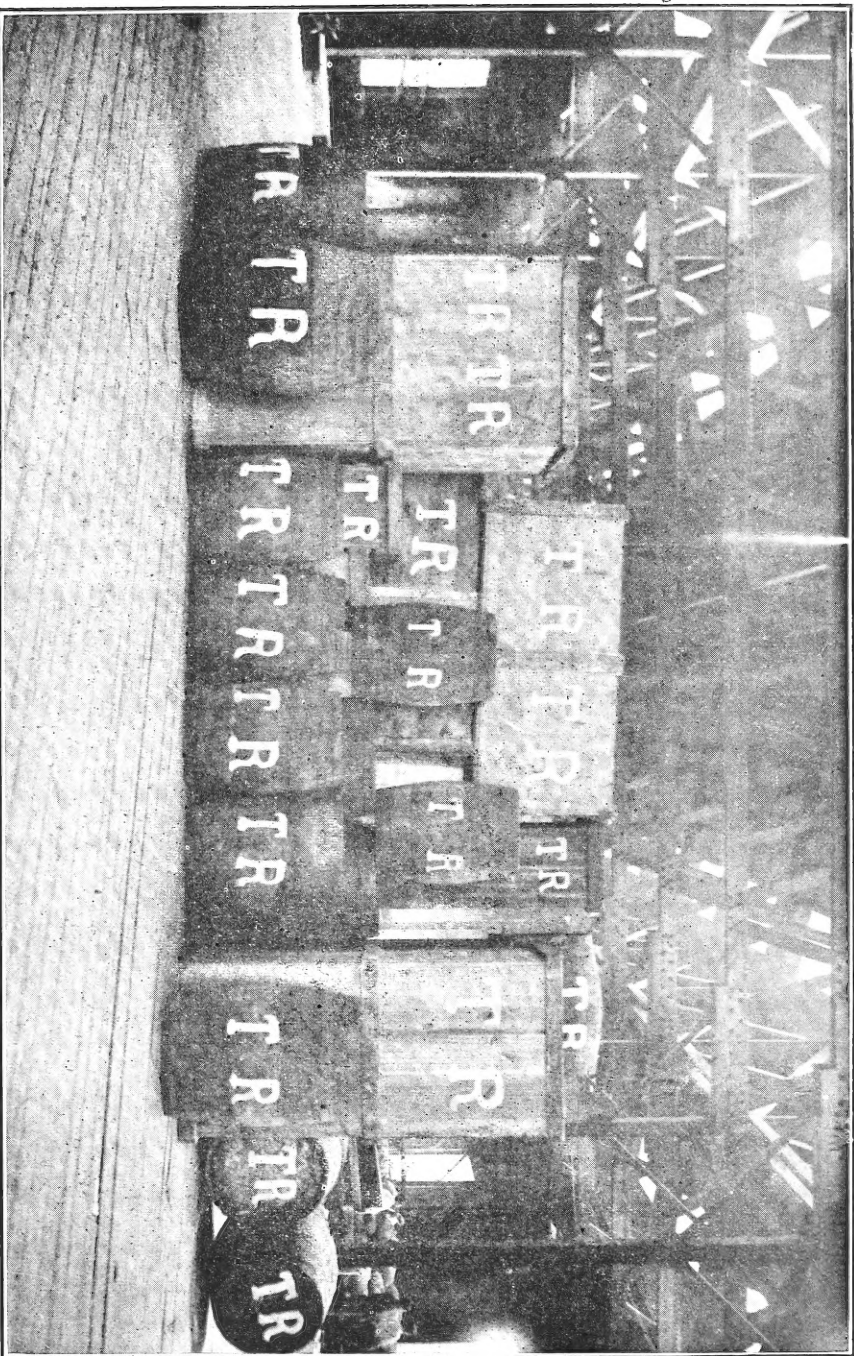
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THE ROOSEVELT BIG GAME SPECIMENS SENT TO THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

These numerous cases, which were photographed on their arrival in New York, show the results of Roosevelt's Artisan Trip in tangible form on American soil. The world famous initials "T R" were conspicuously painted on every piece before shipment and it will be noticed that some boxes were, perhaps with pardonable pride, twice branded with the brush.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Leader of the African Expedition under the auspices of the
Smithsonian Institution

Adventure—Travel—Exploration

ROOSEVELT'S TRIP TO AFRICA

The Story of his Life, the Voyage from
New York to Mombasa, and the Route
through the Heart of Africa

Including

The Big Game and Other Ferocious Animals, Strange
Peoples and Countries found in the
Course of his Travels.

By

FREDERICK WILLIAM UNGER

THE FAMOUS AFRICAN TRAVELER

Author of "With Bobs and Kruger," "Russia and
Japan," Etc. Former African Correspondent
of the "London Daily Express."

Celebrated Lecturer, War Correspondent, Traveler in the
Klondike, Manchuria, Africa and other parts of the World.

LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS JUST TAKEN IN AFRICA
and numerous beautiful engravings and maps.

GEORGE A. PARKER
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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“No man has lived more fully than he the life of his time”

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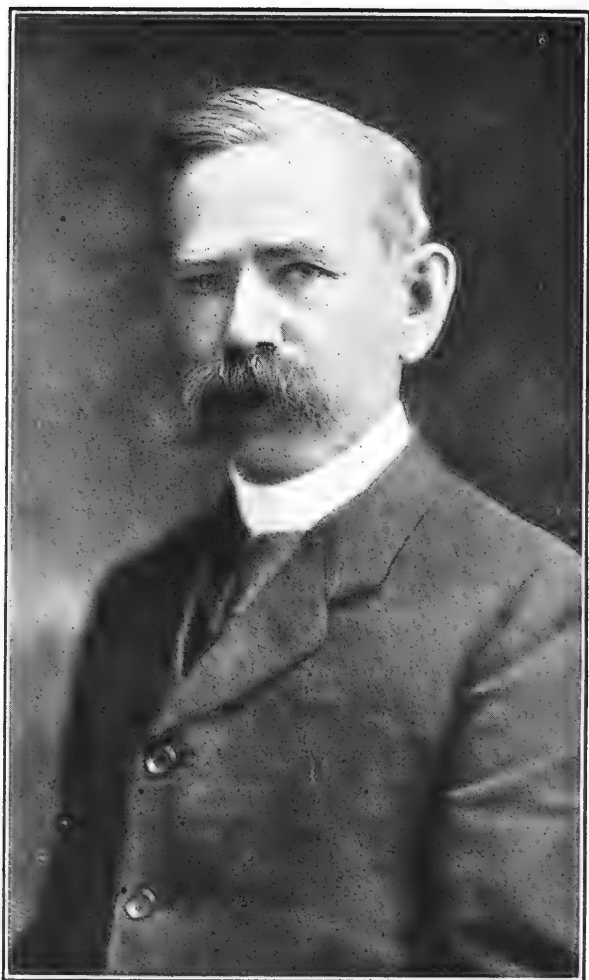
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KERMIT ROOSEVELT

Who accompanied his father on the expedition to Central Africa



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DR. AND COL. EDGAR A. MEARNS

Surgeon-Doctor of the African Expedition and Noted Scientist

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BOOK ONE

THE MARVELOUS CAREER
OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

CHAPTER I

The African Expedition and Its Objects

IT is a difficult matter to follow the path of Theodore Roosevelt. Not that it is in any sense a crooked path. It is, on the contrary, remarkable for its undeviating straightness. But the hero of our work has cut so wide a swath in his course through modern history, has found interest in such a multitude of subjects, has taken a prominent part in so many fields of human endeavor, that one stands almost appalled before the varied panorama of his career.

It is a fact of striking significance, yet one thoroughly characteristic of the man, that, after filling for years one of the highest places in the civilized world, as ruler of the greatest of modern nations, he has leaped at one plunge into the heart of unadulterated nature, the realm of native savagery, and exchanged his gladiatorial struggle in the arena of politics for as strenuous a one with the savage denizens of the African wilds.

While proposing here to deal with the whole story of his life, we seem drawn at the start to its final episode, so far as his life's story has yet developed, that having to do with his career as a modern Nimrod, a fearless hunter of fearless beasts. The figure of the hunter has ever stood prominent in history. In fact, history almost begins with it, for the image of Nimrod, "a mighty hunter before the Lord," stands out in clear outlines before our eyes on the misty border line of history. And here, at history's end, so far as the present day is concerned,



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

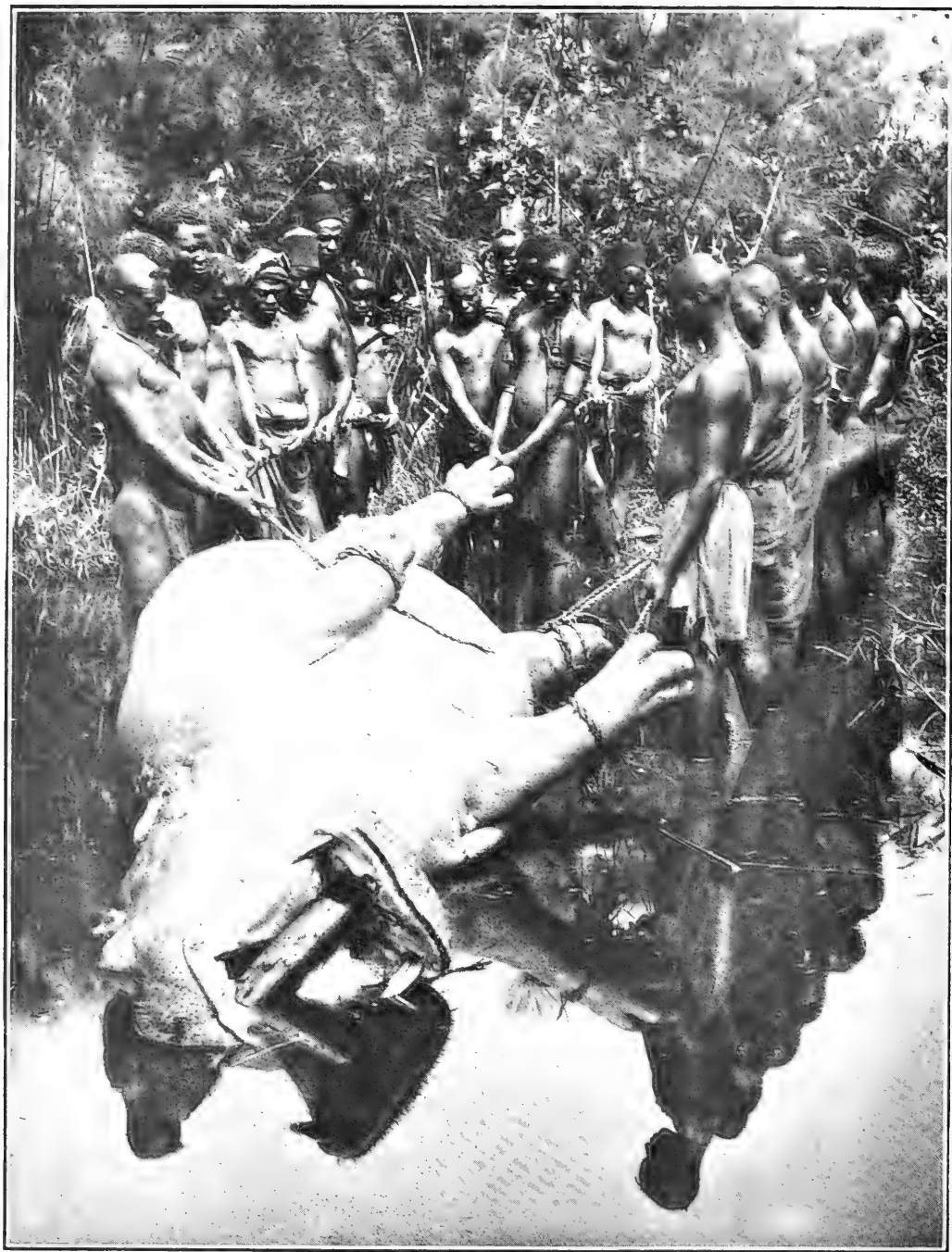
stands forth as prominently before us another mighty hunter, pitting his strength and boldness against the greatest and most savage beasts the world knows.

The country in which Theodore Roosevelt is now lost to sight is one that less than half of a century ago was as unknown to us as the mountains of the moon, the depths of that "dark continent" in whose interior civilized man had scarcely set foot. Where Roosevelt and his son now are were then groups of warlike tribes, some of them the most bloodthirsty of all the African natives. Slowly the pioneers of discovery penetrated to their haunts, and slowly the vanguard of civilization marched into this wild realm, subduing the natives, forcing them to submit to the beneficent bonds of civilization, bringing peace and order to their land, and finally bridging it with that greatest agent of civilization, the railroad. To-day men may ride in luxurious ease where Stanley and the other daring African travelers trudged with endless toil so short a time ago.

Then came the hunter, for the land through which this railroad runs—from Mombasa, on the ocean border, to the waters of the Victoria Nyanza—was one of the greatest game preserves on the face of the earth. Here roamed in multitudes the lordly African elephant, the savage and nearly invulnerable rhinoceros, the lion, that terrifying desert lord, the stately giraffe, the ferocious buffalo, antelopes in profusion and variety, and many other animals, some of which were unknown to civilized man.

And latest of these hunters came hither that Nimrod of the Far West, Theodore Roosevelt, to share the perils and taste the excitement of the fight for life with these wildest and most savage beasts. Thus we introduce our hero into the African wilds, that Paradise of the hunter whose delight lies in the pursuit of great game and the thrill of perilous adventure.

A skilled, trained, alert hunter was he whose course we are now tracing. Many years before he had served his apprenticeship in this field of effort, when he exchanged his early legislative career for a period of life on a western ranch and the enjoyment of hunting the big game of the Rocky Mountains. During his later years this love of the wild clung to him. At every convenient interval he threw off the



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A HUGE HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOT IN DEEP WATER

Ex-President Roosevelt was attacked by twenty of these monsters while in a small rowboat on Lake Naivasha. He succeeded in killing two and driving the rest away

fettering bonds of public duties and sought the haunts of animal life, not so much for the pleasure of killing as for the delight of escaping for a time from the trammels of civilization.

In that critical interval when President McKinley lay between life and death, his strenuous Vice-President broke away and lost himself in the breezy depths of the Adirondacks, where a long hunt was needed to find him when tidings came of the President's dying state. In this instance, for once in his life, the hunter became the hunted, and proved as hard to find as the shyest of wild creatures. At a later date, when the cares of the Presidency lay heavy on his shoulders, we find him again breaking away and burying himself in the canebrakes of the Mississippi in ardent pursuit of the elusive bear.

For a hunter of this calibre, trained and ardent, a man of steady nerves and deadly aim, a fearless soldier who had charged up San Juan Hill through a rain of plunging bullets, we can well understand the refusal to accept again the bonds of the Presidency, the schoolboy delight in winning a period of freedom from work, and the gleeful enthusiasm with which he sought a new field of hunting adventure, the one fullest of the spice of danger and promise of thrilling experience of any upon the face of the earth.

Can we justly appreciate the feelings of Theodore Roosevelt when he finally set foot on African soil; made his way inland from the seashore to that crowded domain of wild life where roamed in freedom wild animals which hitherto he had only seen behind the bars of strong cages; saw from the train as it plunged onward into the depths of the land the graceful giraffe, the crouching lion, the lumbering rhinoceros, the various other wild animals which had learned to disregard the speeding engine and its rattling cars, having found it a place of safety rather than danger, since no bullets came from it to decimate the trusting herd?

The world of civilization lay behind him. Before him opened a world of savagery. Men there were as savage as beasts, all alike scions of open nature, free to give way to instinct, destitute of training and education except that which adapted them to the needs of wild life. Here for ages the struggle for existence had gone on in its primitive phase. Now civilization, armed with new weapons and new laws,

had made its way into this homestead of savagery; and while the stern rule of the whites forced the warlike natives to take up the arts of peace, the death-dealing rifle began to decimate the crowding multitude of wild beasts.

Among them had now come a hunter from the West, one who had tried every phase of adventure to be found in the hills and forests of America, and who came eager for the fresh hunting experiences offered by Africa. He came in good time. The slaughter of the herd had begun, but wild animals roamed there still in vast abundance, and the enthusiastic hunter could not fail to find opportunities for the most nerve-straining experiences.

It is not our purpose here to follow Roosevelt step by step through these primitive scenes, to describe how animal after animal fell before his unerring rifle, to tell how he faced the lion in his lair or the ferocious rhinoceros or buffalo in his charge, and laid him a victim before his victorious feet. Later on the reader will be regaled with adventurous feats of this kind, but here we are concerned only with the general phases of the hunter's life, the preliminary topic of our work.

And here it may be said that it was not the bloodthirst pure and simple that animated the hunter. He had another object in his journey, that of aiding the cause of science, of furnishing the galleries of the Smithsonian Institution with specimens of the varied animal life of Africa, before this should perish in the general battle which had begun.

This done, and it had been fairly completed by mid July, his mission in Africa would be at an end and he would be ready to return to civilized lands. He had now nearly reached that stage, as news under date of July 19 stated that only rare specimens were being shot, the collection for the Smithsonian being complete. And civilization was beginning to lay its grasp again upon the hunter, for we are told that he had stopped hunting to write a book—another of the favorite occupations of his leisure hours; one of his relaxations, if we may call it such. And his request to a correspondent to "give the news" shows that his cutting loose from the civilized world was not complete, that a touch of homesickness at times disturbed his nerves.

Yet with this tidings came to us incidents of thrilling adventure.

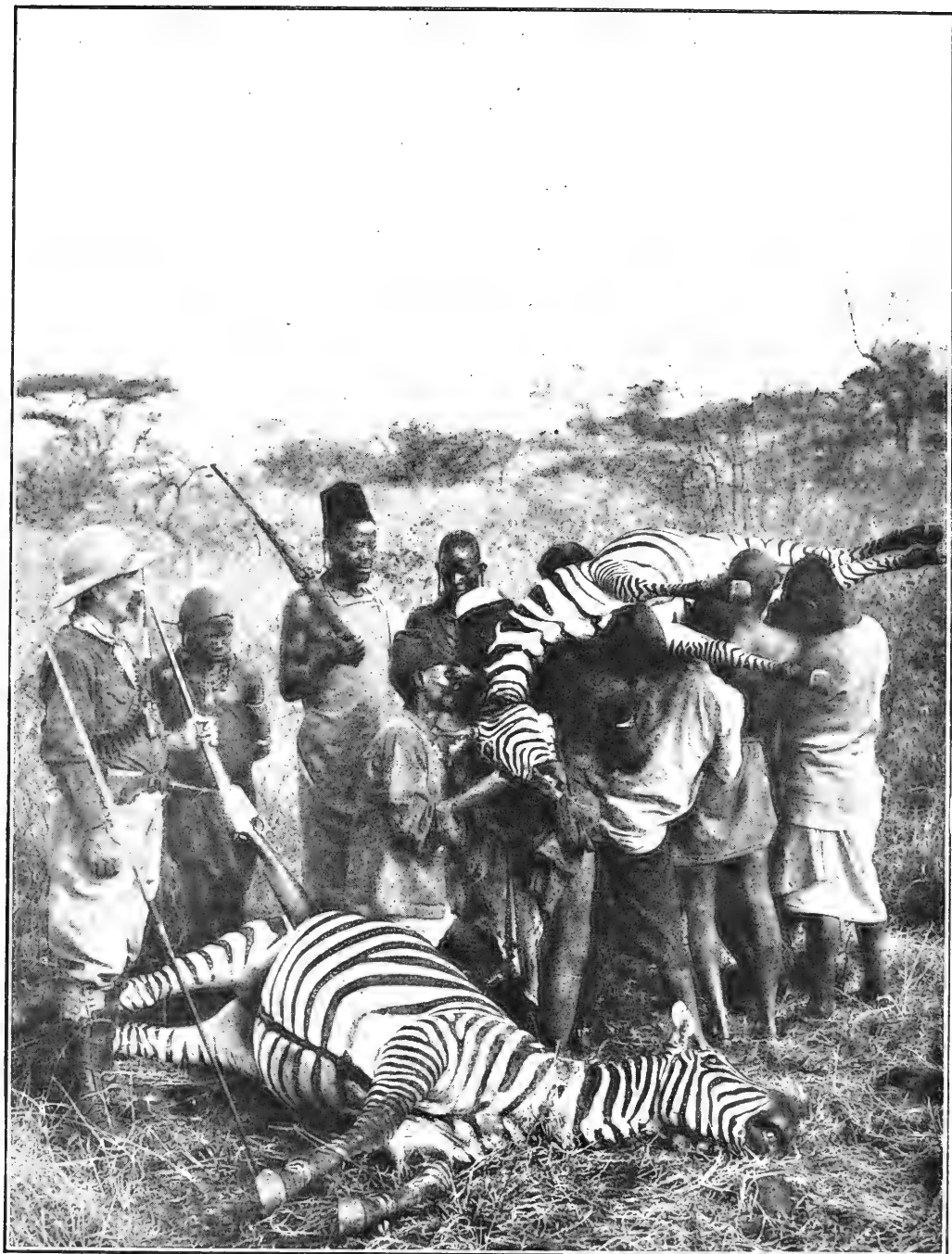
We are told of the arrival at Naivasha of a member of the expedition, who came to the town in unloitering haste, being chased in by five lions. Roosevelt at the same time had his most threatening experience. He had set out on a hippopotamus hunt on the waters of Lake Naivasha in a small boat with two native attendants, and unexpectedly found himself assailed by a dozen of these huge water monsters. The situation was one of extreme peril and the natives were thrown into a panic, especially when some of the brutes dove under the boat and sought to lift it on their clumsy heads.

Coolness and nerve were needed at this moment of peril and they did not fail Colonel Roosevelt. He shot two of the largest of the hippopotami, scared away the others, and came triumphantly ashore, towing in his prizes. But if the United States is to have the benefit of his future services it will be just as well that he does not repeat such experiences. As for his son Kermit, it is said that this youthful hunter has shown more enthusiasm than caution in the pursuit of African game, some of his animal encounters approaching recklessness and calling for caution from his experienced father.

We may conclude this chapter with a few remarks on a co-ordinate topic, that of the ethical bearing of a hunter's life. It cannot be denied that, aside from all purposes of scientific reward from the use of his rifle, our hunter was largely moved by the desire for pure sport, the bloodthirst that has animated the hunter in all ages.

Yet is this as reprehensible as it is held to be by many? Is the life of one of these brute tenants of the African wilds a matter of ethical moment? "They toil not, neither do they spin." They live mainly to eat and reproduce their kind. No useful powers of thought animate their undeveloped brains, no provision for the morrow disturbs their narrow intellects; when they fall before the hunter's bullet it is with as little disturbance of the economy of nature as when a huge oak falls before the forester's axe. To destroy an entire forest may be a serious injury. To annihilate an animal species may disturb the balance of nature. Yet to fell an individual tree or rhinoceros can have no such effect, and aside from the passing spasm of pain in the latter instance it does not appear to have any ethical significance. That is, so far as the animal is concerned, since it may be saved by the

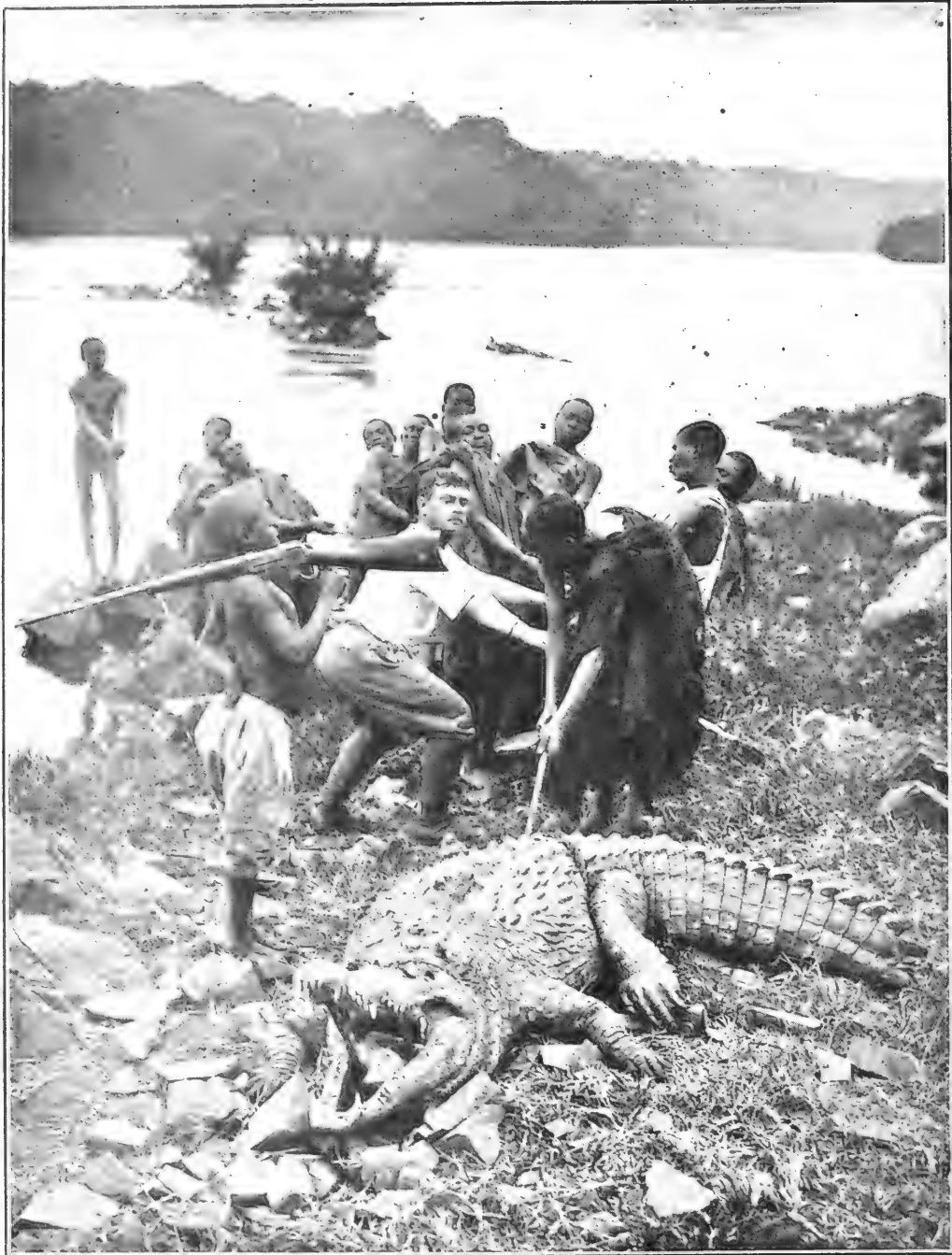
bullet from greater suffering in its after life. So far, however, as the man is concerned it has a different significance. To kill for pure sport cannot but dull the finer elements of human feeling and develop the sentiment of destruction. Yet while there are wild animals there will be hunters. The active, adventurous spirit of man leads him inevitably in this direction, and Roosevelt, in his hunting expedition, aside from the scientific purpose involved, has been yielding to the native instinct derived from primeval man and from which few of us wholly escape.



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REWARD OF A ZEBRA SHOOT

Zebras are as common as deer in the jungle. Ex-President Roosevelt added them to his collection for the Smithsonian Institution



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THE GIANT MAN-EATING CROCODILE OF CENTRAL AFRICA

"The crocodile was caught asleep ashore and nailed down with a high-power Winchester rifle"

CHAPTER II

Boyhood and Early Life

THEODORE ROOSEVELT comes to us from good old American stock, the family of the Roosevelts tracing their career on this continent to the days of the sturdy old Dutch governor, Peter Stuyvesant. Klass Martenson Van Roosevelt, the first of the name in this country, landed in New Amsterdam in 1649. From that time on the family occupied a position of prominence in New York City, taking an active part in the war for independence, and later on becoming energetic and wealthy members of the mercantile community.

Born in New York City October 27, 1858, Theodore Roosevelt was given his father's name and inherited some of his father's characteristics, especially his love of outdoor life and his interest in the doings of the "common people."

A thin, pale, delicate lad, weak and short-sighted, he did not seem a hopeful case for the building of a strong man. Indeed, to keep him from the rough play of the public schools, which he seemed unfit to bear, he was taught at home and in private schools. Yet the boy had under this pale exterior the inborn energy from which strong men are made. Determined to be the equal of his fellows, "to make a man of himself," as he has said, he took part in all sorts of boyish sports and exercises. He learned to swim, to row, to ride; he tramped over hill and dale. In this way the delicate child grew up to be a hardy boy and developed into a man with muscles of steel and indomitable vim and endurance.

Stories of animals and adventure interested him from early boyhood. The favorite pursuits of the man began to declare themselves in the child when he was but six years of age. And his love for a good, hard fight in later life manifested itself as early. There are several stories extant of his boyhood contests, one of which may be worth telling.

One day he came home from school with muddy clothes and scratched and bleeding face and hands.

"What is the matter, Teddy?" asked his father.

"Why, a boy up the street made a face at me and said: 'Your father's a fakir.' He was a good deal bigger than me, but I couldn't stand that; so I just pitched in. I had a pretty hard time, but I licked him."

"That's right, I am glad you licked him," said the older Theodore, who evidently was born with fighting blood, like his combative son.

We may quote from the younger Theodore a statement which lets in a good deal of light upon the character of the father and upon the inheritance and training of the son. He tells us this:

"My father, all my people, held that no one had a right to merely cumber the earth; that the most contemptible of created beings is the man who does nothing. I imbibed the idea that I must work hard, whether at making money or whatever. The whole family training taught me that I must be doing, must be working—and at decent work. I made my health what it is. I determined to be strong and well, and did everything to make myself so. By the time I entered Harvard College I was able to take my part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred and ran a great deal while in college, and though I never came in first, I got more good out of the exercise than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself."

Such was the training of the boy Roosevelt. We have had abundant examples of its result in the career of the man Roosevelt.

The daring spirit which he has manifested in later life seems to have been born in him. His boyish escapades were many and often perilous. A woman who lived next door to the Roosevelt house once saw young Theodore hanging from a second-story window and ran in alarm to warn his mother.

"If the Lord," she said, "had not taken care of Theodore, he would have been killed long ago."

The boy's life was an active one throughout, but his time was not wasted. He was taking in knowledge as well as winning hardihood. In his tramps through the woods his eyes were kept busy, and he grew especially to know the birds, their songs, their nests, their

plumage. He thus cultivated the habit of observation and study, while his active outdoor life gave strength to his muscles and toughened his frame.

And in these early days that love of the wild which has become a marked element of his character began to develop. He read stories of the great Western plains and began to long to set foot in the wilderness. Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales* fell into his hands and these he devoured with a strong appetite. His friend Jacob Riis asked him once if he liked them.

"Like them!" he exclaimed, with kindling eyes. "Like them! Why, man, there is nothing like them. I could pass an examination in the whole of them to-day. *Deerslayer* with his long rifle, *Jasper* and *Hurry Harry*, *Ishmael Bush* with his seven stalwart sons—do I not know them? I have bunked with them and eaten with them, and I know their strength and their weakness. They were narrow and hard, but they did the work of their day and opened the way for ours. Do I like them? Cooper is unique in American literature, and he will grow upon us as we get farther away from his day, let the critics say what they will."

Roosevelt as a boy was a busy reader, as he has managed to be a busy reader amid the absorbing labors of his later life. But he was a true boy, one of the type which he has since laid down for the genuine American boy.

"The chances are strong," he says of young hopeful, "that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. In life, as in football, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard." He seems here speaking of himself.

The time came when the active, energetic, somewhat strenuous lad with whose life story we are concerned entered Harvard College to complete his education. He was then eighteen years of age. It was an education of the type of that of his earlier years, one of much physical exercise and a fair share of mental discipline. He did his

best to "hit the line hard." We are not told that he shone as a student or graduated amid acclamations, but during his years within college walls he added much to the strength of his physical and mental fibre.

The anecdotes extant of his college career are evidence of this. He lived the life strong, took active part in all that was going on, and became quickly a favorite with his class. They laughed at his odd ways and at his enthusiasm, voted him "more or less crazy," but respected him for his scholarship and found themselves falling into his ways.

There was an instance of this when he began the child-like exercise of skipping the rope, claiming that it was excellent for strengthening the leg muscles. Soon his classmates, convinced by his arguments, were following in his track, and rope-skipping became a pastime of the class. In the gymnasium they wore red stockings with their exercise suits. Roosevelt donned a pair of patriotic red-and-white striped ones, and did not know at first at what his fellows were laughing. When he was told he laughed, too, but kept them on.

There were none of the college games in which he did not take part. He did not shine in any of them, but they gave him strength and vigor, which was what he was after, rather than victory. He played polo, he wrestled and ran with his fellows, he drove a two-wheeled gig—badly enough, but he enjoyed it. His first bout with the boxing gloves was with the champion of the class, a man twice his size and weight, with whom he instinctively matched himself. The pummeling that followed he took with good will, and though his glasses fell off, leaving him half blind, he grimly refused to cry quarter, and pressed the fight home with all the vim of a berserker. Never since has he learned how to cry quarter or to acknowledge in any fight that he has been whipped.

There is one story told of him worth repeating, though it may be a college fable. In one of his boxing bouts his antagonist took a mean advantage, and struck him, drawing blood, while Roosevelt was still adjusting his glove. "Foul!" cried the bystanders, but Roosevelt merely smiled grimly.

"I guess you have made a mistake. That is not our way here," he said, offering his hand to the fellow as a sign to begin hostilities.

Instantly his right hand shot out, taking the man on the point of the jaw. The left followed. Down went the culprit with a crash. The unfair blow had stirred up all the Roosevelt fighting blood, and it is a hot grade of blood when it is up.

Other things than games and exercise attracted the college boy's attention. His father had been active in the work of public aid. He died while the boy was at college, and young Theodore sought to walk in his footsteps. He became Secretary of the Prison Reform Association and acted on several committees. In addition he became a teacher in a Sunday-school. His family faith was the Dutch Reformed, but he found no church of that denomination at Cambridge, and drifted into a mission school of the high church Episcopalian faith.

He did not stay there long. One day a boy came to his class with a black eye. When questioned, he acknowledged that he got it in a fight, and that, too, on Sunday. The class was scandalized and the teacher questioned him sternly. The fact came out that "Jim," the other boy, had sat beside the lad's sister and had pinched her all through the school hour. A fight followed, in which Jim got soundly punched, the avenger of his sister coming out with a black eye.

"You did just right," was Roosevelt's verdict, and he gave the young champion a dollar.

This pleased the class highly. It appealed to them as justice. But when it got out among the school officers they were scandalized. And Roosevelt was a black sheep among them in other ways. He did not observe the formalities of the high church service as they thought he should. They asked if he had any objection to them. None in the world, but—he was Dutch Reformed. This was too much. Some words followed and Roosevelt got out and entered a Congregational Sunday-school near by, where he taught during the remainder of his college term. Just what he taught we are not aware, but it seems rather amusing to think of Theodore Roosevelt as a Sunday-school teacher.

What now about the real work for which one goes to college, the studies, the diligent pursuit of knowledge? That he was an earnest student of those subjects which especially interested him we may be sure from what we know of the man. His tastes turned toward the

study of living things, men and animals. As the years went on he grew deeply interested in the study of human life, history and institutions. Political principles attracted him and he read the "Federalist" with deep absorption. To become lost in a book, indeed, was common with him. The story goes that, when visiting a fellow-student, he would be apt to pick up a volume, and immediately become so buried in its contents that a cannon would hardly have awakened him to the social duty of the hour.

Before leaving college he had gone beyond reading to the task of writing a book. Reading the extant histories of naval battles in the War of 1812, he found them unfairly partisan. William James's history, an English work, was full of one-sided statements. The American histories he examined seemed as much on the other side. An impartial history appeared to be needed, and he set out to write one. He studied the official files, and "The Naval History of 1812," his first work, is an acknowledged authority. Its fairness led to his being complimented by an invitation to write the chapter on this war for the monumental British work, "The Royal Navy."

We cannot go further into the details of Roosevelt's college life. It must suffice to say that when, in 1880, graduation day arrived, he stood among the first twenty of the one hundred and forty of his class; not at the top, but at a very respectable distance from the bottom.

His college career ended, he went abroad to get a glimpse of the world outside America. But he did not stay long. His love of walking led him to take a tramp afoot through Germany. The sight of the Alps inspired him to climb the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn. He halted for a period of study at Dresden. His journey reached as far east as Asia. But he was back in New York in the year after his graduation, prepared to take his part in the battle of life.

CHAPTER III.

Exposing Graft in New York State

THE career of a lawyer, which was the first idea of the college graduate, did not long hold the ambitious young man. Engaging in legal study in the office of his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, at the age of twenty-three, he at once took part in the political affairs of his district, and with such energy and effect that he was elected as a State representative before the year ended. It happened, as he tells us, in this way:

“After leaving college I went to the local political headquarters, attended all the meetings and took my part in whatever came up. There arose a revolt against the member of Assembly from that district, and I was nominated to succeed him and elected.”

A rapid beginning this for so young a man. His innate power must have been very evident to meet with the sudden recognition. His legal studies ended then and there, for from that time on he was too deeply engaged in public duties to be able to devote time to so exhausting a pursuit as the law.

It was in the fall of 1881 that he was elected, and when he entered the State House at Albany in 1882 he was the youngest member of the Assembly. Yet he was full of ideas, overflowing with energy, and instead of keeping in the background, as such youthful legislators are expected to do, he soon made himself a storm center in the House.

Beginning with a study of his colleagues, within two months he had classified them all, dividing them into two classes—the good and the bad. The former were decidedly in the minority, but the young Assemblyman lost no time in identifying himself with them, and this with such force and ability that he was soon their undisputed leader. There was corruption, abundance of it, deep and intrenched, corruption much of which had slept serene and undisturbed for years, and it was against this that he couched his lance.

Some of the veterans were at first amused at the precocious assaults of the young member from the Twenty-first District, and rather inclined to laugh at his undisciplined energy. But they soon found that he was a fighter who could not be kept under. He was a ready and attractive speaker, good-natured yet hard-hitting, and could be savagely sarcastic when he had some piece of rascality to expose. His good clothes and eye-glasses made some of the members think him effeminate, but they were not long in learning that he had plenty of courage, both mental and physical, and public opinion outside of the legislative halls was quickly in his favor.

Thus from the start young Roosevelt made his mark in that career upon which he had now definitely launched himself. He was a born reformer and strongly backed all measures for the public good that came before the House. A new and reformed charter was badly needed for New York City and for several years attempts had been vainly made to enact one. It was this for which he most ardently fought. The corrupt city departments had found strength in union, and intrenched in this they defied the reformers. Roosevelt attacked them separately and one by one he overthrew them. He was twice re-elected and during his three terms in the Legislature he saved the people hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, which would otherwise have gone into the "grab-bag" of the grafters.

Shall we give some of the particulars of his legislative career? One of the most significant came early in his first session, one in which he took his stand and made his mark as a born foe of corruption. He was new then to the ways of legislators. He was soon to learn something of them and to teach his fellow-members something of his own ways and ideas.

The occasion was the following: Such high officials as the Attorney-General of the State and a judge of the Supreme Court became involved in an unsavory bit of corruption connected with an elevated railway ring. The people were aroused by the scandalous affair and petitioned the Legislature. Young Roosevelt waited to see what they would do. That the honor of the judiciary should be smirched was a thing of horror to him. When he saw that they proposed to do nothing and smother the inquiry, the knightly spirit in him arose.

It was the true opening day in his public career when, on April 6, 1882, he rose from his seat in the Assembly and demanded that Judge Westbrook, of Newburg, should be impeached. The speech he made was one not strikingly eloquent, but it was one in which he did not hesitate to call a spade a spade. To him a thief worth a million was still a thief and deserved no softer name. He told the plain truth in indignant words and slashed savagely at the two corrupt officials.

The leader of the Republicans in the House followed the insurgent with soothing words. He desired that young Mr. Roosevelt should have time to think if his course had been wise, saying mildly, "I have seen many reputations in the State broken down by loose charges made in the Legislature."

The vote was taken and "Young Mr. Roosevelt" was squelched. But he did not stay squelched. He defied the party leaders and their admonitions to wisdom. The next day and the next day and the next day he was up again, pounding away with all the strength in him. Reporters took it up. The scandal got into the papers and the public indignation widened. After eight days of this unwearying assault he demanded a new vote on his resolution. By this time the thing had spread throughout the State. The Assemblymen did not dare put themselves on record as seeking to hide corruption. The opposition collapsed. Roosevelt won by a vote of 104 to 6.

In the end the delinquent officials escaped through a whitewashing report. But Roosevelt had won his fight. From that time he was a marked man on the side of justice and truth. What his constituents thought of him was shown in the next election, when he was sent back with a big majority in a year in which his party went to pieces before Democratic assault. What his fellow-members thought of him was shown when the Republicans of the Assembly chose him as their candidate for the Speaker of the House. He did not win; his party was in the minority; but the nomination showed that this young man of twenty-four had made himself a power, a man to be reckoned with.

Other battles he fought; telling ones. The Board of Aldermen at that time had the power to confirm or reject the Mayor's appointments of New York officials. With such a board as then existed George Washington himself would have been helpless in an effort to have a pure administration. To elect a reform board was hopeless. The

only remedy lay in taking from the Aldermen their power. This Roosevelt fought for and achieved. His bill gave the control over appointments to the Mayor himself, and in this way did much to strengthen the hands of honest government in New York.

As for the prevailing system of appointment to office—the "spoils system," as it had long been called—it did not appeal to him as the way to get good service. The best men could be obtained only by a public inquiry into their attainments and fitness, and he was from the start a supporter of the merit system which was then in the air. Civil Service Reform, alike in nation and State was being demanded, and Roosevelt had the honor of introducing the first intelligently drawn civil service bill ever presented to the New York Legislature. Passed in 1883, by an odd coincidence it was signed by Governor Cleveland, at nearly the same time as the civil service bill passed by Congress was signed by President Arthur.

By this time the young Assemblyman was looked upon by all parties as a rising man. The pot-house politicians could not see why "Teddy with the kid gloves" and a fat bank account wanted to meddle with things which had gone on well enough for a century. But he knew why; the air was tainted and he wished to make it fit for an honest man to breathe. Therefore, when any odor of corruption arose, he dashed in regardless of anything except the warm desire to clear the air of its malodorous taint.

Meanwhile he kept up a degree of interest in New York social life, and spent some of his leisure time in the management of the considerable estate which the death of his father had left to his care. His sporting proclivities were manifested in the dogs and horses which he kept around him and an occasional dash away with his gun for a sporting trip of a month or two. Active outdoor life was a panacea which he could not long live without.

Mr. Roosevelt married during this legislative period, his wife being Miss Alice Lee, of Boston, a young lady who deeply admired the young Hotspur of the Assembly. This first married life was a brief one, his young wife dying in little over a year. She left him a daughter, Alice, who was very dear to him. By a sad contingency, his mother died in the same week with his wife, leaving him doubly alone. His second marriage, to Miss Edith K. Carow, took place in 1886.

In his third legislative year Roosevelt was made chairman of the Committee on Cities, an appointment due to the thorough knowledge he had attained of affairs in New York and other cities. As such he introduced much reform legislation, one of his most important bills being that which abolished fees in the offices of the Register and the County Clerk.

In 1884 he was a member of the Republican State Convention and was elected by it one of New York's four delegates-at-large to the National Republican Convention to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. George F. Edmunds was his choice for this office. James G. Blaine proved the favorite candidate of the convention. Roosevelt was one of the strong members in opposition and fought hard to prevent Blaine's nomination. The result was a sore thrust to him. Some of Blaine's bitter opponents went over to Cleveland, but in this defection Roosevelt would not take part. "Whatever good I have accomplished has been through the Republican party," he said, and held that no results of importance could be gained except through the regular party organization.

As to how he impressed his party at this time we have evidence in the words of George William Curtis, a fellow-delegate. He had his first meeting with Roosevelt during the heat of the strife and was surprised at his youthful appearance. This he said of him to a reporter:

"You'll know more, sir, later; a deal more, or I am much in error. Young? Why, he is just out of school almost, and yet he is a force to be reckoned with in New York. Later the nation will be criticising or praising him. While respectful to the gray hairs and experience of his elders, none of them can move him an iota from convictions as to men and measures once formed and rooted. He will not truckle nor cringe, he seems to court opposition to the point of being somewhat pugnacious. His political life will probably be a turbulent one, but he will be a figure, not a figurehead, in future development."

This year (1884) ended Roosevelt's legislative life. He left it for a long holiday in the West, the scene of his boyhood dreams and aspirations. The story of this outing must wait till our next chapter. It must suffice here to say that it ended in 1886, when, sitting by a

campfire, he read in a newspaper sent him from New York that a convention of independent citizens had chosen him as their nominee for Mayor of that city. That night he hung up his rifle, packed his trunk, and bade good-bye to his life on the plains, starting East to plunge once more into the troubled pool of politics.

There were two other candidates for the office, Abram S. Hewitt, the choice of Tammany, and Henry George, the single-tax advocate, the nominee of the United Labor party. The citizens who nominated Roosevelt did so because they wanted a hard fighter and knew they would have one in him. His fight was vigorous, but the opposing forces were too strong, and Hewitt was chosen with a plurality vote of about 22,000. He had "ruined himself" politically, some said, as others had said he had "ruined himself" in his fight with the Organization in the Assembly. He was one who did not stay "ruined." In the early eighties Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, said to his class:

"Young gentlemen, some of you will enter public life. I call your attention to Theodore Roosevelt, now in our Legislature. He is on the right road to success. It is dangerous to predict a future for a young man, but let me tell you that if any man of his age was ever pointed straight for the Presidency, that man is Theodore Roosevelt."

Hazardous as Mr. White deemed the prophecy, it proved a true one.

CHAPTER IV

Among the Cowboys and in the Hunting Field

WE do not know if the spirit of adventure and the love of wild life is innate in the Roosevelt blood, or if Theodore Roosevelt got these traits from the Scotch-Irish strain of his mother's race. What we do know is that he has them implanted in the very fibre of his being. Civilized life and the strife of politics are persistent in their demands, but they have never been strong enough to hold him a close prisoner. He has broken away from them at frequent intervals for a bout in the hunting field, and did so decidedly after his three years of legislative life at Albany, seeking a region wide enough for him to breathe in freely on the vast plains of the wide West.

Shaking the mire of legislative life from his feet, he sought a new field of activity in the frontier region of Dakota, where he spent several years in the enjoyment of unadulterated nature, hunting, fishing, ranching and roughing it in true Western style, while gathering an ample supply of that buoyant health that has stood him in such good stead since. He started and ran a cattle ranch of his own, living in a rough log house partly the work of his own hands. It was so far in the wilderness that he had the experience of shooting a deer from his own front door.

He had his own herds to care for and did so in true cowboy style. Dressed in a flannel shirt and rough overalls tucked into alligator boots, he would help his men in rounding up the cattle, riding with the best of them and keeping in the saddle to the end. Then he would go home, tingling with the spice of wild outdoor life, to sleep off his fatigue in bearskins and buffalo robes, the former wearers of which may have fallen under his own rifle. It was a rough and ready life, but Roosevelt seemed to the manner born, and enjoyed it as thoroughly as if he had never known what luxury and ease meant.

His ranch lay on both sides of the Little Missouri, in Dakota Territory, that section of it which is now the State of North Dakota. He lived here in the open, making friends with the undisciplined ranchmen and frontiersmen, taking part in all the duties

of the ranch, and varying this with hunting excursions for big game in the surrounding plains and on the not distant flanks of the Rocky Mountains.

Vignettes of his life here stand out picturesquely. Thus he tells us, not without a sense of exultation, of being thirty-six hours in the saddle as one of a party, dismounting only to change horses and to eat. Again we behold him with one cowboy keeping night guard over a herd of a thousand cattle in a dry camp, spending the whole night on horseback in strenuous efforts to keep the thirsty cattle from stampeding in search of water.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HIS HUNTING COSTUME

More interesting still is the story of the round-up of a herd of some two thousand in the midst of a driving blizzard, with pouring rain that stretched out in stinging level sheets before the wild wind. With this were blinding lightning flashes and terrific thunder which maddened the frightened animals, rendering it next to impossible to hold them. It reads like the story of a Homeric battle. Round and round rode Roosevelt and his men, wheeling and swaying, galloping

madly round the stampeding herd, at times checking their horses so sharply as to bring them to their haunches or even throw them to the ground, until finally they got the beasts corralled and made a mad break for the wagons.

“Though there is much work and hardship, rough fare and monotony and exposure connected with the round-up,” writes Mr. Roosevelt, “yet there are few men who do not look forward to it and back to it with pleasure. It is superbly health-giving and is full of excitement and adventure, calling for the exhibition of pluck, self-reliance, hardihood and daring horsemanship; and of all forms of physical labor the easiest and pleasantest is to sit in the saddle.”

Certainly the late legislator found exhilaration and enjoyment in it, and when he came back from this wild life to New York it was with a fresh stock of sturdy health.

When winter came life on the plains lost much of its attraction. Grim desolation replaced the genial summer climate. From the north blew furious gales, driving blinding snows before them. Or if the howling winds ceased for a season, a merciless cold hooded over the land, turning the earth to stone, the rivers to sheets of crystal ice. In this season there was less work for the ranchmen. The horses shifted for themselves and needed no care. The cattle demanded some looking after, but much of the time was spent in the ranch-house before the huge fireplaces filled with blazing logs. During this period Roosevelt spent much time with his pen, describing his experience in his “Hunting Trips of a Ranchman.” Another book dealing with this period of his life was his “Ranch Life and Hunting Trail.” About this time also he wrote two works of biography, “Life of Thomas Hart Benton” and “Life of Gouverneur Morris.”

As may well be supposed, a man of Theodore Roosevelt’s character made himself felt in the West as he had done in the East. The cowboys looked on him as a true comrade, a man who led instead of following, who could ride and shoot with the best of them and gave no sign of considering himself better than they. Certain anecdotes of his doings are among the fireside lore of the plains.

Here is the story of the frontier “bad man,” who took the “four-eyed” stranger for a tenderfoot and set out to have some sport with

him. The rough, well primed with whisky, faced him with a revolver in each hand and with a curse bade him treat, enforcing his demand by an exhibition of "gun-play." Around sat a roomful of men, none of them friends of Roosevelt, who was a stranger in the town.

It was a case in which common sense counseled obedience, and the seeming tenderfoot rose as if to obey. The next instant his left hand went out with one of his old Harvard hits and the bully crashed against the wall and measured his length on the floor, his pistols exploding in the air. When he came to his wits he looked up to see what sort of an elephant had trodden on him, and found the tenderfoot standing over him, with battle in his eyes.

"Served him right," was the decision of the crowd and the astounded rough incontinently surrendered and gave up his guns. This was Roosevelt's only experience of this kind.

Not unlike it, however, is the story of the sheriff who favored some cattle thieves, letting them escape. At least there was reason to believe that he sided with the outlaws and a meeting of ranch owners was held to consider the case. The sheriff was present, and in the midst of the meeting Mr. Roosevelt arose and squarely accused this official with aiding the cattle thieves. He told him that he and his fellows believed the charges to be true. He was unarmed, while from the pockets of the rough westerner peeped the handles of two big revolvers. And the reputation of the man was such that few of the ranchmen would have dared to face him with such charges.

But the keen unflinching gaze of the inquisitor cowed the fellow. The ranchmen sitting around awaited his reply. None came. By his silence he acknowledged the truth of the accusation.

Then there is the story of the Marquis de Mores, a queer Frenchman who had a ranch near Roosevelt's. Some trouble had arisen between their cowboys and the Marquis was offended by something Roosevelt was reported to have said. Without waiting to inquire into its truth he sent Roosevelt a challenge, writing that "there was a way for gentlemen to settle their differences."

Roosevelt's reply was that the story set afloat was a lie, that the Marquis had no business to believe it upon such evidence as he had, and that he would follow his note in person within the hour. He

started out, but before reaching the town where the Marquis was he met the messenger returning with a second note in which the Frenchman apologized and cordially invited Roosevelt to dine with him.

The most exciting of Roosevelt's adventures was that of his winter hunt for a gang of cattle thieves, down a stream filled with pack ice. He got them, three of them, and held them prisoner by making them take off their boots. It was a cactus country, through which no one would dare to go unshod. The nearest wagon was fifteen miles away, but Roosevelt went for it, leaving his assistants on guard over the thieves. The settler loaned it, though he swore that he could not understand why so much trouble was taken with thieves who might be hanged off hand.

With his three prisoners in the wagon Roosevelt set out for Dickinson, the nearest town. The roads were very bad and it took two days and a night to make the journey. His two assistants having to leave him, he had nobody but himself and the driver, of whom he knew nothing, to guard the three "bad men."

Putting them in the wagon, he walked behind, a Winchester across his shoulder to use in case of need. The road was ankle deep in icy mud. The night passed in a frontier hut, in which the self-appointed guard sat wide awake all night against the cabin door and watched his cowed captives. Late the next day he handed over his prisoners to the sheriff of Dickinson. Nothing could show better the dogged determination of Theodore Roosevelt when he had made up his mind to do a thing.

Such are the current anecdotes of Roosevelt's ranch life in the West. But there was another side to this life, the hunting one, which calls for some attention. The Indians of the West at that time were fairly quiet, though he did have one adventure with the "noble red-man" in which a ready show of his rifle prevented something worse. But there was big game in abundance, the grizzly bear, the elk, the mountain sheep, the deer and antelope, and even the bison, which as yet had not been quite exterminated.

Of the several tales of his hunting life much the most thrilling is that of an encounter he had with a grizzly, at a time when he was hunting alone in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Having made his

camp by the side of a crystal brook he strolled out to see if he could get a grouse for supper. To his surprise he encountered instead a giant grizzly. He fired at and wounded the animal, which took refuge in a laurel thicket. Night was at hand and the hunter peered into the thicket, eager for a second shot. While he did so the bear came suddenly out. "Scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom."

Roosevelt fired again, the bullet, as it afterwards proved, shattering the point of the grizzly's heart. We must let the hunter himself tell the remainder of this story:

"Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball that entered his chest and most through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him.

"He came steadily on and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw, and going into his neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger, and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck, he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made one or two jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine—my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

The skin and head of this monarch of the Rockies are still among Mr. Roosevelt's cherished treasures.

Not so thrilling, yet in a sense more unpleasant, was his shooting of a "silver-tip" bear cub, which he hastened to pick up, knowing what it meant if Madame Bruin should happen that way and find her cub

meddled with. Making a wild grab, for a quick get-away, he found his hand impaled upon a hundred porcupine quills. That was the kind of cub he had brought down. It is probable that he laughed at this in after years, but he was in no laughing humor just then.

We have not space to tell of his hunting the prong-horn antelope, the black-tail mountain deer, the stately elk of the hills, the jig-horn, cliff-haunting sheep, the mountain goat, and the many smaller creatures of the wilds. It must suffice to say that our daring hunter had many exciting, though not dangerous, adventures in search of these, winning many trophies of his skill, and left the West with the double reputation of being an able rancher and a daring hunter.

CHAPTER V

Fighting the Spoils Hunters and Rascals

THE years of Roosevelt's early political life were those of the origin of legalized Civil Service Reform in the United States. It is generally recognized that the assassination of President Garfield was a direct outcome of the moss-grown spoils system that had so long prevailed. This dire event hastened the reform, and in 1883 a Civil Service Act was passed which provided for a board of commissioners and for the appointment to office by examination of candidates. The power of appointment was in a measure taken out of the President's hands, the law giving the first chance for an office to those who best stood the test of examination.

President Harrison, after taking his seat in 1889, appointed the dauntless young New York reformer on the Civil Service Commission, and made him chairman of that body. The President had good reason for this act. In 1884 Roosevelt had succeeded in securing the passage of a Civil Service Reform law for New York, and his work in this direction had made him the logical head of the difficult Federal reform.

No better selection could have been made. Roosevelt was a man capable of a vast amount of work, and saw that in this new field there was a call for his utmost energy. The law had been widely evaded or ignored, the spoils system was fighting hard for its control of the perquisites, and only a fighter ready to hit square from the shoulder was fitted to enter the contest.

The law had its loopholes, as all such laws are almost sure to have, and its enemies took the utmost advantage of this. The new head of the commission saw that he had heroic work before him, and that he would have bitter opposition to meet both in and out of Congress. But no condition of that kind ever stopped Theodore Roosevelt. While it may not be fair to say that he dearly loved a fight, no one can say that the prospect of a fight ever had any terror for him. For six years

he filled the office, for, after President Harrison's term ended, President Cleveland, who recognized his ability, courage and sterling integrity, continued him in it.

It was a work he liked. With the conviction that the spoils-monger and the bribe-giver were equally bad, he assailed them both without favor or mercy, "ousting the rascals" and enforcing the law as it had never been enforced before. He was a Republican from the North. Two members of the commission were from the South,—Democrats, who had served in the Confederate Army,—but in all the dealings of the commission there was no instance in which the politics of any person was considered in any case that came before them.

When one day a paragraph got into the papers to the effect that only Republicans need try to enter the government service during a Republican administration, Roosevelt was quick in taking up the challenge.

"This," he said, "is an institution not for Republicans and not for Democrats, but for the whole American people. It belongs to them and will be administered, as long as I stay here, in their interest without discrimination."

And to prove his words he asked the representatives of the Southern papers in Washington to publish in their papers that the young men of the South have not been seeking their proper share of positions under the government, and that if they chose to come forward they would be given an equal opportunity with everyone else, regardless of their political opinions.

They did come forward, plenty of them. The examinations on the Southern route began to swarm with bright young fellows, and the word of Roosevelt was quickly proved, that not party, but merit, ruled in appointments to office.

Commissioner Roosevelt opened himself to much criticism and faced many opponents,—but he has ever since been doing the same thing and with much the same effect. Criticism and opposition have never deterred him from doing the thing which he deemed right. Once the opponents of the merit system sought to tie the hands of the Commission by refusing to give it an adequate sum of money for its work. Roosevelt met them half-way. Sending for the list of exam-

ination routes, he revised it, cutting out the districts represented by the men who had voted against the grant. He explained through the newspapers that, since some districts must be sacrificed through lack of money, it was only just that those members who had voted against the necessary appropriation should be the ones to lose its benefit. There was talk of "impeachment," "removal," etc., but nothing was done, and the Commission got its money after that.

Before the Roosevelt period the Commission did its work in secret. But secrecy is alien to the Roosevelt instincts. The new Commissioner was a man who liked to be in the open air and did not fancy hiding his arts behind a veil. Hence, upon his entrance into the Civil Service Commission, its doors, for the first time in its existence, were thrown open to all comers. No one could say now, as had been said before, that there was any mystery connected with its workings. Afterwards, if any member of Congress showed himself ignorant of the conditions of the merit system, he would be cordially invited by the next mail to explore the whole work of the Commission to his heart's content. The newspaper correspondents were made welcome, and furnished with any information that could properly be given out.

During Roosevelt's six years on the Commission things were done. Of course we cannot give him the credit for all these things. He was not the Commission, but only one of its members. But another member, Mr. John H. Procter, has said this about his activity.

"Every day I went to the office as to an entertainment. I knew something was sure to turn up to make it worth my while, with him there. When he went away, I had heart in it no longer."

And President Cleveland wrote this to Roosevelt when he regretfully accepted his resignation to engage in a new line of work:

"You are certainly to be congratulated upon the extent and permanence of Civil Service Reform methods which you have so substantially aided in bringing about."

What had taken place may be expressed in figures as follows: When he entered the Commission there were 14,000 officers under Civil Service rules. When he left there were 40,000. And the work had been put on a solid foundation which has never since given way. The spoils system has largely passed away; the merit system has taken its place.

The cause of his leaving the Commission was a summons from his native city, which wanted him for President of its Board of Police Commissioners. This strongly appealed to him. It was bringing him back upon his old battlefield. It was a field which he knew inch by inch. And it was one in which there was strenuous work to be done. The rottenness of party politics had deeply invaded this department and it sadly needed an earthquake shaking up. He went into it with the earnest vim with which he was soon after to go into the Spanish War.

"I thought the storm center was in New York," he said, "and so I came there. It is a great piece of practical work. I like to take hold of work that has been done by a Tammany leader and do it as well, only by approaching it from the opposite direction. The thing that attracted me to it was that it was to be done in the hurly-burly, for I don't like cloister life."

A reform administration, that of Mayor Strong, was then in power, and soldiers of reform were needed to lead the ranks. The new Commissioner stirred up the town. The regulation reformers did not know whether to applaud or curse. Many declared that his rigid enforcement of the Excise law enabled Tammany to return to power by capturing the votes of liquor men who had temporarily joined the reformers. In reply Roosevelt said he had sworn to enforce all the laws and he would not compromise his conscience. Besides, he held that the best way to get a bad law repealed was to rigidly enforce it. The "Arabian Nights" features of Mr. Roosevelt's police administration, his sudden appearance in unexpected places, his unheralded personal tours of inspection about the city after dark, catching many a policeman napping—all this and several volumes more are a part of history. Roosevelt made fame and friends during his police régime, and all classes admitted that he was an honest man. He said once, at the close of a meeting, that he believed a majority of policemen were good men. He believed in giving every applicant a chance to show what he could do and treating him honestly and fairly, regardless of his nationality, politics, religion or "pull."

"We have every country represented on the police force," he said. "Hebrews working harmoniously with Irishmen; Germans making

good records with Spaniards—in fact, every nationality is represented almost but the Chinese, and I find the men as a class willing to give faithful service. When men find the official in charge of them consistent, always keeping his word to the letter, they will soon begin following the example set before them. Treat a man squarely and you will get square treatment in return. That is human nature and sound doctrine, whether in the police or in any other department.”

Being an honest man and determined to do his duty fearlessly and without favor, Mr. Roosevelt was not caught in the many traps set for him. All attempts to ensnare him were failures and soon appeared so ridiculous that he became the best “let alone” official in the city government.

Jacob Riis says that “Jobs innumerable were put up to discredit the President of the Board and inveigle him into awkward positions. Probably he never knew of one-tenth of them. Mr. Roosevelt walked through them with perfect unconcern, kicking aside the snares that were set so elaborately to catch him. The politicians who saw him walk apparently blindly into a trap and beheld him emerge with damage to the trap only, could not understand it. They concluded it was his luck. It was not. It was his sense. He told me once after such a time that it was a matter of conviction with him that no frank and honest man could be in the long run entangled by the snares of plotters, whatever appearances might for the moment indicate. So he walked unharmed in it all.”

But the new Police President had no path of roses to walk in. Corruption was deeply planted and it was not easy to uproot it. The system of blackmail by police and officials was hard to overcome. It was the enforcement of the Sunday liquor law, in particular, that gave trouble to the Commission. There were plenty of arrests, indeed, for its violation, but these were of people who had no political pull or refused to pay the police for shut eyes. This system of blackmail existed in the case of all illegal pursuits, which could be carried on unseen by the police if the necessary money were forthcoming, but to which refusal to pay brought sudden retribution.

Dishonesty at elections was another of the prevailing forms of vice. Honesty at the ballot box had almost ceased to exist, and it

needed strenuous labor on the part of the Commission to overcome this, as in the case of various other vicious practices.

All we can say here is that during the two years of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency the Police Commission did much toward clearing the atmosphere. The number of arrests and convictions for misdemeanor largely increased, the citizens had better protection than they had had for years, and the reign of corruption largely ceased. Mr. Roosevelt had the faculty for organization strongly developed. Honor and reward came to the men who did their duty, discredit or dismissal to those who shirked it. A police force should be a military force, and this is what Roosevelt made of the men under him. He was not the chief of police, but when he came into police headquarters, his quick nervous stride and alert eyes affected every policeman in sight as though he had felt an electric shock. There was an involuntary straightening up, both physical and mental. Disorder and bad administration prevailed before he entered the Board. When he left it New York had an admirably trained and effective military force of blue-coated public protectors, men who had won the esteem of respectable citizens and whose honesty was beyond question.

There is a story of his dealing with strikers who had trouble with the police which reminds us of that of the Western sheriff. It is thus told by Jacob Riis:

"Roosevelt saw that the trouble was in their not understanding one another, and he asked the labor leaders to meet him at Clarendon Hall to talk it over. Together we trudged through a blinding snow-storm to the meeting. This was at the beginning of things, when the town had not yet got the bearings of the man. The strike leaders thought they had to do with an ambitious politician and they tried bluster. They would do so and so unless the police were compliant; and they watched to get him placed. They had not long to wait. Roosevelt called a halt, short and sharp.

" 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'we want to understand one another. That was my object in coming here. Remember, please, that he who counsels violence does the cause of labor the poorest service. Also, he loses his case. Understand distinctly that order will be kept. The police will keep it. Now, gentlemen!'

“There was a moment’s amazed suspense, and then the hall rang with their cheers. They had him placed then, for they knew a man when they saw him. And he—he went home proud and happy, for his trust in his fellow-man was justified.”

CHAPTER VI

Naval Secretary and Rough Rider

IN 1897 the scent of war was in the air. The barbarities of Spanish rule in Cuba were becoming too flagrant for our country to long endure, and it was growing evident to many that the United States might soon have to take a hand in the game. It was at this interval of growing indignation at Spanish methods that another President found occasion to avail himself of Mr. Roosevelt's services. His efficiency in the police service of New York had become the talk of the country, and President McKinley found it desirable to offer him the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, feeling sure that he was the man for the place.

The new American navy was then in the making, and needed a man of energetic character and efficient methods to give it the shaking up it needed in the event of a war. It was important to make it ready for any emergency, and Roosevelt was amply fitted for the work. While occupying the minor post of assistant, his hand was soon felt in every detail of naval affairs, and for a time he was virtually at the head of the department.

The most important work he did was to collect ammunition and to insist on the naval gunners being well practiced in marksmanship. He was not long in his new post before he felt sure that war was coming and that it was his duty to see that the ships were prepared for it. Another thing he did was to fill every foreign coaling station with an ample supply of fuel. It was this that enabled Dewey to make his prompt movement from Hongkong to Manila. We have testimony to his acuteness in the words of Senator Cushman K. Davis, then head of the Committee on Foreign Relations:

“If it had not been for Roosevelt Dewey would not have been able to strike the blow that he dealt at Manila. Roosevelt's forethought, energy and promptness made it possible.”

What Roosevelt did was to visit the various naval reserves throughout the country, inspecting and inquiring into conditions and actively pushing repairs upon the ships. As for the practice of the men at the guns, there is afloat an anecdote that shows in picturesque outline the work of the Assistant Secretary in this direction.

Not long after his appointment he asked Congress for an appropriation of \$800,000 for ammunition. The appropriation was made, but, to the surprise of the lawmakers, before many months had passed he asked for a second appropriation for the same purpose, this time demanding \$500,000.

"What has become of the other appropriation?" he was asked.

"Every cent of it has been spent for powder and shot, and every ounce of powder and shot has been fired away," he replied.

"And what do you propose to do with the \$500,000 you now want?"

"I will use every dollar of that, too, within the next thirty days in practice shooting."

It was costly practice, but it paid, as was soon to be shown by the effectiveness of American gunnery at Manila and Santiago.

Another thing done by Roosevelt in the same direction was to help in passing the personnel bill, which did away with the standing cause of bitter feeling between the officers of the line and staff.

"It is useless," he said, "to spend millions of dollars in the building of perfect fighting machines unless we make the personnel which is to handle these machines equally perfect."

The time was soon to come when his work would tell. In February, 1898, occurred that criminal disaster which blew up the battleship "Maine," with all her crew, in Havana harbor. Diplomacy was called in to settle this, if possible, but Roosevelt, like most of his countrymen, felt sure that war would follow, and he redoubled his efforts to put the navy into first-rate fighting trim.

We have told how Roosevelt helped Dewey when the war broke out. That was not all. It was due to him that Dewey was on the ground at the time. When a man was wanted to command in the East, Roosevelt selected Dewey, and stuck to his choice in spite of those who said that the Commodore was only a well-dressed dude. "It does not matter what kind of clothes and collars he wears," said

Roosevelt, "the man will fight. He is the man for the place. He has a lion heart."

He not only kept Dewey in Chinese waters, but held his fleet together. The "Olympia" was ordered home, but Roosevelt secured the repeal of the order. "Keep the 'Olympia,'" he cabled him, "and keep full of coal."

He saw clearly what was in the air. And when the day for fighting came the blood throbbed strongly in his veins. "There's nothing more for me to do here," he said. "I've got to get into the fight myself. I have done all I could to bring on the war, because it is a just war. Now that it has come I have no business to ask others to do the fighting and stay at home myself."

The fact is, chains could not have kept him at home. There was in him too much of the berserker strain for that. He had been fighting all his life. Whether in the legislature, on the ranch, in the hunting field, in the police service; it was not in him to lose the chance to feel the blood-boiling sensation of the battlefield.

It was a happy idea of his that suggested the Rough Rider regiment. The name "Roosevelt's Rough Riders" struck the popular fancy, and helped greatly to make Roosevelt's name a household word. Before the regiment was organized it had become famous. The taking title, "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," was on every one's tongue.

Never before had such a body of athletes and daredevils been got together. Only America could have furnished them. The cowboy, the Indian trailer, the hunter, the Indian himself, the pick of the West, formed the bulk of the regiment, but with them were mingled the athletes of the East, the college football player, the oarsman, the polo champion, the trained policeman, even the wealthy society man of athletic training. The one pity is that they were not able to show their prowess as horsemen, for such a body of cavalry as they would have made the world has rarely seen.

They were out of their native element afoot, and their humorous title for themselves, "Wood's Weary Walkers," after their long marches in the Cuban jungle, had more truth than poetry in it.

Roosevelt had been for four years a member of the Eighth Regiment of the New York State National Guard, and had risen to the

grade of captain in its ranks. He might have been the colonel of the new regiment if he had chosen, but he felt that in actual war a man who had seen service in the field was needed, and he selected his friend, Colonel Leonard Wood, of the Regular Army, to command, contenting himself with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

How to get to Cuba was the first important question that arose. Of the enlisted men only a small proportion could go on the projected expedition to Santiago. Mounted men were debarred and the horses had to be left behind, one squadron remaining to take care of them. The Rough Riders were among the last of the regiments that received permission to go, and might have been left behind but for "Teddy" Roosevelt's insistence. Then, when orders came to move to Tampa, transportation was refused. In his usual mode of cutting the Gordian knot, he seized a train, jumped aboard the engine, and demanded that it should move. The train moved.

Port reached, he did not wait for an official assignment to a transport, but put his men without hesitation on board the nearest vessel. Much the same thing happened when the landing place in Cuba was reached. Following the same bold tactics, he did not wait for orders to land his men, but got them ashore among the first, and on the night of the landing began to march to the front. He even passed General Lawton, who was holding the advance guard position under orders from General Shafter.

In all these active movements we hear the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, not that of Colonel Wood. The two men, however, were of much the same calibre and were intimate friends. They worked together as one man. Later on Colonel Wood was promoted to the rank of general and his subordinate took the post of colonel. Throughout he was identified with the Rough Riders and they with him.

Readers of the war know what followed, how the regiment passed the advance outpost—without orders, it is said—and at daylight the next morning encountered the Spaniards at Las Guasimas and began the first fight of the short war. When General Shafter received the news of this fight he was not pleased, for he was told that the Americans had been cut to pieces. He swore roundly and declared that he

“would bring that damned cowboy regiment so far in the rear that it would not get another chance.” But when later on news of the cowboy victory reached him he wrote a flattering letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, in command, congratulating him on the brilliant success of his attack.

Roosevelt and his men were not to be kept back. They fairly struggled to the front. On July 1st a correspondent saw them moving in columns of twos through a densely wooded roadway leading to the “Bloody Angle,” and while his men were falling wounded around him Roosevelt answered the correspondent’s “Hello, there!” with a wave of his hand and an exclamation that showed that his heart was in the fight.

Up San Juan Hill they went, Roosevelt leading the charge, the Spaniards, from their intrenchments at the top, pouring down a thick hail of shells and Mauser bullets. This is the way the charge was described in press despatches from the field:

“Roosevelt was in the lead waving his sword. Out into the open and up the hill where death seemed certain, in the face of the continuous crackle of the Mausers, came the Rough Riders, with the Tenth Cavalry alongside. Not a man flinched, all continuing to fire as they ran. Roosevelt was a hundred feet ahead of his troops, yelling like a Sioux, while his own men and the colored cavalry cheered him as they charged up the hill. There was no stopping as a man’s neighbor fell, but on they went faster and faster. Suddenly Roosevelt’s horse stopped, pawed the air for a moment, and fell in a heap. Before the horse was down Roosevelt disengaged himself from the saddle and landing on his feet, again yelled to his men, and, sword in hand, charged on afoot.

“It seemed an age to the men who were watching, and to the Rough Riders the hill must have seemed miles high. But they were undaunted. They went on, firing as fast as their guns would work. At last the top of the hill was reached. The Spaniards in the trenches could still have annihilated the Americans, but the Yankees’ daring dazed them. They wavered for an instant and then turned and ran. The position was won and the blockhouse captured. In the rush more than half of the Rough Riders were wounded.”

Let us go on to another incident a month or more later. The war was ended. That charge up San Juan Hill had practically ended it. During this month the victorious army had been kept in Cuba, doing nothing and suffering from a malarial attack that had put more than 4,000 of the men on the sick list. If an attack of yellow fever, indigenous to that climate, had broken out among the weakened troops, it would have proved ten times more fatal than the Spanish bullets.

Colonel Roosevelt—he was a colonel then—chafed and fretted. Doing nothing did not agree with his constitution. He broke out at length in the famous “round robin,” which he wrote and his fellow officers signed, protesting against keeping the army longer in Cuba, exposed to the perils of that pestilential climate. People shook their heads when they heard of this and talked of precedents. They did not recognize that he was a man to break and make precedents.

Whatever their opinion, the “round robin,” and letter which he wrote to General Shafter, making a powerful presentation of the perils of the army, had the intended effect. The men were recalled and shook the malarial dust of Cuba from their feet. With that event closed the war experience of Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Rider regiment.

CHAPTER VII

Governor and Vice-President

THE end of the brief but effective Cuban war left Colonel Roosevelt the popular hero of that event. Every war has its popular hero, and the dramatic picturesqueness of the cowboy regiment, with its telling title, the "Rough Riders," was sure to strike the public fancy. The newspaper stories of their spectacled colonel dashing at their head up San Juan Hill, yelling with the loudest and as fearless as the best, added to the completeness of the picture in the public mind, and Roosevelt was lifted upon a pedestal of public appreciation on which he dwarfed every other soldier who took part in the affair, as Dewey similarly figured as the chief naval hero.

That a man of such sudden and great popularity would be allowed to sink back into insignificance was very unlikely to follow. The American people likes to reward its heroes, the canvass for a new governor of New York was in the air, and Theodore Roosevelt was the man of the moment. His services in the war had scarcely ended before the nomination came.

The Citizens' Union was the first to nominate him, but he declined the compliment, saying that he was a Republican. He proposed to stand by his colors. The Democrats, who dreaded him as a popular candidate, hoped to prevent his nomination by trying to prove that he had lost his legal residence in the State. Their plan failed, and the Republican Convention chose him as its candidate by a vote of 752 to 218 for Governor Black. Van Wyck was the Democratic nominee. Their candidate, Parker, had been elected Judge of the Court of Appeals the year before by 61,000 majority and on this the party based its hopes, though feeling that the personal popularity of Colonel Roosevelt was an element in the situation that might override all party lines and claims. It did so, for he carried the election by a majority of 18,000 over Van Wyck.

He took a personal part in his own campaign. It is not the Roosevelt way to be silent and wait while events are in the air. Outspoken advocacy of everything in which he is interested is his way, and he took the stump in his own cause, speaking in many parts of the State. That these speeches were characterized by fire, force and directness we need not say. They had also that common sense and practical application to the situation which are among his characteristics.

As in his legislative career, corrupt politics were handled by him with indignant sarcasm, while the wrongs the people heaped upon themselves by not asserting their right to be well and honestly governed strongly engaged his attention.

The stand he took in the campaign was not the most pleasant one to the professional politicians. They felt that as Governor this man would make the feathers of corrupt methods fly. They had reason for their feeling, for when seated in the Governor's chair it quickly became clear that the reign of jobbery for the time was at an end, so far as it came under executive control.

Hasty in action as he had often shown himself, his impetuous disposition was now held in by a wise caution and deliberation. In selecting the heads of the important State departments he moved with especial care, and when announced the appointments were everywhere greeted as wise and appropriate. Francis Hendricks, put at the head of the Insurance Department, made this department an honor to the State, and the same may be said of the work of Colonel John N. Partridge, appointed Superintendent of Public Works. Roosevelt was not now charging with a yell of martial defiance up San Juan Hill. He was cautiously providing for the best interests of a State.

For a just criticism of what he did in the Governor's chair we quote from Dr. Albert Shaw, the clear-headed editor of the "Review of Reviews." He thus characterized the Roosevelt administration:

"He found the state administration thoroughly political; he left it business-like and efficient. He kept thrice over every promise that he made to the people in his canvass. Mr. Roosevelt so elevated and improved the whole tone of the state administration and so effectually educated his party and public opinion generally, that future governors will find easy what was before almost impossible."

We must deal briefly with the story of his administration. He was hardly seated in the Capitol at Albany when he had a consultation with a body of labor leaders, for whom he had sent. Labor laws were not wanting on the statute books, designed to benefit the laborer; but half of these were dead letters, and some of them had always been valueless.

"These laws are your special concern," said the Governor to his visitors. "I want you to look over them with me and see if they are fair, and, if they are, that they be fairly enforced. We will have no dead-letter laws. If there is anything wrong you know of, I want you to tell me of it. If we need more legislation we will go to the legislature and ask for it. If we have enough, we will see to it that the laws we have are carried out and the most made of them."

And this was done, so far as he was able to do it. There arose a question about the factory law, which it was claimed was not properly enforced. The sweatshops were a disease hard to cure. To satisfy himself as to the actual conditions the Governor came down from Albany and went through a group of the worst type of tenement houses himself. He saw much to disapprove of.

"There is improvement," he said to the factory inspector, "but not enough. I do not think you quite understand what I mean by enforcing a law. I don't want to make it as easy as possible for the manufacturer. Make the owners of tenements understand that old, badly built, uncleanly houses shall not be used for manufacturing in any shape. Put the bad tenement at a disadvantage as against the well-constructed and well-kept house, and make the house owner as well as the manufacturer understand it."

The result of this personal inspection was the Tenement House Improvement Bill, the need of which he made the legislators see, and the effect of which was all on the side of sanitation and fair play. Its effect was to check the doings of the slum landlord.

Democratic orators had predicted that Governor Roosevelt would be "too impetuous." He was impetuous by nature, he acknowledged that, but he thought he had schooled himself in this particular. Yet on the final day of the legislative session of 1899 his impetuous spirit blazed out, though in a way that few found amiss. He declared

positively that the Franchise Act, which efforts had been made to shelve, ought to be passed—and it was passed. The members of the legislature knew that the Governor had voiced public opinion in what he said to them, and they did not venture to defeat the measure.

Another "impetuous" act was the removal from office of Asa B. Gardiner, District Attorney of the County of New York, on the charge that he had given aid and comfort to Chief of Police Devery, after that officer had him indicted for issuing a seditious order to the police force regarding violence at the polls.

Other measures urgently advocated by him were bills to prevent the adulteration of food products and fertilizers, to protect game, and especially to aid the efficient administration of the state canals and the extension of civil service regulations. He further saved the treasury of New York City from heavy legalized looting by his unyielding opposition to the notorious Ramapo job.

As Governor he had to do with many momentous questions, and he dealt with them all from a lofty standpoint of duty. Many times he went opposite to the wishes of his party, but in each case his action was creditable to him. He did not escape misunderstanding and misrepresentation. He had always opposed boss rule, yet he openly consulted Mr. Platt as the leader of the party. Yet with all such consultation he lived up to his own convictions. That man would have had a hardy frame of mind who sought to press any scheme of corrupt politics upon him.

For two years he occupied the Governor's chair. During the first year little was done in the way of reform. The utmost he could do was to see that no bad laws were enacted. During the second year he got a firmer hold and much beneficial legislation was obtained.

His work was not yet done. There were some reforms which he desired earnestly to see accomplished before he left the Governor's chair, reforms which he viewed as essential to the well-being of the state. Therefore, when in 1900 his name was mentioned as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, the suggestion was distasteful to him. His work at Albany was not finished.

An interesting convention was that held by the Republicans at Philadelphia in 1900, for the nomination of candidates for the Presi-

dency and Vice-Presidency. In regard to the former there was no doubt William McKinley was the man; no other was thought of. For Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt's name was early set afloat, much to his discomfort. He had proposed to be a candidate again for Governor of New York. There was live work to be done. To sit as the voiceless Chairman of the Senate was very distasteful to a man of his temperament.

There was opposition to him. Senator Hanna was strongly opposed. The man who most wanted to make him Vice-President was Senator Depew, of New York—not from any desire to do him honor, but to get rid of him in state affairs.

The nomination was made somewhat in this way. When President McKinley was nominated and the thunder of the cheering had died away, Governor Roosevelt rose to second the nomination. His speech was a strong one. He had a speech in his hand, type-written, but this he did not once look at, and probably did not follow, speaking the thoughts that rose in his mind and speaking them powerfully and well.

What he had to say evidently hit the mark, for the members of the convention at once hailed him as Vice-President, shouting for McKinley and Roosevelt. At this Senator Depew, seeing his opportunity, drawled out, "In the East we call him Teddy." At this the shouting grew roof-lifting; "Teddy Roosevelt! Teddy Roosevelt!"

Depew was achieving his scheme to "shelve" Roosevelt. When the latter's name was formally presented to the convention calls for a vote rose on every side, and the taking of it quickly began. It ended as it only could end under such circumstances. McKinley and Roosevelt were the men of 1900.

Never had a man been nominated for the Vice-Presidency more against his will. He did not want the office, and he fully understood the purpose of those who were pressing him into it. For a time he strongly resisted persuasions to get him to accept, and when he did yield it was sorely against his will. Neither he nor those who sought to shelve him dreamed for a moment of the coming result, that Vice-President Roosevelt would never preside over a session of the Senate. but before the year ended would fill the President's chair.

He made the campaign, however, vigorously and effectively. He was tireless and indefatigable, traveling during it no less than twenty-two thousand miles, making six hundred and seventy-three addresses, speaking to three and a half millions of people. The feat was unprecedented, and it made him known to the people to a remarkable extent. He was highly popular before; he was doubly popular when this remarkable campaign ended. When the day of election came the popularity of the candidates was shown in a plurality of 850,000 votes and an electoral majority of 137. On the 4th of March, 1901, he took the oath of office and became Vice-President of the United States.

CHAPTER VIII

In the Presidential Chair

ON the 6th of September, 1901, a lamentable act took place, one of those tragic occurrences that are apt to arise from the mad ferment of modern life. President McKinley, while shaking hands in friendly spirit with his fellow-citizens in the great hall of the Buffalo Exposition, was foully shot down by a half-insane Anarchist, whose hand the victim had just cordially grasped.

For a week the suffering martyr lay between life and death, for a time showing such signs of recovery that hope overspread the country, then rapidly sinking until death came to him in the early morning of the 14th. His sad passing away left Theodore Roosevelt President, a consummation no one had dreamed of when, against his will, he was induced to become a candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

The death of McKinley was followed by an event of dramatic interest. For a time the recovery of the stricken President seemed so assured that Roosevelt felt secure in making a hunting excursion in the Adirondacks, for which he had previously arranged.

When, on Friday, September 13th, word reached the Tahawas Club House, where the Vice-President had his headquarters, that the exalted victim was fast sinking, Roosevelt was not to be found. He had set out early that morning for a tramp in the mountains, and no one knew just where he was. Before starting he had received a despatch from Buffalo saying that the President was in splendid condition and not in the slightest danger. Under these circumstances he had felt it safe to venture upon his mountain stroll.

The fresh and startling news caused guides and runners to be sent out in all directions, with orders to sound a general alarm and find the Vice-President as quickly as possible. Yet hours passed away and the afternoon was verging into early evening before the signals of the searchers were heard and answered and it became evident that the Roosevelt party was near at hand.

When Colonel Roosevelt was reached and the news of the critical condition of the President told him he could scarcely credit it. Startled and alarmed, he hurried back to the Tahawas Club House, feeling that he must hasten to Buffalo with the utmost despatch. But the nearest railroad station was thirty-five miles distant, and this distance had to be covered by stage, over a road rendered heavy by a recent thunder-storm.

When he reached there the Adirondack Stage Line had a coach in readiness and had provided relays of horses covering the whole distance. All night long the stage coach, bearing its distinguished passenger rolled along through the woods, the latter part of the journey being through heavy forest timber, which rendered it one of actual peril.

President McKinley had already passed away, though this news was not received until he reached the station at North Creek at 5.22 on the following morning. A special train awaited him and dashed away the moment it received the awaited passenger. The trip that followed was a record-breaking one, the speed in many instances exceeding a mile a minute. It was 1.40 p. m. when it pulled into the station at Buffalo, the President, as Roosevelt now was, going to the house where his deceased predecessor lay.

That afternoon he took the oath of office as President of the United States, the oath being administered by Judge Hazel, in the presence of Secretaries Root, Long, Hitchcock and Wilson, Attorney-General Knox and other distinguished persons. The oath taken and the document signed, all the preliminaries were finished, and Theodore Roosevelt became the legally authorized President of the United States.

Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest man in the history of the country to become President of the United States; he had not yet completed his forty-third year. The youngest before him being President Grant, who was forty-seven at the date of his first inauguration. The oldest was President Harrison, who took office at the age of sixty-eight. It was a heavy responsibility to fall on so young a man. How he would act in his new office was the anxious query asked by those who remembered the records of Presidents Tyler, Fillmore and Johnson, who like him had begun as Vice-Presidents. President

McKinley stood for certain principles, certain promises to the people made in the platform of the year before. Could an impulsive man like Theodore Roosevelt, a man full of ideas and views of his own, be expected to carry out his predecessor's policy? There was a distinct feeling of relief in the community when he came out with a declaration that this was what he proposed to do.

Yet McKinley's policy did not cover the whole range of legislation, and the remembrance of Roosevelt's radical reform administration in New York was not altogether agreeable to the hide-bound conservatives or the class of shady politicians who had axes to grind. They felt that a man like this in the Presidential chair might prove like the proverbial bull in the china shop.

Roosevelt's last speech as Vice-President gave some indications of his attitude. It was given at Minneapolis on September 2d, three days before the tragedy at Buffalo, and gave strong indications of his mental attitude. Some quotations from it may not be amiss.

"Our interests are at bottom common; in the long run we go up or go down together. Yet more and more it is evident that the state, and if necessary the nation, has got to possess the right of supervision and control as regards the great corporations that are its creatures; particularly as regards the great business combinations which derive a portion of their importance from the existence of some monopolistic tendency. The right should be exercised with caution and self-restraint; but it should exist, so that it may be invoked if the need arises."

In these few words we have the keynote of much of Roosevelt's Presidential career. Throughout his nearly eight years of office he hammered away at the monopolies that had arisen in the land, and to some degree succeeded in fettering them.

A strong advocate of America for Americans, this is what he had to say about the Monroe Doctrine:

"This is the attitude we should take as regards the Monroe Doctrine. There is not the least need of blustering about it. Still less should it be used as a pretext for our own aggrandizement at the expense of any other American state. But, most emphatically, we must make it evident that we intend on this point ever to maintain the

old American position. The Monroe Doctrine is not international law, but there is no necessity that it should be. All that is needful is that it should continue to be a cardinal feature of American policy on this continent. If we are wise we shall strenuously insist that under no pretext whatever shall there be any territorial aggrandizement upon American soil by any European power, and this no matter what form the territorial aggrandizement may take."

These extracts serve not alone to indicate President Roosevelt's attitude in certain particulars; they serve also to give some conception of his oratorical manner. Fluent as he has shown himself as a speaker, he has the faculty of dealing mainly with hard facts. It is the same with his messages to Congress. Some of them have been so expanded that he seemed rather writing a book than a message. But his seeming wordiness came from a desire to omit no matter of national interest and to leave none without a comprehensive treatment. Yet in them all he hammers away with hard facts. Flowery language and inconclusive verbosity have no place in his category.

During Roosevelt's first term in office he did little in the way of proposing radical legislation. He felt that his hands were tied in that respect by the way into which he came into the Presidency. But he showed his untrammelled character in a dozen other ways. Precedents had no sacredness for him; he was always breaking them. One instance was that in which he invited Booker Washington to dinner. The event raised a stir out of all accordance with its significance, for Roosevelt was not the first President to have a colored man at his table, and Booker Washington had shown himself a man whose presence at their tables would honor kings. The storm broke and the thunders of denunciation rolled, but they passed innocuously over Roosevelt's head.

He never hesitated to step outside the lines of routine and break through the cobwebs of red tape. When a coal strike broke out in Pennsylvania and went on with such obstinacy as to threaten disaster to the people he stepped resolutely into the breach and by his influence settled the labor war. The sticklers for precedent cried out in dismay. No President has done such a thing before! It is a dangerous stretch of the executive power! But those citizens whose fires threatened to

go out in midwinter for want of coal had nothing but praise for this salutary interference.

When the Republic of Colombia refused to sustain the action for the building of the Panama Canal and the State of Panama seceded in consequence and proclaimed its independence, President Roosevelt with what seemed unnecessary haste recognized the new republic and proceeded to negotiate with it instead of Colombia. His impatience in this instance seemed to run away with his judgment, for a little delay would not have stood in the way of getting what he desired.

In November, 1906, his interest in the progress of the canal took him in person to Panama. Here was a flagrant violation of another precedent. No President before him had ever gone beyond the jurisdiction of the flag. But Roosevelt lost no sleep in consequence; he saw what he wanted to see, and the solar system suffered no disruption.

What else did he do? During the three and a half years of his first administration the country owed several important executive acts to him. In addition to settling the anthracite coal strike and recognizing Panama, he prosecuted the Northern Securities Company for violating the anti-trust law; he established reciprocity with Cuba; he created the new Department of Commerce and Labor; he founded the permanent census; he reorganized the army; he strengthened the navy; he advocated the national irrigation act which is reclaiming vast arid tracts to cultivation; he submitted the Venezuela imbroglio to The Hague Court of Arbitration; he sent America's protest against the Kishenev massacre to the Czar of Russia.

The way the latter was done was an apt illustration of the Roosevelt method of doing things. He well knew that if the petition was sent to the Czar in the usual way he would not receive it and his government would probably hint that this country had better attend to its own business.

Roosevelt cut the Gordian knot in a different way. He telegraphed the whole petition to the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, bidding him to lay it before the Czar and ask him if he would receive such a petition if it came regularly before him. The Czar politely replied that he would not. But in spite of diplomacy he *had received* it and read it, and in this way he learned something of what

was going on in his dominions. Salutory results soon followed from the Roosevelt diplomacy.

We have told some of the things for which President Roosevelt stood sponsor. They were not all. His activity was enormous. He not only stood for the best things, but he worked and fought for them, and in some instances stood the test of making powerful enemies in order to secure them. The faculty of persistence in him was strongly developed. The word "strenuous," which he has bound up with his own name, aptly illustrates his character. His was a true example of the "strenuous life." There was always "something doing" in his neighborhood, and always will be while he breathes the breath of life. The Roosevelt doctrine of a "square deal," the enforcement of the laws and statutes of the United States, and the upholding of the dignity and integrity of the nation were ever the keynotes of his administration.

CHAPTER IX

Reformer and Peacemaker

“GITT-THAR ROOSEVELT” is a familiar cowboy designation of our late President, and it is one that well fits. All his life he has been “gittin’ thar.” Ability and impetuosity have carried him headlong forward from one position to another in the public service, his rare vacations from political labor being those of his ranch and hunting life in the Wild West, and of his active career as a soldier. These were his recreations, his intervals of holiday enjoyment. As for resting—the man cannot do it; it is not in him.

He has got the posts he wanted throughout his life; and got one post he did not want, that of Vice-President. It is one that would appeal to the ambition of most of us, but it was a restful post, and Roosevelt was not hankering after rest. Yet by a strange dispensation of Providence it lifted him to the very summit of an American political career; it made him President.

He would not have been human if he had not felt a sense of triumph over those plotting politicians who had fairly forced him into the Vice-Presidential office, fancying in their shrewd souls that they had the inconvenient reformer shelved. Fate had broken the threads which bound down this modern Gulliver and set him free to carry his ideas to their highest ultimate.

Yet that he was satisfied cannot be said. It was a bitter and sorrowful reflection that he had reached this high office over the slain body of his lamented predecessor, the loved and lovable McKinley. He would ten thousand times rather have spent his four years as voiceless chairman of the Senate than to be made President through the assassination of a dear and cherished friend.

Nor was it altogether pleasant to feel that chance, not the act of his fellow-citizens, had lifted him to this high office. Did they want him? Was he not in some sense an interloper? That could only be

told when they had the opportunity to express their real sentiment, and he must have looked forward with some hope and some anxiety to the election of 1904, to learn if the people really approved him, or if they merely waited their opportunity to shelve him effectually.

If he really had any doubt in this direction, it was dispelled when the time came to act. The enthusiastic nomination which he received was enough to show that he was by all odds the first choice of the Republican party. And when the vote of the people was cast it became evident that he was the first choice of all parties, that the magic of his name had swept hosts of converts from the Democratic ranks. This was shown by his immense plurality in the popular vote of over 2,500,000, far the greatest that any President had ever received, and his large Electoral College majority of 196. Evidently the people at large wanted Roosevelt, and it remained for him to justify their faith in him.

That we are correct in crediting him with a strong desire for election to the Presidency we may quote his own words to show. This he has said:

“I do not believe in playing the hypocrite. Any strong man fit to be President would desire a nomination and re-election after his first term. Lincoln was President in so great a crisis that perhaps he neither could nor did feel any personal interest in his own re-election. But at present I should like to be elected President just as John Quincy Adams, or McKinley, or Cleveland, or John Adams, or Washington himself desired to be elected. It is pleasant to think that one’s countrymen think well of one. But I shall not do anything whatever to secure my nomination save to try to carry on the public business in such shape that decent citizens will believe I have shown wisdom, integrity and courage.”

On the 4th of March, 1905, this favorite of the American people, for in the highest sense he was that, was inaugurated President of the United States. He was now a man unhampered, except by the platform of the Convention, and that was broad enough to carry out all the reforms in which he felt an interest. No purpose of running for another term trammelled him. He had cut the bridges in that direction behind him by announcing positively that he had no such intention.

There were some not ready to believe him, even when in December, 1907, he reiterated his determination not to run for a third term. It was not until 1908, when he absolutely refused a nomination, that all the people felt that he meant just what he said.

He might justly for other reasons have declined a re-election, for the Presidency for him had been no bed of roses. He had worked to win his aims with all the strength of his strong character and was justified in looking forward for a period of reprieve—not exactly of rest, but of occupation not quite so nerve-straining.

During this term of office the President worked strenuously for the reform legislation he had at heart. That he got all he wanted cannot be said, for Congress was hard to handle, but he gained enough to make the path easier for later reformers. Chief among his victories over entrenched privilege was that of the Anti-Rebate Law, which forced the railroads to come out into the open and to desist from the unfair practices which they had so long maintained. Another was the pure food law, to save the people from being poisoned by villainous purveyors, and the law against the sale of unclean meats. Other acts sustained by him were those to protect the forest reserves and national parks, to enlarge the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to prevent corporations from making contributions to election expenses.

The old soldiers, especially the veterans of the Civil War, for whom he had a warm place in his heart, felt the benefit of his sympathy in the General Service Pension Act, which gave to each of them, whether injured or not, a liberal pension after he had reached his sixty-second year. In 1906 he made a speech advocating an inheritance tax, a measure of which his successor, President Taft, is strongly in favor.

All this was matter which brought him under the limelight of the people of his country. In 1905 he brought himself under the limelight of the world, when he appealed to Japan and Russia to bring to an end their desolating war by negotiating a treaty of peace. The offer took hold. Both parties to the conflict were glad enough to see this hand stretched out to them across the two great oceans, bearing the olive branch of peace. While Europe dallied and delayed, America

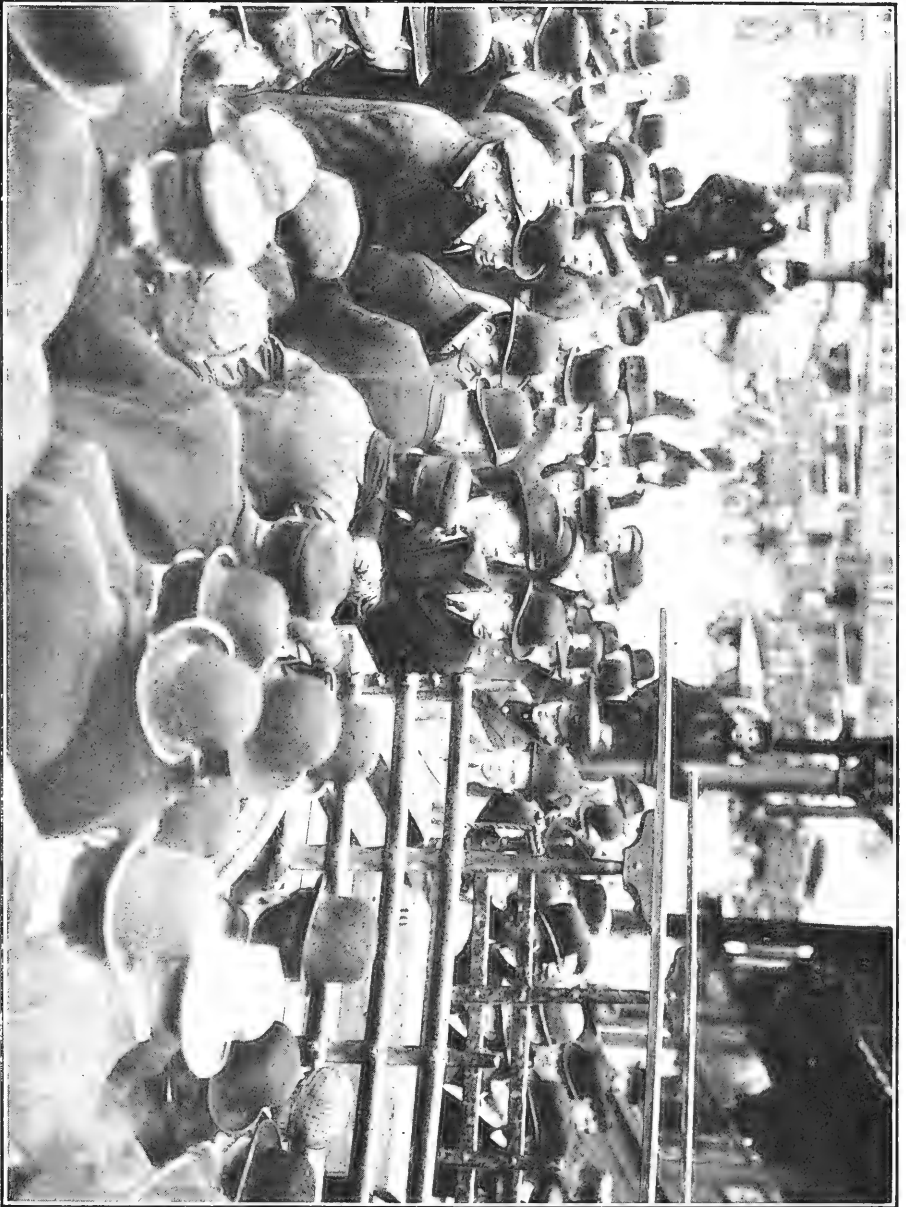
had acted, and Roosevelt's suggestion bore its legitimate fruit in the Portsmouth Peace Treaty of September 5, 1905.

In 1904 President Roosevelt had taken steps to have a second Peace Conference held at the Hague. His merits as a peacemaker were now sounded from end to end of the earth, and his success was fully recognized in 1906, when there was awarded to him the Nobel Peace Prize, annually given to the one who had done the most in bringing about peaceful relations among the nations of the earth.

We are not attempting here more than a passing glance at President Roosevelt's activities during his term of office. There is one more of them of which we must speak. In May, 1908, there was held in the White House, at his suggestion, a conference of the governors of all the states and territories to consider the highly important subject of how best to conserve the natural resources of this country.

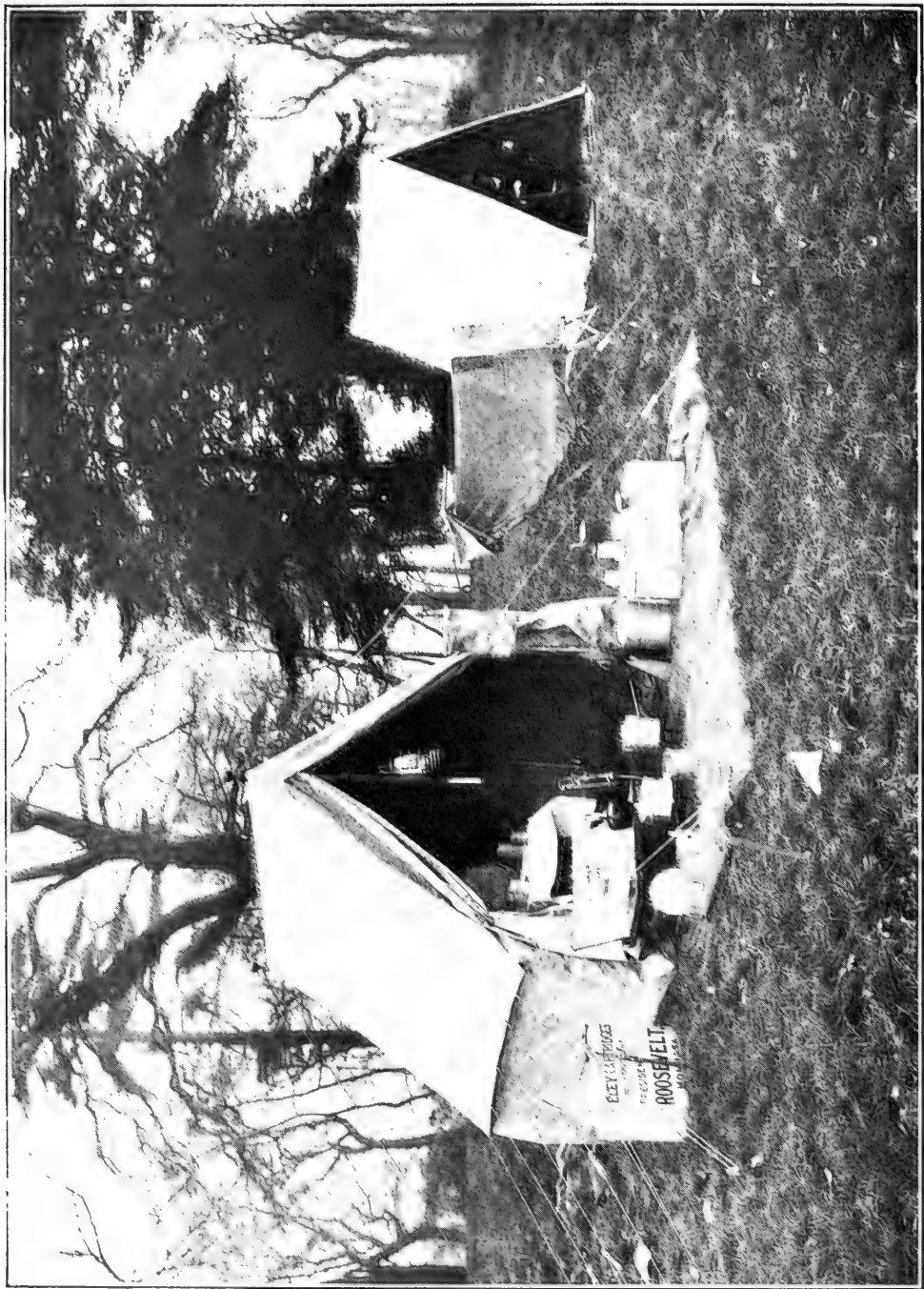
These were disappearing at an alarming rate. The forests were being destroyed by wasteful methods of lumbering and by devastating fires. The coal supply was being wastefully handled. Ignorance and greed were exhausting the fisheries. The soil was being washed away through the removal of its natural covering and the beds of streams were being filled up with it. This and other things needed wise and honest treatment and the conference led to the formation of a National Conservation Commission to take these matters in hand.

Such were some of President Roosevelt's multitudinous activities and their results. Now let us say something of the man himself. If we come to investigate the manner of his life we can but say that there was never a more thorough democrat. The bane of aristocratic pride had never infected his blood. All men, whatever their station, were alike to him. He had but one criterion of respect. Is the man honest; is he taking his due part in the work of life? He would grasp the grimy hand of the railroad engineer with much more comradeship than that of the pampered scion of wealth. In traveling he preferred the cowcatcher of the locomotive, with its sweeping outlook, to the most comfortable palace car seat. The word strenuous, of which he made so much use and which so aptly fitted him, was first made his slogan in his speech at the Hamilton Club of Chicago in 1899. Here is the sentence which contained his dogma of the "strenuous life":



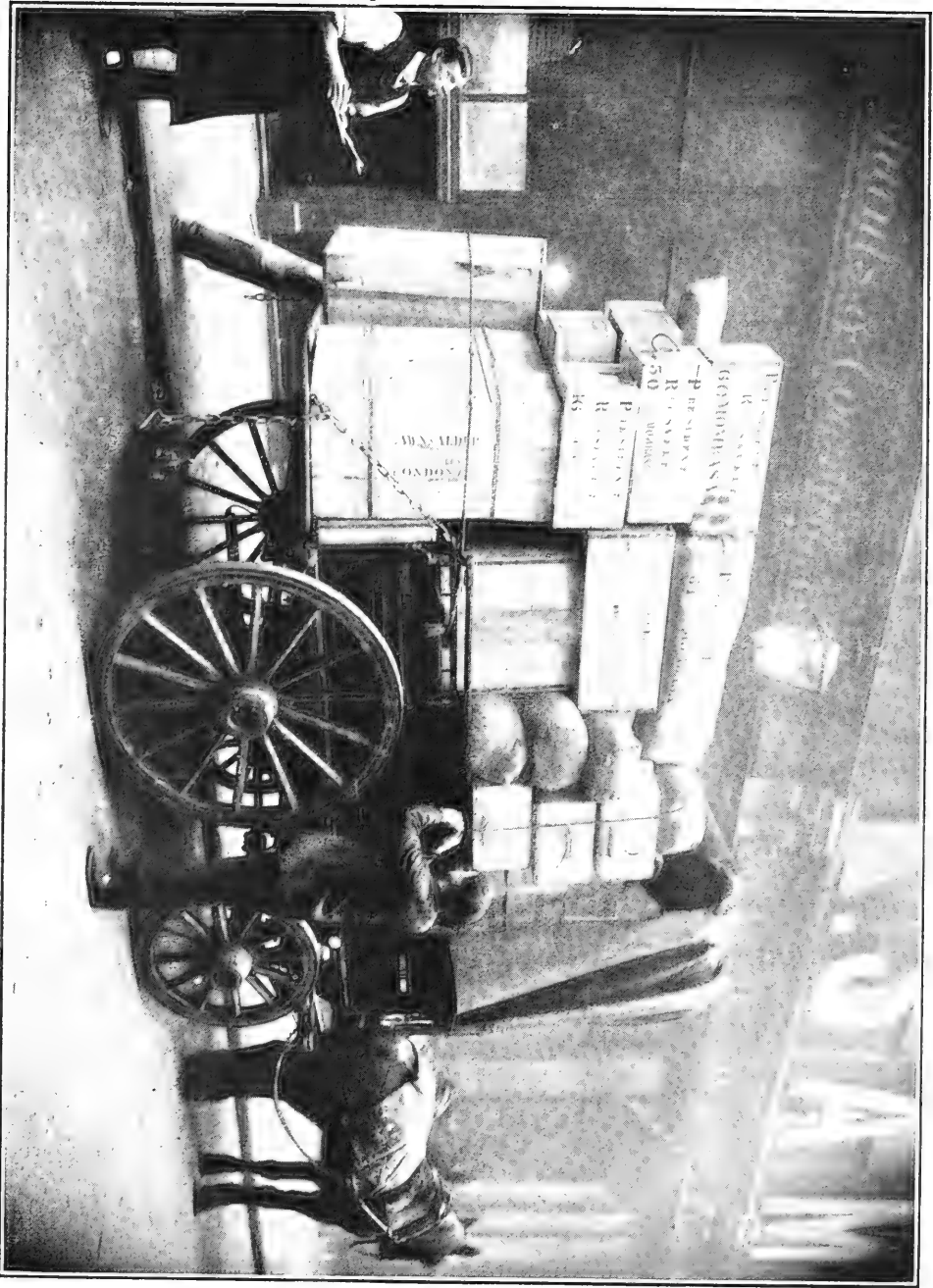
EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CHECKING UP HIS BOXES

A truck-load of gums and supplies being counted by the head of the Expedition



MAIN CAMP OF THE ROOSEVELT OUTFIT

The large dining tent in the foreground, to the right a mosquito-proof sleeping chair and a smaller sleeping tent



PART OF THE ROOSEVELT OUTFIT

Packed in London, sent to Mombasa in advance and taken inland by the party on arrival in Africa.



EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT NAPLES

Lunching in the Hotel Excelsior while the steamer made her regular stop at the Italian port

"I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardships, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

It was the kind of life that Roosevelt loved. He was strenuous in everything, in his executive acts, his legislative demands, his exercises and pleasures, his walks and rides. An amusing example of his strenuosity in this direction is that long walk in which he led a party of army officers through a broken country, wading streams, climbing and descending hills, facing all sorts of difficulties, until they were utterly worn out, while their leader showed no trace of weariness.

Roosevelt, in addition to his Presidential term, had another life, that home life which all of us possess in some measure and which he thoroughly enjoyed. The society of his wife and children was more to him than all the stately show and empty adulation of his official position. His home at Oyster Bay, Long Island, is a place of great attraction and one which any man might well enjoy. Standing on the crest of a little hill and approached by a steep and winding roadway, part of which runs through a thick wood, it presents a picturesque aspect when first seen. From it appears a beautiful view in every direction, and especially that over the waters of the Sound. Shade trees of many kinds stud the lawn and a broad porch runs around three sides of the house, shaded in front by a luxuriant Virginia creeper. Within, the house is beautifully furnished, and in nearly every room are trophies of the hunter's life on the Western plains or mementos of the soldier's life on Cuban soil. President, or Governor, or Colonel, or Commissioner Roosevelt, or whatever we may call him, is never so happy as when sitting quietly at home with his wife and children. Home is to him the dearest place on earth, and he never suffers the cares that fall upon him thickly without to invade its hallowed precincts. Here he finds his one place of rest, of that relaxation of which he permits himself so little. With his wife—a woman of beauty and charm, one able to keep pace with him in his outdoor walks—his daughter Alice, the child of his first wife, and his five other children,

Theodore, Kermit, Ethel, Archibald and Quentin, with all of whom he has held years of companionship, his home life is a delightful one.

Here are an abundance of the books that he loves and to which he has found time to add a goodly number of his own writing, descriptions of outdoor and hunting life, biographies and histories, especially his "Winning the West," his most ambitious work, devoted to the history of that great section of our land.

Such is the home and home life of that great-souled, clean-lived, impulsive, energetic, enthusiastic lover of his kind—the honest and straightforward kind—the man who for years has battled fraud and corruption, with none of their mire clinging to him, the man of such broad aspirations and success-compelling genius that he has won the admiration, not only of his country, but of the world.

We have already stated how, at the end of his first term of elective Presidency, he refused a renomination, not for rest, for the chief object he then had in view was to seek the wilds of Africa, and take his part in the hunting of big game such as America has none to match.

BOOK TWO

ROOSEVELT'S INTERESTING
JOURNEY

Through the Heart of Africa

CHAPTER X

From New York to Mombasa

ON the morning of March 5, 1909, Theodore Roosevelt, as we may well judge, roused from sleep with a fervent sense of freedom and exhilaration. He had cast off the weight of political responsibility which had laid heavily upon him for nearly eight years, and at last was free from the burdens of office and in a position to enjoy to its full a genuine holiday.

That "Call of the Wild" which had rung in his ears in his younger days and led him west to the companionship of the cowboy and the perils of the hunting field, was ringing again in his ears. A born huntsman, with a native love of adventure and a strong zest for stirring and perilous scenes, the "Call of the Wild" now drew him in a different direction, to that African wilderness which is the haunt of the most savage and dangerous beasts on the face of the earth. Hunting in America is a tame and mild enjoyment compared with hunting in Africa. We have the grizzly bear, to be sure, a foe not safe to despise. But there may be found the elephants, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, the lion, creatures to be challenged on their native soil only by the most hardy and daring of men.

It was not alone these lordly beasts that our huntsman had to fear. The district he sought is one where lurk deadly diseases, fevers that enervate the frame, that mysterious "sleeping sickness" from whose slumbers few awake, disorders that lie in wait for those not native to tropical climes; and earnest warnings were sent the ex-President that he was going to his doom, that in the African fevers he would find foes tenfold more deadly than the wildest beasts.

So far as we know all this rather whetted Roosevelt's appetite for these new hunting fields than deterred him from them. We cannot say that he is devoid of the faculty of fear, but he has a happy faculty of concealing it. He had thrown off the harness of the Presidency,

which had fettered him so long. He had refused to listen to the voice of the tempter, which told him that the White House and the President's chair still awaited him and were his to be had for the asking. No, he had amply earned a holiday and was determined to have it—"a holiday as is a holiday," in the midst of the African wilds and in the presence of the earth's most terrible beasts.

Eager to get away, to shake the dust of civilization from his feet, to breathe the free air of uncultured nature, to feel the thrill of new adventure, the released President hurried his preparations. The members of the expedition were carefully selected, the juvenile of the party being his youthful son Kermit, who was trained to be its photographer, but who has since shown himself to be a true "chip of the old block" in his hunting intrepidity and success.

Everything likely to be of need in the wild was carefully selected, with the judgment and skill of one who knew just what the hunter requires and what he can well do without. The sporting pieces especially were chosen with care, with the knowledge that life might often depend on the accuracy of the rifle and the trustworthy character of the ammunition.

The 23d of March, less than three weeks from the close of his Presidential career, was the date selected by Mr. Roosevelt for his start, and as may be imagined his life was a busy one during that brief interval. It is interesting to state that one of the last visitors at Oyster Bay before his departure was his mountaineer companion, M. F. Cronin, the Adirondack guide and stage driver who, seven and a half years before, had brought him through his breakneck midnight drive to the railroad station at North Creek, a rough and headlong ride in which it is said a pair of horses was killed.

Word had come of the perilous condition of President McKinley, and the bold driver felt that he was bringing a new President to his chair. Now, that his Presidential career was at an end, his mountaineer friend came to bid him godspeed on the eve of his setting out upon a new career.

On the morning of March 23, 1909, ex-President Roosevelt set off on his long journey from Oyster Bay to Mombasa. The ride to New York was an ovation. At every station a crowd had gathered to wave

good-bye and wish good luck to the departing hunter. On reaching the wharf of the Hamburg-American Line, where waited the ocean greyhound "Hamburg," ready to convey him to Naples, a cheering throng, thousands in number, awaited to give him an enthusiastic send-off. It was no easy matter to reach the deck of the steamer through this mass of admiring humanity.

Many friends and members of his late administration accompanied him on board, and as the great steamer slowly glided out from her dock the distinguished traveler stood on the captain's bridge, waving a parting farewell with his black slouch hat. By his side stood his son, Kermit, both gladdened by the cheers of the friendly multitude.

One of the latest and most pleasing incidents of the departure was the advent of a messenger from President Taft, who brought as a present a collapsable gold ruler, one foot long, with pencil attached, and inscribed as follows:

"To Theodore Roosevelt from William Howard Taft. Good-bye and good luck. Best wishes for a safe return."

That the outgoing traveler was highly pleased with this parting tribute need scarcely be said. The returning messenger bore back his grateful thanks.

What shall we say of the voyage? What can be said other than of the innumerable voyages of innumerable tourists, whose principal aim is to prevent the journey from becoming wearisomely monotonous. That there was little rest for Roosevelt on board ship, we may be sure. He is of the unresting type. Those who wished to interview him had to do so *en route*, for every day he walked a good ten miles to and fro on the deck. And the deck did not limit the range of his activity. He pervaded the ship. Not a part or a feature of it escaped his attention. From the bridge to the coal-heavers' den he made his way, everybody who knew anything was obliged to give up his last item of useful information, and by the time shore was reached again the traveler had learned enough about life on shipboard to write a nautical novel.

Meanwhile his diet was of the simplest, his meals being limited to two a day. The purpose of this abstemiousness was to keep down his weight. Lightness and agility were requisite in the purpose he had in view.

In former times the Atlantic traveler cut loose from the world. During his voyage the only world he knew was the cramped and narrow one bounded by the walls and decks of the ship. The ocean of tossing waves cut him off from all beside. But in these days we have "reformed all that." Wireless telegraphy keeps us in touch with the land we have left and the land to which we are bound, and all through his voyage the darting of the electric waves through hundreds of aerial miles told our traveler of what was being done on land and told the friends he had left the daily occurrences of his life at sea.

One of these was rather startling. The news came that a crazed Italian, a steerage passenger, had sought to assassinate him and had been seized and fettered in the stronghold of the ship. It gave, however, only a passing thrill to those at home, for it was quickly contradicted and proved to be based upon an event of small significance.

The harbor of Fayal, in the Azores, was reached on March 29. Roosevelt landed at Horta, the island capital, and was taken a two hours' drive about the town by the governor. A second stop was made at Ponta Delgada, the largest city on the group and the third in size of Portuguese cities. Here the ex-President met with a real peril, far more dangerous than that of the crazed Italian.

There was a rough sea on, so boisterous that only three passengers were willing to accompany the intrepid Roosevelt in the small boat that took him ashore. It was on his return, after visiting the United States Consul and seeing the city, that the peril was encountered. The small boat was tossed about like a cockle-shell on the unquiet sea, and as it neared the ship was dashed violently against its side. At the same time a ten-foot wave rolled over it, drenching the travelers to the waist. Roosevelt coolly waited his chance, made a leap at the right moment, his hand was caught by the first officer, and in an instant more he was safe on board.

The next stopping place was at Gibraltar, which was reached on April 2. Here Colonel Roosevelt had the opportunity to make a thorough inspection of this impregnable outlying fortress of Great Britain. Certain festivities also took place, including a dinner and a dance, in which Roosevelt, who is little given to "twirl the light fantastic toe," consented to open the ball with Miss Draper, one of his traveling

companions. Here also he made a brief speech, ending humorously with the words:

“Everybody has been very kind to me, but I think it must be an infernal nuisance to have a retired President on board.”

Three days later, on April 5, the harbor of Naples was entered, the “Hamburg” reaching her voyage end at that great and famous metropolis of Southern Italy. Roosevelt’s stay here was to be short, but it was one of continuous ovation. As the great steamer entered the harbor it was greeted by a deafening peal of steam whistles, the music of many bands, and a splendid show of bunting from the vessels of all types and nations that occupied the ample bay. There was present an Italian warship and a multitude of other craft, all gay with flags and bunting from stem to stern.

On land the welcome was as enthusiastic. Had our plain American tourist been a conquering king returning from a glorious campaign, he could not have been received more heartily by the vast crowd assembled to gaze on the late head of the American republic. Floral offerings were superabundant, among them a great group of red, white and black carnations from Emperor William and a splendid garland of fragrant blooms from the Empress. A letter from the Emperor accompanied the gift, cordially inviting him to stop at Berlin on his return and ending with “Hail to the successful huntsman!”

On landing, the Hotel Excelsior was sought, where the traveler met various Italian officials and was greeted by scores of prominent Americans. He subsequently had an interview with the Duke and Duchess of Aosta in their splendid palace at Capodimonte, affairs of state preventing the King of Italy from meeting him during his brief stay.

From Naples the traveler proceeded to Messina, the scene of the recent devastating earthquake. His observations here were condensed in a telegraph cable message in which he warmly praised the splendid work done at Messina and Reggio with the building lumber shipped from this country. Visiting the American camp, he found two hundred and fifty houses already completed and arrangements made for the rapid construction of one thousand two hundred and fifty more. The work was under the general direction of Ambassador Griscom

and the immediate care of Lieutenant-Commander Belknap, assisted by other navy officers. Working under these were forty able sailors and a number of stalwart American carpenters. "In addition," he concluded, "there is a fine group of Americans, such as J. Elliott, Winthrop Chandler, J. Bush and R. Hale, who are giving their time and energies to help the philanthropic work. I wish to say that I consider that the American people are deeply indebted to each and every one of these men."

Two days only were given to the sightseeing at Naples and Messina, with the arrival and departure, the Roosevelt party leaving on the 6th in the steamer "Admiral," which was to carry them to Mombasa. A matter of some minor interest is that, while on board the "Hamburg," an army surgeon presented him with a syringe filled with an antivenom for snake poison. This was to guard him against possible perils more insidious than those likely to come from wild beasts. How efficacious it would be apt to prove is another question.

As may be seen, Colonel Roosevelt had lost little time so far in sightseeing on land. He would have enough of shore experience on reaching Africa; now straightforward to Mombasa was the cry. From Naples the "Admiral" sped through the most historic waters of the world, those of the eastern Mediterranean, the scene of the commerce and naval wars of Phœnicia, Greece, Carthage and Rome. Passing Port Said and worming its way through the narrow channel of the Suez Canal, it kept on down the Red Sea, famous principally for its tropic heats.

The only stop was made at Aden, at the extremity of Arabia, and this a brief one. Thence the steamer plunged into the waters of the Indian Ocean for its final goal at Mombasa.

This final lap of the voyage lasted a week, its only interesting incident being a dinner given by the captain of the "Admiral" to his distinguished passenger, the table being finely decorated and speeches and toasts being features of the occasion.

Mombasa was reached on April 21, the total voyage having taken rather less than a month. The "Admiral" entered Kilindin harbor in a heavy rain, almost a deluge, the water pouring in drenching floods. The steamer flew the American flag at fore and main, which was saluted by the British cruiser "Pandora," then lying in the harbor.

Darkness had fallen, but Roosevelt and his son lost no time in leaving the ship, being taken ashore in the commandant's surf boat and carried to a place of shelter in chairs on the shoulders of stalwart natives.

Such was the landing on Africa's shores, at night, in a downpour of rain, and on the shoulders of natives of the soil. But Colonel Roosevelt had no thought of bad omens. He was in splendid health and eager for the start to the hunting grounds, which he said he could not reach a minute too soon.

A military guard was drawn up to receive him and a picturesque crowd of Europeans, East Indians and negroes crowded to gaze upon the famous American potentate, while the governor of the place gave him a cordial welcome. He had intended to stay two days at Mombasa, but the flood of rain induced a change of plan, and on the following day he set out on a special train for the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease, where his first fortnight was to be spent.

With this story of how Roosevelt reached Africa, let us proceed to describe the make-up of his expedition and the purpose for which this long journey was undertaken. That the desire to see the greatest animals of the world in their native haunts and to enjoy the exciting experience of facing these great creatures in a state of freedom, with an opportunity to fight for their lives, was a moving influence in his journey no one can justly doubt. But that he sought the African jungle moved solely by what the censorious Frenchman said was the Englishman's spirit: "Good morning; it is a fine day; let us go out and kill something," we should be loath to affirm. For back of Roosevelt's journey was a scientific purpose, for which we must give him due credit.

It is not "The Roosevelt African Expedition," but rather "The Smithsonian African Expedition," with which we are concerned, for it was outfitted by the Smithsonian Institution and its underlying purpose was to collect specimens of the African mammalia for this great educational institution. Mr. Roosevelt, it is true, proposed to pay his own expenses and those of his son Kermit, including their outfit and transportation, but he simply proposed to obtain an adult specimen of each sex of the big African game, and also of the smaller mammals

and birds so far as possible, and to do no other killing than was necessary to supply the camp with meat. The specimens collected were to be deposited in the United States National Museum for scientific study. Mr. Roosevelt has added more than any other man to our knowledge of the big game of the United States, and we can appreciate the desire of the Smithsonian scientists to secure the services of a man of his training in field life and the pursuit of big game to add to their scientific treasures.

The men who believe in the study of the mammal and the bird in their living state and in their native haunts, the hunting with the field glass rather than with the rifle, know the advantage of museum collections in order that field identification may be made certain and that the life study of mammals may be stimulated, and the purpose of these scientists was to secure such a valuable addition to its educational exhibit, for the use of students who need such material for comparative purposes.

The true nature lover gets the zest of outdoor life, the sense of the freshness and beauty of things to be obtained from a trip afield, and to obtain these laudable experiences it is not necessary to keep his rifle constantly at work, shooting at every crack of a twig or rustle of a leaf. And that Theodore Roosevelt has in his make-up much of this wholesome spirit everyone who is familiar with his history must acknowledge.

Back of this, however, there is in his make-up the spirit of the hunter, the zest of the daring impulse, the love of facing and overcoming peril, the intense excitement of putting his own life in pawn in a struggle with a dangerous antagonist, and while feeling that science would be benefited by the results of his adventurous journey, there was in it much of the heroic spirit that moved him when he charged up San Juan Hill in the face of the Spanish batteries. His skill and daring were to cope with the strength and alertness of the lords of the wilds and the soul of the soldier stirred within him as much as the spirit of the scientist.

Mr. Roosevelt and the scientists of the Smithsonian were already familiar with every kind of big game that he was likely to encounter. As for the leader of the expedition, he had the name of every species

of antelope at his instant command and bore a picture in his mind of every kind of creature that through his instrumentality might be added to the National Museum's stores. During his last months in the White House a portion of the President's time was given over to the study of the fauna of that part of Africa which the American caravan would traverse. The smaller mammals and the birds had not been left out of Mr. Roosevelt's calculations. The scientific interest in a wild creature is not gauged by its size; the mouse has its interest no less than the lion.

The expedition into Africa was thoroughly equipped. Everything that knowledge of conditions could suggest had its place in the outfit. The quarry that was secured was instantly prepared for transportation. The skins and the hides were well salted and dried, and packed in a way that made their preservation certain. Such skeletons as were to be saved, and the skulls which were of first value for comparative purposes, were cared for as only field scientists knew how, and the collected treasures of the African trip were brought to Washington in a condition to delight the hearts of the government scientists.

We give below the names and personality of the members of the Smithsonian African Expedition. Of Theodore Roosevelt it is not necessary to write. What he has done as a scientist and as a hunter is known to all.

Dr. and Colonel Edgar A. Mearns, United States army (retired), is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. He has been in the military service for twenty-six years and during that time while on field duty and on detached service he has pursued his zoological studies. Admittedly Dr. Mearns is one of the first field naturalists of the country, and his reports and books are acknowledged authorities. His publications include studies of mammals, birds and plants. He was the naturalist accredited by the government to the Mexican boundary expedition, and as the result of his researches the scientific world has the work entitled "Mammals of the Mexican Boundary of the United States." This work includes a summary of the natural history of the region covered, with a list of the trees of the country adjacent to the boundary. Dr. Mearns knows birds as he knows mammals, and his knowledge of American ornith-

ology is second to none, while he is one of the most successful surgeons and physicians in the service list. He is inured to the hardships of field life. He is a good shot and a good companion. Of him a Washington scientist who has been in the field with him time and again has said of him: "He is the kindest man I ever knew. If it is cold he wants you to take his coat in addition to your own; if it is hot he wants to help take off your coat before he will take off his own. He knows nothing of contention and no man can be found to make a better camp companion."

Edmund Heller is a graduate of Stanford University of the Class of 1901. He is a thoroughly trained naturalist, whose special work was the preparation and preservation of specimens of the large animals that the expedition secured. Mr. Heller went with Carl E. Akeley into Africa on a collecting trip for the Field Columbian Museum. The expedition was successful in every way. Mr. Heller has conducted successful scientific excursions into Alaska and through the Death Valley. In the latter place he followed the trail which Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Biological Survey of Washington, had taken some years before and in a large measure he duplicated the Merriam collecting achievement. Mr. Heller has explored and collected in Mexico and in Central America, and it is said of him that he "always has made good." He has the faculty of making friends and never in the course of any of his expeditions has there been the slightest trouble with the natives.

J. Alden Loring, of Oswego, N. Y., is known as a successful collector of birds and small mammals. In addition to this Mr. Loring is a field naturalist who understands the preservation of skins in all climates. He was attached for some time to the United States Biological Survey, and later he was connected with the Bronx Zoological Park, New York City. Mr. Loring has made field trips in various parts of the United States, British America and Mexico. The United States National Museum once sent him abroad as a traveling collector of small mammals. In three months of field work in Sweden, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland he collected and shipped 900 specimens all carefully prepared. This stands as a record-breaking field achievement. Men who have been in the field with Mr. Loring say

that it is impossible to discourage him, and that his hopefulness and spirit make things cheerful on every day that otherwise would be a blue day in camp.

If preparation, enthusiasm, energy and ability to shoot straight, count as they should count, the Smithsonian African Expedition under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt was one that has rarely been surpassed and its fitness for its work was amply shown by its valuable results.

CHAPTER XI

The East African Railroad

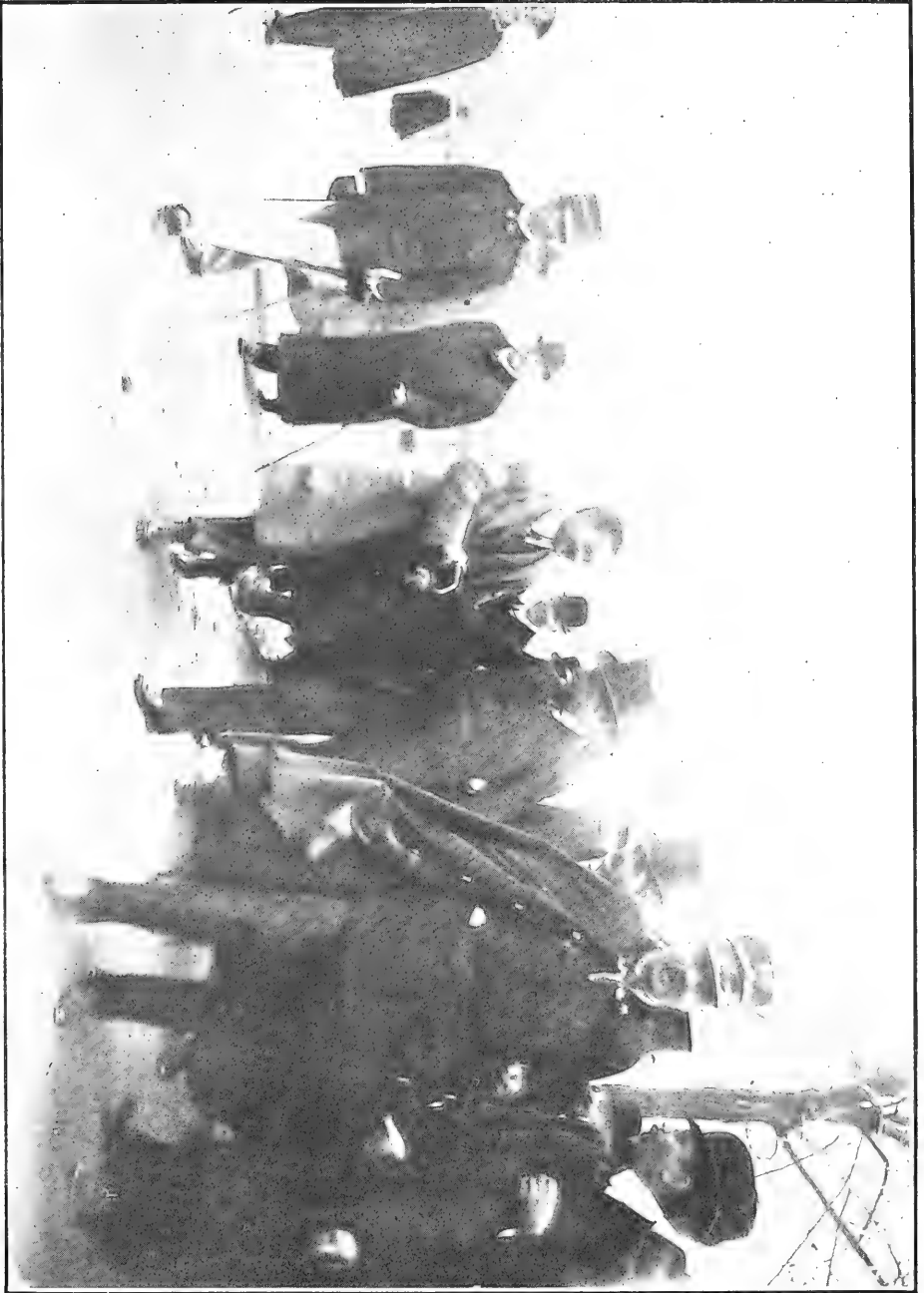
LANDING at Mombasa the Roosevelt party boarded a train on the Uganda Railway to begin the long trip of more than five hundred miles from the east coast of Africa to the great Lake of Victoria Nyanza.

This long journey may be divided into three principal stages: The Jungles, the Plains and the Mountains. The first quarter of an hour is spent in traversing the island on which the city of Mombasa is built, and the train reaches the mainland by a long iron bridge which spans the separating channel. Westward the train runs, winding around among the uneven spots of the country on a fairly steep up grade, the landscape luxuriantly covered with vegetation thickly peopled with birds and butterflies of brilliant and beautiful colors. Palms and creeper-covered trees rise out of the glades on either hand, making a panorama of tropical vegetation calculated to prepare the traveler's eye for the wonderful luxuriance of Central Africa.

For it must be remembered that this railroad has been built only a few years, and principally as a means of transporting men and goods between Mombasa, the seaport on the eastern coast, and the rich Protectorate of Uganda, which lies on the north and northeastern shores of the enormous Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Mombasa is a town of more than 20,000 population, and was acquired by the British East African Company in 1890 from Zanzibar. It was occupied by the Portuguese in 1505, and towards the end of the sixteenth century a fort was built there. These possessors, however, were driven out in 1608, and in 1834 the city passed into the control of Zanzibar. It is a naval coaling station, and as the terminus of the Uganda Railway an important commercial port for the traffic into the interior of Africa.

The Uganda Railway, although built primarily as a political neces-



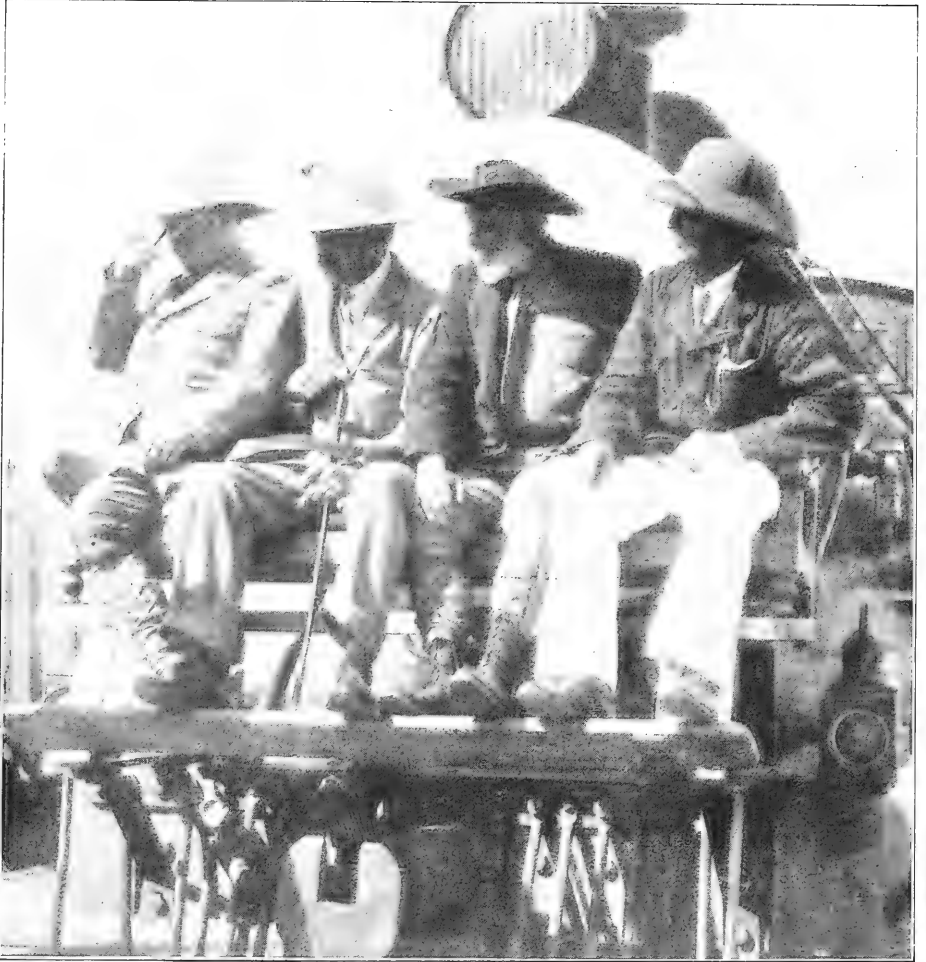
EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT LANDING AT NAPLES

The Mayor of Naples greeting him, and American Ambassador Gristcom walking at his left.



FROM NEW YORK TO MOMBASA

Ex-President Roosevelt and Kermit on the bridge of the S. S. "Hamburg"



Photographed by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA.

A common garden bench was firmly fastened on the pilot of the engine of the East African Railway which took the distinguished hunting party from Mombasa on the coast up through the interior. By this arrangement the hunters overlooked none of the big game which throngs the country near the railroad and fully enjoyed the wonderful scenery of the regions traversed in their long journey. Col. Roosevelt is seen at the left of the picture adjusting his helmet strap just before the train started.



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J. ALDEN LORING

Naturalist with the Roosevelt African Expedition



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PROFESSOR EDMUND HELLER

Zoologist and Taxidermist of the Roosevelt African Expedition

sity in order to secure Britain's hold upon the rich inland states of Africa, is actually paying its way, which it was not expected to do within any reasonable period. Nearly fifty thousand dollars a mile were spent upon its construction, and every few miles are neat little stations with their ticket offices, water tanks, signals and flower beds, just as in a civilized country, though on all sides of them is the thick jungle of the tropics. Every telegraph post is numbered, the grades and curves are in line with modern development, and the trains, modelled upon the Indian railway pattern, are practically comfortable.

As the train winds inland and upward the traveler forgets that he is under the equator, until at a height of 4,000 feet above the sea the jungle changes into forest, characteristic of a cooler climate than the tangled luxuriance of the jungles. Farther on the railway emerges into the plains. Vast fields of green grass intersected by streams, densely wooded with dark trees and coarse scrub, are broken by rough ridges and hills. Here right from the railway train can be seen crowds of wild animals, herds of antelope and gazelle, zebras, wildebeeste, hartebeeste, wild ostriches and small deer. At Simba is a fruitful hunting ground. Lions and giraffes are abundant, and they say that in the early days of the railroad a rhinoceros measured his strength against the engine on the tracks with disastrous results to himself, after which the rest of his tribe retired to the river beds at some distance from the railway.

A favorite way of shooting game in this section is to ride up and down the line on a trolley. The animals are so accustomed to the passage of trains and natives that they do not suspect danger unless the moving object stops. Accordingly the sportsman drops off the car and allows it to pass on, frequently finding himself within range of some of the big game of Africa.

If anyone were asked the reasonable question why the multitude of animals which frequent the railway zone do so with such utter confidence and such lack of fear of their natural enemy, man, the answer is that they are protected within this zone, shooting being forbidden within a fixed distance of the railway, except in the case of such dangerous brutes as the lion, the leopard, the hyena and the rhinoceros. The strange thing is that the animals have come to recognize this fact

and avail themselves of it. No one has issued a bulletin in animal language to the effect that a treaty of peace has been signed between man and beast, so far as this region is concerned. Yet the fact is that since the shooting of innocent creatures has ceased within the railway zone, it can be traversed in safety from the death-dealing bullet, and its native inhabitants have come to recognize this interesting fact.

Much has been written in past times concerning the intelligence of animals. Some maintain that they are governed by instinct only, that they lack the faculties of thought and reason. But how are we to understand the fact just stated? Instinct is hereditary. It must develop as a native possession of the creature concerned. It cannot cover the question of adaptation to new conditions, unknown to the ancestry of the animal. We cannot well escape from the conclusion that thought is here involved, the power of recognizing a new situation and taking advantage of it. In the small brain of the antelope, the ostrich or the giraffe must awaken some such conception as: "This place is safe. We hear no more the thunder and see no more the blinding flash of those black tubes in the hands of two-legged murderers, and no more behold our fellows fall dead. Safety dwells near the thunder engine; we can trust ourselves there."

And this is not all. They not only say this to themselves, but seem able to tell the glad tidings to their fellows, so that multitudes of diverse creatures gather there in utter trust. Or the mere fact that some of these creatures have ceased to fear the engine and its laden train may inspire others to the same trustfulness.

The example of animal intelligence here seen is by no means confined to this corner of Africa. Something like it is known in many lands. It is a common experience of hunters that birds, which fly in fear from the vicinity of the gun-bearing man they have learned to dread, pay no heed to a passing wagon, experience having taught them that danger does not lurk within it. The protected animals within the Yellowstone National Park have learned a similar lesson and have ceased to fear man within its charmed boundaries. It is said that an elk, heedful and fearful outside its bounds, puts on a different attitude when the magic limit is crossed, stalking about in proud confidence and seeming disdain of its native enemy.

The fact is a strange one, and one whose significance cannot be ignored. It vastly widens our conception of the native intelligence of these lower forms of life. We cannot fail to admit that their brains work in somewhat the same manner as our own—not reaching as lofty conceptions, yet indicating powers of logical reasoning in the lower levels of thought. Certainly a significant evidence of this is the quickness with which the animal hosts of northeastern Africa have adapted themselves to the new situation, and seem to tell each other: “It is all right here. The thunder-wagon will not hurt you. You are safe where it passes.”

The state of affairs here described did not always exist in this region. Years before the arrival of Colonel Roosevelt and his train a very different condition prevailed. In the early days of the railway enterprise, when the building operations were in progress, no restriction to the methods of the hunter existed and it was a common practice to shoot animals from the train. In those days, then, the happy confidence between man and brute did not exist and the approach of the engine was the signal for a wild scamper of the animals of the vicinity. They dreaded its approach then as much as they disregard it now. The animal intelligence of which we have spoken then acted to the opposite effect and the warning probably went out to avoid this death-dealing monster that had invaded their haunts.

But victory in the fray between man and beast was not solely upon the side of man. Lions haunted the locality, and though the hunter has found this maned and roaring animal to be anything but the king of beasts of old tradition, but rather a lurking and sneaking tenant of the wilds that fears and avoids the hunter, yet there is a phase of his career in which his whole character seems to change.

When the lion has once tasted human flesh he acquires an ardent liking for it and is apt to pursue man with an inordinate appetite, the man-eating lion becoming the terror of the locality in which he is found. He ceases in a measure to care for his customary food and lies in wait for man with the intense desire of an epicure of the wilderness.

We speak of this here from the fact that during the building of the railway a number of man-eating lions infested its locality and

made such havoc among the workmen that the situation grew very serious. These men were largely East Indians, who did the work under the direction of English engineers, and at times the ravages of the man-eating lions became so great that the directors of the work were at their wits' end how to deal with them.

These ravening creatures displayed a fiendish cunning, lurking in the thickets about the huts of the workmen and making sudden night rushes into their habitations in which they usually succeeded in carrying off some helpless victim. Various methods were taken to prevent their raids, the villages being surrounded with fences of barbed wire, but the least defect in the defences offered an opportunity for the cunning prowlers and the work of devastation went on.

One of the engineers tells a graphic story of his efforts to destroy one of these man-eaters and the keen intelligence with which it evaded his efforts. In vain would he lie in wait near the scene of some recent raid; the next day tidings would come that a group of huts several miles distant had been invaded and some victim snatched from his bed and borne off in the strong jaws of the powerful brute. And the hunter became the hunted, the lion stalked the engineer himself in his sleeping place and only good fortune saved him from becoming its prey.

Finally, driven to desperation by the nightly loss of his men, he instituted a ceaseless hunt for the brute, watching for it from the branches of a tree near one of its accustomed haunts, and finally succeeded in bringing it down. The hide of this Napoleon of the wilds now perhaps decorates some London drawing-room.

Since the railway has been finished the lion has largely deserted its vicinity. The noise of the trains may have disturbed his sulky majesty and caused him to shun the line, and the stinging thud of the hunter's bullet may have aided in this, for the lion is not classed among the protected animals.

Yet there are places where he may be seen from the train. Chief among these is Simba, "The Place of Lions," where the train passengers may have the fortune to see a half dozen or more of these great carnivora stalking proudly across the plain, a respectful width being left for them by the smaller animals. At Nakaisu, one traveler

incidentally tells us, he saw six yellow lions walk leisurely across the track in broad daylight, and spectacles of this kind are not uncommon in this locality. It may be, however, that the tawny brute measures his distance and keeps out of easy rifle shot from the train. There is another animal which avoids the train, or rarely comes within view, this being the huge and surly rhinoceros, who does not like this nearness of civilization and seeks in preference the wooded river beds and its native solitudes.

The means of observing the splendid and well-peopled zoological garden through which the road runs is one of which Roosevelt was quick to avail himself, that in which the cow-catcher of the engine is used as an observation car. One does not need to seat himself, however, on the iron bars, for an ordinary garden seat is fastened on to the engine front, resting upon the cow-catcher, and offering comfortable accommodation for four or five sightseers, from which they may observe in ease and safety the interesting country through which they are borne.

It should here be said that the road, though running through the heart of what was so lately a savage country, is admirably well built, its track neatly smoothed and ballasted, its grades and curves being like those of a well-appointed road in a civilized land, and the trains running along as smoothly and evenly as upon a European or American line.

This road is only a beginning. Taking passengers in comfort in forty-eight hours through a country which it formerly required months of hardship to traverse, it is but a pioneer, an iron wedge driven deep into the dark continent from which others are destined to branch out in various directions. Built with no special thought of profit, it is already paying its way. It is not yet a money-making concern, but it will be when that fertile land becomes gridironed with iron rails and its valued products are brought in increasing quantities to the seaport of Mombasa, thence to make their way to the civilized lands of the earth.

Roosevelt, a born lover of nature, had abundant opportunity to observe some of nature's choicest wonders and charms from his cow-catcher perch. Before him beautiful birds and brilliant butterflies

flew from tree to tree and flower to flower. Far below were deep and ragged gorges, over which the train passed on elevated bridges and down which ran flooded streams, flowing into glades of palms and trees embraced by climbing creepers. Everywhere was luxuriance, nature at her best. As the train ascended from the humid coast lands, with their heats and glories, the jungle was left behind and forest took its place, different but not less luxuriant. Here, at an elevation of four thousand feet, the olive replaced the palm and the country took on the aspect of temperate climes.

When Makindu station was passed the forest ended and a new phase of African scenery opened before the traveler. A broad prairie land succeeded immense fields of green pasture spreading out before the traveler. This was intersected by streams with well-wooded banks, while bluffs and ridges broke the monotony of the panorama.

It is on this grassy plain that the great multitude of animals of which we have spoken come into view. It must have given joy to Roosevelt's heart—a born lover of animated nature—to see these graceful creatures, never before beheld by him except behind the bounds and bars of a menagerie or a zoological garden, here wandering about at liberty and disporting themselves in their native haunts.

These came not singly before his eyes, but in droves and herds. Multitudes of antelopes in great variety, from the graceful gazelle to the great wildebeeste and hartebeeste; troops of zebras, at times as many as five hundred in a drove; ostriches walking sedately in twos and threes, and small animals of many kinds. With the aid of a field glass this spectacle could be traced for long distances, but many of the animals came within close view, and the traveler could readily see and admire the striped sides of the beautiful zebras, which would stand and watch the train with placid assurance, or perhaps scamper a few hundred yards away and then turn to gaze again. In it all was an innocent trustfulness which doubtless warmed the observer's heart.

If one wished to indulge in a hunt, the opportunity could easily be embraced. It is well to say here that a variety of what we may call trolley cars are in common use in that part of Africa. In Mombasa is a system of narrow-gauge railways which follow the main streets, with branches running to every house. No white man walks in that

tropic town if he can in any way avoid doing so. Each official keeps his private car, not moved by electricity, but pushed by coolies, and bearing him from office to house and back again.

It is such a conveyance of which the hunter avails himself. Leaving the train, he has only to get a trolley car and have himself pushed up and down the line. The animals pay no more attention to this than to the trains, becoming suspicious only when train or trolley stops. The shrewd hunter, therefore, slips off the car while it is in motion, and thus may find himself within a few hundred yards of his quarry, while the car goes on. His fortune then will depend upon his degree of skill with the rifle.

This is one way of obtaining game. It is not the way in which a trained hunter like Colonel Roosevelt would be inclined to indulge largely. It looks too much like taking an unfair advantage of the animals. There is a second method which proved more to his taste. This is to leave the railway and prowl about among the trees and undergrowth of a neighboring river bed. Here in a few minutes one may bury oneself in the wildest and savagest kind of forest. The air becomes still and hot over the open spaces of dry sand and the pools of water. High grass, huge boulders, tangled vegetation, multitudes of thorn-bushes obstruct the march, and the ground itself is scarped and guttered by the rains into the strangest formations. Around the hunter, breast-high, shoulder-high, overhead, rises the African jungle. There is a brooding silence, broken now by the voice of a bird, now by the scolding bark of a baboon, or by the crunching of one's own feet on the crumbling soil. We enter the haunt of the wild beasts; their tracks, the remnants of their repasts, are easily and frequently discovered. Here a lion has passed since the morning. There a rhinoceros has certainly been within the hour—perhaps within ten minutes. We creep and scramble through the game paths, anxiously, rifles at full cock, not knowing what each turn or step may reveal. The wind, when it blows at all, blows fitfully, now from this quarter, now from that; so that one can never be certain that it will not betray the intruder in these grim domains to the beast he seeks, or to some other, less welcome, before he sees him. At length, after two hours' scramble and scrape, probably without seeing a beast—lion or rhinoc-

eros—we emerge breathless, as from another world, half astonished to find ourselves within a quarter of a mile of the railway line, with its trolley, luncheon, soda water and other conveniences of civilization.

Let us now follow our hunter farther on his route, to where the train descends into the famous Rift Valley, one of the most remarkable phenomena of nature which Africa presents. This celebrated valley is a strange depression in the elevated region of eastern Africa, beginning in the southern portion of German East Africa at an altitude of about 2,500 feet, and rising in height as it passes northward till it reaches its highest elevation of 6,300 feet at Lake Naivasha. Then its level slowly decreases until at Lake Rudolf it is only 1,200 feet above sea level. From this point it dwindles in elevation, with occasional ridges, until sea level is reached at the Gulf of Aden. It varies from twenty to forty miles in width and is bounded by precipitous sides rising to a much greater elevation. It appears as though some convulsion of the earth had caused a section of the great eastern plateau to slip down about 3,000 feet below the ground level of the land, the great cut being traced by geologists from the lower end of Lake Tanganyika to the land of Palestine.

On looking at a relief map of northeast Africa it almost suggests the idea that nature had been considering whether she would not cut off another slice of Africa in addition to Madagascar. Madagascar may have been originally separated from Africa in that way. In this curious depression of the "Rift Valley" is a series of lakes, salt in some instances and fresh in others. Particularly noteworthy is a salt lake named Lake Hannington, after a missionary bishop murdered by the natives. (This commemoration was rather inappropriate because he was killed at a distance of nearly four hundred miles from this place.) Lake Hannington is visited at the present day by tourists who come to see the great number of flamingoes which make their home here.

On Lake Hannington it is no exaggeration to say that there must be close upon a million flamingoes. These birds are mainly collected around the northern end of the lake and on the submerged banks which break up the deep blue-green of its still surface. The shores where they cluster, and these banks in the middle of the lake where they are

above the water's edge, are dazzling white with the birds' guano. These flamingoes breed on a flat plain of mud about a mile broad at the north end of Lake Hannington, where their nests, in the form of little mounds of mud with feathers plastered on the hollowed top, appear like innumerable mole-hills.

The birds, having hitherto been absolutely unmolested by man, are quite tame. They belong to a rosy species (*Phoeniconais minor*) which is slightly smaller than the Mediterranean flamingo, but exquisitely beautiful in plumage. The adult bird has a body and neck of rosy pink, the color of sunset clouds. The beak is scarlet and purple; the legs are deep rose-pink inclining to scarlet. Underneath the black-pinioned wings the larger feathers are scarlet-crimson, while beautiful crimson crescents tip the tertiaries and wing-coverts on the upper surface of the wings. Apparently the mature plumage is not reached until the birds are about three years old. The younger flamingoes very soon attain the same size as the rosy adults, but their plumage gradually varies from a gray-white, through the color of a pale tea-rose, before its full sunset glow is attained.

The belt of flamingoes on the north side of the lake must be nearly a mile in breadth, reaching from the water's edge into the lake. As looked upon from above the great colony of birds is gray-white in color on the shoreward side, then in the middle of the mass it becomes white, while its lakeward ring is of the most exquisite rose-pink. This is due to the fact that the young birds frequent the outer edge of the semicircle, while the oldest ones stretch farthest out into the lake.

When these birds rise the noise they make can be heard nearly a mile away, their "kronk, kronk, kronk," mingled with splashings and swishings, making such a tumult of sound as to fill the air with uproar. Their mode of rising is an ungainly one, their flight being preceded by an absurd gallop through the mud before they can lift themselves on their wings. It is not easy to make them take to flight, they being so tame that one can approach quite near to them without causing any signs of disturbance.

Looking on the Rift Valley from above, as Colonel Roosevelt and his party did, one sees a magnificent view, full of the elements of grandeur. Standing on the northwestern edge of the Elgeyo escarp-

ment, they were able to look down fully five thousand feet, to a shining river that followed the valley's level, threading in its flow a lake and many glittering pools. At this point begin those splendid forests of coniferous trees which form the characteristic feature of this region. Away westward may be seen the great blue mass of Mount Elgon and in the nearer view a land of noble aspect. Before the eye stretch rich rolling downs of luxuriant grass, bits of leafy woodland, forests of acacia, and lower down, along the watercourses of the valley, vegetation of tropical type. The downs, which slope away northward for fifty or sixty miles, are clad with a soft, silky grass, with hues varying from a pale pink to mauve, gray or russet as the wind bends the flowering stems.

In passing over this plateau region the American visitors were warned not to follow any seeming native path, as these were usually cunning devices to tempt wandering antelopes or other unsuspecting animals to concealed game-traps. Such a trap would probably be an oblong pitfall concealed by sticks and cut grass, through which the unwary creatures might fall into a pit from which they could not escape, perhaps to be impaled on a sharp-pointed stake planted in the bottom of the pit.

Animals of various species roam here in countless numbers, and the few trapped in game pits by the nomad natives are too few in comparison to be considered. What will be the effect, however, if the British sportsman is let loose among them, with his desire "to kill something," we cannot consider without alarm; especially when we consider the fate of the buffaloes of our western plains. These hunters do not usually go abroad, as did Roosevelt and his companions, to bring down only a pair of each species, for scientific purposes, but rather to be able to boast how many creatures they had killed, with no object but that of pure slaughter in a morning's outing.

To a nature-lover like Theodore Roosevelt, with his joy in the existence of animal life, the scene before him must have been one of inspiring delight. Gazing from his point of vantage he could see large herds of stately giraffes, standing or stalking about as one may see cattle peacefully standing in an American grazing field. These giraffes—the camelopards of our old animal story-books—are the

finest examples known to us of the northern variety of this strange creature, a species which extends from east to west far over the northern part of Central Africa, with the exception of Somaliland, where a species of peculiar color is found.

In the species we are now observing, the color of the adults is very dark on the upper part of the body, while they are white below, they being thus striking objects when seen from a distance. This is especially the case when they are beheld, as may often be the case, standing on the tops of some of the numerous ant-hills of this country and keenly surveying the region surrounding. Poised thus like a sentinel on a mound, a giraffe stands rigidly erect, scarcely moving his head; so that, with his short body and long, tapering neck, he looks not unlike an unbranched tree trunk which has been struck by lightning or scorched by a forest fire.

Looking down from a distance on these broad, rolling downs, the giraffes are only one of the forms of large game visible. Herds of huge elephants may be seen at intervals, though these great creatures usually prefer the forest to the open plain. The rhinoceros may also be seen, sometimes a solitary female with her calf, sometimes a mated pair, the color a purple-black or a whitish-gray, according to the angle from which the light strikes them as they roam through the long grass.

We have here spoken only of the big game, such great creatures as our party of scientific tourists could see at a great distance. Nearer at hand are visible great numbers of varied forms. These include herds of striped zebras and hartebeests mingled together, the zebras with their stripes of black and white, the hartebeests with their rich coats of red-gold hue. In the vicinity strut about pairs of jet-black ostriches, with white wings and tails and long pink necks. At a distance appear groups of the noble waterbuck, the males with their branching antlers browsing beside their hornless, doe-like females.

Here also is the reedbuck, gray-yellow in color, quietly browsing, or bounding along at a speed difficult to match. The damiliscus, or sable antelope, a creature of dainty proportions and rich coloring, is also visible, with others of the same graceful tribe, among them the wildebeest, an animal much better known to us by its common name of the gnou or horned horse. The great, elk-like eland also may be seen here, though the woodland is its favorite resort.

There are other creatures to be seen, the slinking and snapping jackal, red and silver of hue, and the dirt-colored, uncouth wart-hog, with its bristled hide and erect tail. Lions and leopards are also visible, hanging about on the skirts of the browsing herds, seeking prey, no doubt, yet causing no seeming tremors of fear in the grazing herds.

In fact, the spectacle visible from our elevated point of observation is one to be seen nowhere else upon the earth, and one upon which the party of hunters and nature lovers in whose path we are moving, must have gazed upon with the deepest interest and delight.

CHAPTER XII

Nairobi and Mt. Kenya

NAIROBI, the capital of the East Africa Protectorate, lies at the foot of wooded hills on the railway, three hundred and twenty-seven miles from Mombasa. The town is built on low swampy ground, in a rather unhealthy situation, without a very good water supply. This happened in the first place because the location was convenient for shops and supply depots used in the construction of the railway. The government buildings, however, the hospitals and barracks, are placed a mile farther west on higher ground. About 15,000 people, with less than 1,000 whites, occupy the tin houses which constitute the town, but the stores are equipped to supply the needs of a very large neighborhood, and Nairobi is therefore headquarters for this portion of the world. A brigade of the King's African Rifles, and the Central Offices of the Uganda Railway, are also stationed here, and the incidentals of civilization which the English always carry with them make a strange contrast with the surrounding wilderness of the country. To see, for instance, a large company of men sitting down to dinner in evening dress would seem to us scarcely in harmony in a spot where ten years before lions and other wild beasts were undisturbed.

It was at this point that President Roosevelt picked up the greater part of his hunting outfit, and made a number of hunting excursions in the vicinity.

To add to the incongruity of this landscape under the Equator, one hundred miles away rises the snow clad peak of Mt. Kenya, visible on a clear day from this higher ground above Nairobi. The flanks of the mountain can be reached by a fairly good road in an automobile. It passes through a fertile country, undulating and marked by numerous water courses, shaded with flourishing trees. A number of colonists have taken up large estates of many thousand acres, raising ostriches, sheep and cattle, or coffee and other staple crops.

Lion hunting is good here. The traveler's host insists on providing him with a lion, and to do this they first beat him up out of the reed beds and try to bring him to bay. Ordinarily this dreaded beast does not seek a quarrel unless it is forced on him. So the hunters in this neighborhood ride on ponies, and when they have aroused the monarch they pursue him as fast as they can, never losing sight of him for a moment, trying to head him off and enrage him by their harassing. Naturally, he resents this treatment and begins to growl and roar, perhaps making short charges at his pursuers to scare them off. At last, when he sees that the huntsmen intend to attack him, he turns at bay, and then there is no fear that he will try to escape. He will fight to the death, and when a lion frantic with the agony of a bullet wound is at bay death is the only thing that will stop his frenzied charges; broken jaws or legs, and body full of bullets, not for an instant daunt the courage of this ferocious beast. Either he must be killed before he reaches his pursuer, or the man will die for it, crushed by the powerful paw, poisoned with claws and feet, or crunched in the lion's mouth. It is a dangerous business, but one which Mr. Roosevelt was fully nerved for by previous experiences in his extensive hunting trips before he landed on the coast of Africa.

Let us return to Nairobi and take up Colonel Roosevelt in another aspect than that of soldier and hunter, the one in which we are more familiar with him, as statesman and dealer in world politics. On the 3d of August he and his son Kermit were the guests at a public banquet given in his honor at Nairobi, Frederick J. Jackson, Governor of British East Africa, presiding, and one hundred and seventy-five guests occupying places at the table.

Captain Sanderson, the town clerk of Nairobi, read an address of welcome to the former President of the United States and afterward handed him the address inclosed in a section of elephant tusk mounted in silver and with a silver chain.

The American residents of the protectorate presented Mr. Roosevelt with a tobacco box made of the hoof of a rhinoceros, silver mounted; the skull of a rhinoceros, also mounted in silver, and a buffalo head.

Mr. Roosevelt, in reply to the toast proposed by Governor Jackson, said:

"I wish to take this opportunity to thank the people of British East Africa for their generous and courteous hospitality. I have had a thoroughly good time. I am immensely interested in the country and its possibilities as an abode for white men. Very large tracts are fit for a fine population and healthy and prosperous settlements, and it would be a calamity to neglect them. But the settlers must be of the right type.

"I believe that one of the best feats performed by members of the white race in the last ten years is the building of the Uganda Railroad. I am convinced that this country has a great agricultural and industrial future and it is the most attractive playground in the world. It most certainly presents excellent openings for capitalists, and ample inducements should be offered them to come here. The home maker and actual settler, and not the speculator, should be encouraged in making this a white man's country.

"Remember that righteousness and our real ultimate self-interest demand that the blacks be treated justly. I have no patience with sentimentalists, and I think that sentimentality does more harm to individuals than brutality. Therefore I believe in helping the missionary, of whatever creed, who is laboring sincerely and disinterestedly with practical good sense.

"It is natural that I should have a peculiar feeling for the settlers. They remind me of the men in our West with whom I worked and in whose aspirations I so deeply sympathize."

In conclusion, Mr. Roosevelt drew a comparison of the conditions as he found them in British East Africa with those that confronted the pioneers of western America.

It is hardly what one would expect in this country, in which little more than ten years before lions hunted their prey without fear of bullets, and white people were confined to a few daring travelers, to see long rows of diners in evening dress at a well appointed table, or perhaps, on a ball-room floor, to see a company in gay uniforms dancing with ladies in showy dresses. Verily, civilization has invaded the wilds and the days of savage dominion in Africa are nearing an end.

Mr. Roosevelt's address gives us some idea of the state of affairs he found in this seat of the provincial administration, and of the

burning question which occupies the minds of the officials, that of the treatment of the natives. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill tells us that:

“Every white man in Nairobi is a politician; and most of them are leaders of parties. One would scarcely believe it possible, that a center so new should be able to develop so many divergent and conflicting interests, or that a community so small should be able to give to each such vigorous and even vehement expression. There are already in miniature all the elements of keen political and racial discord, all the materials for hot and acrimonious debate. The white man *versus* the black; the Indian *versus* both; the settler as against the planter; the town contrasted with the country; the official class against the unofficial; the coast and the highlands; the railway administration and the Protectorate generally; the King’s African Rifles and the East Africa Protectorate Police; all these different points of view, naturally arising, honestly adopted, tenaciously held, and not yet reconciled into any harmonious general conception, confront the visitor in perplexing disarray. Nor will he be wise to choose his part with any hurry. It is better to see something of the country, of its quality and extent, of its promises and forfeits, of its realities and illusions, before endeavoring to form even a provisional opinion.”

On August 9, Colonel Roosevelt, with his son Kermit, Edmund Heller, the zoologist of the expedition, and E. J. Cunninghame, the experienced naturalist and guide, set out for Nyeri, a government station in the northwest of Kenya province. At the same time Dr. Mearns and J. A. Loring, the other members of the expedition, left Naivasha for Nairobi to make preparations for the ascent of Mount Kenya. Of these places we may say that Nyeri is an important trade center of British East Africa. Indian bazaars have been established and there are native markets and a small colony of coast traders. The neighborhood is the headquarters of the Masai tribe, warlike nomads, who inhabit the northwestern plain of Kenya province.

Mount Kenya is about 17,200 feet in height. It was ascended for the first time by Mackinder in 1899. The mountain supports numerous glaciers, and its timber line is at 10,300 feet. Formerly a volcano, it has long been extinct. Before setting out on this expedi-

tion a large consignment of specimens collected by the party had been shipped to the Smithsonian Institution, a second lot being sent to Mombasa to be shipped on the steamship Admiral on August 16. The casks and cases sent contained skins, bones and skulls of the following animals: Lion, seven; leopard, one; cheetah, one; spotted hyena, one; cape hartebeest, fourteen; white-bearded wildebeest, five; Neumann steinbuck, five; Kirk dik-dik, one; common waterbuck, three; Chanler reedbuck, four; Grant gazelle, nine; Thomson gazelle, five; eland, one; cape buffalo, four; giraffe, three; hippopotamus, one; wart-hog, six; Burchell zebra, seven; black rhinoceros, two; impalla, two.

The cheetah is similar to a leopard, the wildebeest is the African gnoo and the hartebeest, steinbuck, dik-dik, impalla and eland are varieties of antelope. The beasts were shot under the licenses granted Colonel Roosevelt and his son Kermit, and were packed by Dr. Mearns. They formed a principal part of the contribution to science made by the expedition, and, variously prepared and preserved, will be of utility in the study of zoology for many years to come.

On ascending the slopes of Mount Kenya the Roosevelt party found abundant evidence of the rapid progress of civilization in this region. The fertile soil of the mountain sides has attracted numbers of planters from England, South Africa and elsewhere, and many plants suitable to the climate are being cultivated, with promise of large yield.

After crossing the Tana River by aid of a rope ferry, they came within view of a most magnificent country. Before them rose in majesty Mount Kenya, occupying always the center of the picture, but never doing justice to its great height. It rises by long gentle slopes, more like a swelling of ground than a peak, from a broad upland plain, and so gradual is the ascent that, but for the sudden outcrop of snow-clad rock which crowns the summit, no one would believe it over seventeen thousand feet high. It is its gradual rise that imparts so great a value to this noble mountain; for about its enormous base and upon its slopes, traversed by hundreds of streams of clear, ever-flowing water, there grows, or may grow, in successive, concentric belts, every kind of crop and forest known in the world, from the Equator to the Arctic circle.

The landscape is superb. In beauty, in fertility, in verdure, in the coolness of the air, in the abundance of running water, in its rich red soil, in the variety of its vegetation, the scenery about Kenya far surpasses anything to be seen in India or South Africa, and challenges comparison with the fairest countries of Europe.

It is only a few years since regular control was established beyond the Tana, not without some bloodshed, by a small military expedition. Yet so peaceful are the tribes—now that their intertribal fighting has been stopped—that white officers ride freely about among their villages without even carrying a pistol. Though the natives met with on the road are armed with sword and spear, they all offer their customary salutations, while many come up smiling and holding out their hands to shake, till one grows weary of the civility. Indeed, the only dangers of the road appear to be from the buffaloes which infest the country, and after nightfall place the traveler in real peril.

As for the lion, unless one encamps in the vicinity of a genuine man-eater, there is apparently little to fear. Much as we have been accustomed to speak in terms of respect of this "noble" lord of the wilds, African hunters frequently describe him in accents of contempt. He is never "spoiling for a fight"—at least with man, and unless goaded to anger and cut off from retreat, takes care to avoid battle with this new and perilous foe. There are those who tell us that if an unarmed man comes by chance into close vicinity with a half dozen or so of lions, all he need do is to speak to them sternly and they will slink away like scolded curs, the more rapidly if he throws a few stones at them to hurry up their pace. This course of treatment is highly recommended by some Afrikanders under such circumstances, but it is doubtful if many of us would care to try the experiment. The results of early education cannot but instil in us a certain wholesome respect for this powerful and dangerous brute. How Colonel Roosevelt would have acted if he had met a half dozen of these tawny prowlers when unarmed, we are not prepared to say, as he never met even with a single one without his trusty rifle in hand.

Here let us dispel the view which some seem to entertain that the tiger is a native of Africa. Even so prominent a statesman—and unprominent a naturalist—as Mr. Bryan is on record as speaking of

the tigers of Africa, and there appear to be others who hold the same belief. It may be said, however, that no tiger skin appears among the trophies of the Roosevelt expedition and that its leader had no thought of adding so great a treasure to his list. If there are any tigers in Africa, they have succeeded for centuries in keeping out of sight, and had Roosevelt succeeded in bagging such a prize as a genuine African tiger, the Smithsonian Institution would have valued it far beyond all the other zoological treasures sent to America.

But while African hunters are not likely to be assailed by tigers and have little fear of lions except when these creatures are cornered and enraged, there is one brute for which they entertain a wholesome respect—the rhinoceros. Letting this great brute alone does not act to calm its temper and it is apt to charge the passer-by and seek to impale him on its dangerous horn at a moment's notice or without any notice at all. The Masai natives, who do not eat and therefore do not kill game, fear no wild beast but the rhinoceros. All other creatures, if let alone, rarely seek to make an attack on man, but the surly rhinoceros makes absolutely unprovoked charges, and at times gores a man before he can get out of the way. By good fortune these huge beasts are stupid and short-sighted. They seem able to see nothing clearly that is ten yards or more away, and if the hunter perceives a charge in time he can easily spring out of the way. Yet while their sight is so poor, their sense of smell is remarkably keen, and the hunter who would successfully cope with the rhinoceros must avoid approaching him from the windward side.

Another tenant of the wilds that is not imprudently to be trifled with is the fearless and surly wart-hog. All is right so long as the hunter keeps on his horse. But if by any contingency he is unhorsed when hunting these animals he runs great risk of receiving a dangerous wound.

Pig-sticking—chasing the hog on horseback and bringing it down with a spear—is a favorite sport alike in India and East Africa, and in both countries it is one in which the fighting powers of the animal have seriously to be reckoned with. Certainly no one can afford to disdain the courage and ferocity of the African wart-hog. And the danger is greatly added to by the roughness of the country it

frequents, in which boulders hidden by high grass and deep ant-bear holes excavated in the soil keep the hunter in continual danger.

The risk of the sport consists in the fact that he who would overtake and spear one of these animals must do so at full gallop, for they are adepts in rapid transit. Yet the hunter must give his attention at once to the ground he is traversing and to the brute he is pursuing. When the pig is neared within a few yards, the perils of the ground must be neglected and attention given solely to the brute, which may turn and charge upon its pursuer at any moment. A stumble of the horse and a fall at such a critical instant is very dangerous, as the hog would be sure to attack the unhorsed man and seek to rip him up with its sharp tusks. In such a crisis the spear is a poor dependence, and the hunter would find it serviceable to have a revolver strapped to his thigh—for emergency use.

To quote a well-known American aphorism: "You do not want a pistol often, but when you do, you want it very badly."

But neglecting for the time being these narratives of hunting ventures, let us follow the Roosevelt expedition farther into the land and look with the eyes of its members upon the huge brother mountain to Mount Kenya, the gigantic Mount Elgon, which lies more to the westward. This huge mountain mass is a natural phenomenon of great interest. While not so elevated as Mount Kenya—its height being about 14,200 feet—it surpasses it greatly, and probably every other volcano in the world, in its enormous superficial extent. It is not a mountain only; it is a country. Its mass covers an area equal to that of the whole of Switzerland. If we could imagine this Alpine land as occupied by a single huge mountain mass of great elevation, we would gain some definite idea of the size of this mammoth African volcano. We may judge something of this when told that its crater alone is about thirty miles across.

Caves, many of them, exist on the sides of this mountain mass at an average height of 8,000 feet, they lying at the bottom of abrupt terraces. They appear to have arisen in the first place from the action of water, and give undue evidence of having been enlarged by the hands of man. They undoubtedly have been inhabited during a long period of past time. There is reason to believe that Elgon was a great

center of trade in very ancient times, goods from the Land of Punt (Somaliland) in the early Egyptian period reaching Mount Elgon to be traded for the products of the negro forest-dwellers. The blue beads dug up here, and which are regarded as great rarities, seem to be of ancient Egyptian origin, the subjects of the Pharaohs appearing to have extended their commerce to this remote region.

A common feature of the terraced slopes of Mount Elgon are its splendid waterfalls, the streams cascading beautifully from the brink of the terraces and in nearly every instance covering the entrance to a cave. It may be that the cavern was originally the channel of a stream which became blocked by an overflow of lava from the crater's lip, the stream taking a new course over the cooled lava while its former canyon became a cavernous opening.

We may, passing behind a cascade which leaps down and out two hundred feet from the brink of the terrace, find hidden behind it the doorway to a dry and commodious natural rock dwelling. The stream thus completely masked the dwellings of the ancient cave-man from without. Instances may be found in which a rude stockade defends the entrance, huge stones being piled on top of branching boughs. We have reason to believe that the antique cave-men of Europe defended the openings to their habitations in this manner, and we here find the ancient people of Africa adopting the same methods.

Sir Harry Johnston, in his very interesting paper, "Where Roosevelt Will Hunt," gives us the following information about the people of the region we have been describing. It is well worth quoting as a vivid picture of a series of strange native tribes:

"The human inhabitants of this part of East Africa mainly belong to the fine, handsome Masai race and the peoples of Nandi and Suk stock (closely allied in racial origin to the Masai), while in the coast regions bordering the Victoria Nyanza there are a few Nilotic and Bantu negroes.

"The Suk natives of the northern part of the Rift Valley, southwest of Lake Rudolf, wear no clothes, but devote considerable attention to their hair. It is thought an unwomanly thing for the Suk women to have hair on the head. The men, however, encourage the hair to grow. When the father of a family dies his head-hair is divided

among his sons, and each one weaves his portion into a *chignon*. In this *chignon* is a hollow bag in which is put all a man's portable possessions that he prizes most—his snuff box, ornaments, etc.

"The Karamojo people who dwell to the west of Lake Rudolf do not go in so much for *chignons*, but their favorite ornament is to make a hole through the lower lip and to wear in it the cone of some crystal.

"Among the dense forests, the game-haunted wilderness, and unfrequented plateaux, wanders a mongrel nomad race, the Andorobo, who represent a mixture of Nandi, Masai, and some antecedent negro race of dwarfish, Bushman stock. These Andorobo reproduce in a most striking manner the life which we may suppose to have been led by our faraway ancestors or predecessors in the earliest Stone Ages. They lead, in fact, very much the life that the most primitive types of man led in Great Britain and France in the farback days of big animals, possibly before the coming of the glacial periods. They live entirely by the chase, often consuming the flesh of birds and beasts uncooked. Though they commit considerable devastations among the game of the province, they are a picturesque feature when encountered, and a striking illustration, handed down through the ages, of the life of primitive man not long after he had attained the status of humanity and had acquired a knowledge of the simplest weapons.

"Lake Naivasha, one of the lakes of the Rift Valley, is probably the center of a district where President Roosevelt will spend some time, because there are some very interesting things to be seen and possibly some remarkable animals to be obtained there.* The western side of Lake Naivasha has picturesque mountains, which have to be ascended by the Uganda Railway, further north than Lake Naivasha, at considerable difficulty and expense. Here the railroad is carried to an altitude of 8,300 feet before it begins to descend the western slope of the plateau.

"Lake Naivasha is almost in the middle of the western Masai country. The dwellings of the cattle-keeping Masai are small flat-roofed structures. The Masai women are scrupulously clothed, originally in dressed skin, but to-day often in cloth. They are sharply dis-

*It may be said that the ex-President spent considerable time here and had his most thrilling adventure on the waters of this lake. This we have elsewhere described.

tinguished from their husbands and brothers, who very ostentatiously wear no clothing for purposes of decency. The Masai have attracted a great deal of attention ever since Joseph Thomson, the explorer, together with Dr. Fischer (an equally distinguished explorer of German nationality), laid bare to us Masailand. The Masai have been the occasion of terrible havoc throughout East Africa by the attacks they made on all settled peoples. At some unknown period in their racial career a very great part of the Masai decided they would not till the fields any longer, but that they would take away the cattle of other tribes not strong enough to resist them. This is one of the reasons why so many of these beautiful plateaus of the present day are absolutely devoid of human inhabitants except a few European settlers who have come there. It was not that the negroes objected to the climate; they simply wiped one another out. This process has occurred over and over again in many parts of Africa. No one has ever been so cruel to the negro as the negro himself. The Masai are now great cultivators.

"Their towns are surrounded by belts of tall trees, mainly acacias, some of which must be considerably over a hundred feet in height, with green boughs and trunks and ever-present flaky films of pinnated foliage. In the rainy time of the year these trees are loaded with tiny golden balls of flowers, like tassels of floss silk, which exhale a most delicious perfume of honey. In the plains between the villages Grevy's zebra and a few oryz antelopes scamper about, while golden and black jackals hunt for small prey in broad daylight, with a constant whimpering.

"Enormous baboons sit in the branches of the huge trees ready to rifle the native crops at the least lack of vigilance on the part of the boy guardians. Large herds of cattle and troops of isabella-colored donkeys, with broad black shoulder stripes, go out in the morning to graze, and return through a faint cloud of dust, which is turned golden by the setting sun in the mellow evening, the cattle lowing and occasionally fighting, the asses kicking, plunging, and biting one another.

"After sunset, as the dusk rapidly thickens into night, forms like misshapen, ghostly wolves will come from no one knows where, and trot about the waste outside the village trees. They are the spotted

hyenas, tolerated by the Masai because they are the living sepulchres of their dead relations. When man, woman or child dies among the Masai, agricultural or pastoral, the corpse is placed on the outskirts of the settlement for the hyenas to devour at nights. The cry of the hyena is not a laugh, as people make out, but a long-drawn falsetto wail ending in a whoop. It sounds exactly like what one might imagine to be the mocking cry of a ghoul; and but for the fact that we now find that the ghoul myth has a very solid human origin (since there are depraved people all over Africa at the present day who have a mania for eating corpse-flesh, and this trait may also have cropped out in pre-Mohammedan days in Arabia and Persia), one might very well imagine that the idea of the ghoul arose from the hyena, as that of the harpy probably did from the vulture.

"All these people are alike in their love of blood as an article of food. They periodically bleed their cattle and drink the blood hot, or else mix it with porridge. The women of these tribes do not eat fowls, and neither men nor women eat eggs. As among most negro races, the men feed alone, and the women eat after the men have done.

"Honey is a most important article of diet of all the natives in this region. In some districts they semi-domesticate the wild bees by placing bark cylinders on trees for them to build in. From honey is made an intoxicating mead. They also make a wine from the sap of the wild date palm. Beer is made from the grain of eleusine and sorghum. As a general rule fermented liquors are never drunk by the young unmarried women or the young men. Both sexes and people of all ages use tobacco in one form or another. The fighting men take snuff, the old married men chew tobacco, and the old women smoke it. The Lumbwa people make tobacco juice by keeping macerated tobacco leaves soaked in water in a goat horn slung round the neck. Closing one nostril with a finger, they tilt the head on one side, and then pour the liquid tobacco juice out of the horn into the other nostril. Both nostrils are then pinched for a few minutes, after which the liquid is allowed to trickle out.

"The nomad Andorobo people, besides killing innumerable colobus monkeys in the dense woods of the Mau and Nandi plateaux (with poisoned arrows), sally out into the plains of the Rift Valley

or range over the opposite heights following up the elephant, and attacking and slaying most of the big antelope. They kill the elephant very often by shooting into his legs at close quarters a harpoon with a detachable and strongly poisoned head. The powerful arrow poison used by the Andorobo and Masai is made from the leaves and branches of *Acocanthera schimperi*. The leaves and branches of this small tree are broken up and boiled for about six hours. The liquid is then strained and cleared of the fragments of leaves and bark. They continue to boil the poisoned water until it is thick and viscid, by which time it has a pitch-like appearance. The poison is kept until it is wanted on sheets of bark. After they have finished preparing the poison they carefully rub their hands and bodies free from any trace of it with the fleshy, juicy leaves of a kind of sage.

"The poison is always kept high up on the forks of trees out of the reach of children, and the poisoned arrows are never kept in the people's huts, but are stowed away in branches. When a beast has been shot with these arrows, it dies very quickly. The flesh just around the arrowhead is then cut out and thrown away, but all the rest of the beast is eaten and its blood is drunk.

"All these peoples use dogs in hunting, and before starting for the chase they are said to give their dogs a drug which makes them fierce. They also catch birds with bird-lime. The Nandi go out in large numbers to hunt, surround a herd of game in a circle, and then approach the animals near enough to kill them with arrows and spears.

"The people who inhabit the eastern fringe of the plateau develop the fashion of the earring to a considerable extent. They begin when children to pierce a hole in the lobe of the ear through which they first pass a stick of wood the size of a match. This is increased in thickness until they succeed in stretching the lobe in the course of years into a huge loop. It is interesting to know that in some of the old Egyptian accounts of the Land of Punt (which we take to be somewhere near Somaliland, in northeast Africa), they mentioned people with ears that hung down to their shoulders. Obviously they are describing the people of Somaliland as they existed 3,000 or 4,000 years ago. Some of them have a physiognomy rather similar to the Hamitic people of the north, not altogether negroes."

CHAPTER XIII

Westward to Lake Victoria Nyanza

WEST of Nairobi the scenery is more magnificent than on the journey from Mombasa. The train has been ascending the high plateau for sixty miles by a series of wooded slopes to a height of over 6,000 feet. Then the ground falls away apparently more than 2,000 feet, almost like a precipice. Farther than the eye can see the Kikuyu Escarpment stretches away as straight as a ruler to right and left. The train zig-zags downward along its western face, opening vistas of a wonderful panorama. Far below, the level surface of the plain is broken by volcanic hills and extinct craters, and in the far distance the opposite wall appears dimly like the other side of a gigantic trough.

Lake Naivasha lies on the route, about ten miles square, with the rim of a submerged crater making a crescent-shaped island in its middle. The water is brackish and thronged with wild fowl and hippopotami. Ex-President Roosevelt had an exciting experience on this lake when he went out in a row-boat to hunt hippos. At some distance from the land about twenty of these monsters surrounded him, and the fearless sportsman was in great danger for a time. The enraged animals charged upon the boat and nearly succeeded in overturning it. The native rowers became frightened, and it was the presence of mind and courage of Mr. Roosevelt that prevented disaster. He shot two of the beasts and succeeded in frightening the rest of the drove away, so that a launch which was sent out from shore to their rescue found their chief safe and victorious. The bodies of the two victims were towed to shore and added to the collection which the party was making for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

The government stock farm at Naivasha proved to be of very great interest. Official experimenters are here crossing breeds to produce domestic animals adapted to the climate and country, and at the same

time producing breeds which compare in profitability with those raised in better circumstances. The hump of the African ox, for instance, disappears in the first generation, and in the next he more nearly resembles the European animal. By supplying settlers and natives with stock improved in this way, it is expected that the herds will be multiplied many times in value.

The same may be said of the sheep, which has been similarly improved. In the various flocks visible may be seen the native breed, the half-bred, three-quarter bred and full bred English, the improvement visible being surprisingly great. That Mr. Roosevelt was thoroughly interested in this transformation goes without saying. He saw specimens of the native sheep, rough and hairy, to the untrained eye looking more like a goat than a sheep. Yet this undeveloped animal, when crossed with the Sussex or the improved Australian type, becomes a woolly beast that is very evidently a sheep. A second cross makes another great improvement, and soon the breeder has a flock that it is hard to distinguish from those of English fields, yet one that is better adapted to the sun and climate of Africa.

In this way a remarkable change is produced alike in the ox and the sheep. The purpose of the experimental farm is not only to produce an improved type adapted to the conditions of the locality, but also to supply the farmers with blooded animals which will add greatly to the value of their flocks. This work is prosecuted with the greatest zeal and enthusiasm, though the experimenters are hampered by want of funds and seriously troubled by the ravages of the East Coast fever.

This malady, to which their animals are very subject, came into the province from German East Africa several years ago, and is gradually spreading despite all efforts to check it. A cow attacked by it will live thirty days or more, during which the ticks which attack it are infected with the poisons of the disease and transmit it to other cattle which may pass over the same ground. Experiment has shown that the ticks hold the virulent disease germs for a year, and in that time they may infect many animals.

Thus the efforts of the stock-breeders are largely negated. Left to themselves the natives would be helpless and the disease spread until all their cattle were exterminated. But that is not the way with

the trained scientists of the Department of Agriculture. One way to clear the ground of its poison is to put sheep upon it, which are not harmed by the poison from the tick. Others are to divide the country up into fields by wire fencing, and thus keep the cattle within uninfected areas; to destroy suspected animals; to search for remedies to the disease, and to bring to play upon the evil all the resources of modern science.

But let us continue our journey to the great African lake—the Victoria Nyanza. Long before reaching Naivasha we left behind us the highland region and descended the steep Kikuyu Escarpment, the lofty and precipitous eastern wall of the Rift Valley. Crossing this wonderfully fertile valley, we reach the opposite wall, the Mau Escarpment, the lofty western ridge, up which the train creeps with as much difficulty as it had met with in descending the opposite wall. Throughout this whole region the railway is engaged in a constant battle with the luxuriant forces of vegetable nature in the tropics. Over the line hang great trees. The cuttings are invaded by multitudinous creepers, which trail downwards, covering the embankments, and seeking incessantly to bury the roadway. Every neglected clearing is quickly taken captive by these swift-growing plants. Only for the ceaseless care with which the line is cleared and weeded it would soon be overrun. If abandoned for a year it would be difficult to discover where it ran.

Wood is superabundant, coal is lacking, and the road is run entirely with wood fuel. Natives are kept constantly at work picking away at the trees with their native choppers, a feeble substitute for the American axe. It is a slow, wearisome and costly way of providing the engine furnaces with fuel. A steam-plant, to cut down and cut up the trees, would replace these slow-going native wood-butchers at a fraction of their cost and a shadow of their trouble. Doubtless this will ere long be introduced, but at present the "chop, chop, chop," of the hundreds of natives is all one hears.

The valley level is left and we are now crawling up the Mau Escarpment, getting steadily higher and finding changes in the aspect of the country as we advance. The forest through which we have long rolled onward, begins to give way to rolling hills covered with grass. And the odd feature of this is that there is no border of scat-

tered trees or straggling brushwood. The woodland ends abruptly and the fields of grass run up to its very edge. Nature seems to do here what art does elsewhere, to produce a park-like effect.

The top of the escarpment reached, at an elevation of about 8,300 feet, the highest level of the railway is attained. Thence it descends gradually to its terminus on the shores of the great lake, the waters of which may be seen from the top of a hill which looms upward about five hundred feet above the line. We are now again out of the tropic lowlands and in the lofty highlands, out of the steaming atmosphere, and in the crisp, chill upper air. Instead of shirt sleeves one instinctively turns to the comfortable overcoat.

But as we go onward, down a steady slope, the overcoat is soon thrown off again, and mile by mile the train descends to tropic warmth, until, by the time the lake shore is reached, we find ourselves in a warm and damp tropical climate. Not that the lake lies at a low level. It occupies an elevation 4,000 feet above the sea. But the 4,000 feet we have descended to reach it makes a most perceptible change in the climatic conditions. The goal which we have had so long in view, Kisumu, or Port Florence, is attained, and we see stretching before us like an island sea the waters of the great lake which we have sought so long.

Port Florence is not the best terminus that could have been selected for the Uganda Railway, the location being unhealthy, partly from its climatic conditions and partly from the tendency of the sewage to accumulate in the shallow inlet. The natural terminus would have been at Port Victoria, where there is much deeper water. The question of cost prevented the railway from reaching this point, but this will have to be done eventually, unless the whole lake is deepened by a dam across its outlet at Ripon Falls.

The landing from the railway train at Port Florence is, fortunately, not the end of civilized rapid transit in this region. From the wharf one may step on board a steamboat of spacious proportions and as neat and perfect in its appointments as if its port of entry was New York or Liverpool. Its low and wide decks are kept spotlessly clean; the crew, though of ebony complexion, are smartly dressed and very efficient under the command of skilled British officers; the table

is excellent, there is a well-furnished library, together with baths, electric lights and all needed conveniences.

Those who find themselves on board this modern ship in the depths of the late savage Africa, certainly have reason to bless their lucky stars that they are not confined to the crude former methods of navigation on this magnificent inland sea. Darting along at a speed of ten miles an hour upon a great freshwater lake as large as the whole of Scotland, and at an elevation higher than that of Scotland's highest mountains, was a pleasant sensation worth the journey to experience. With cool air and splendid scenery, except when out of sight of land and environed only by sea and sky, they certainly had reason to enjoy the trip. Now beautiful islands surrounded them, now they glided past forested coasts with blue mountains rising in the distance, now other scenes of varied beauty attracted them, and all this in the heart of Africa, on the line of the Equator, and at an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea. Certainly it was an experience greatly to be enjoyed and long to be remembered.

Voyagers on the lake, except those intent on geographical discovery, do not follow it for its entire length or trace the extended line of its coast waters, but simply cross its northern waters to the port of Entebbe on its northeastern side. This is the administrative center of the British Protectorate of Uganda, an interesting country with which we must deal in a chapter by itself. In the present one our interest lies in the lake itself.

This immense body of water, an inland sea occupying a large section of east central Africa, is notable not alone for its size and for its high elevation, but is of the highest interest for another reason, since it is the source of one of the greatest and most famous rivers of the world, the historic and world-renowned Nile, the stream which has made Egypt and to which Egypt has given fame and glory. The source of this grand river was long unknown. It was traced farther and farther into Africa, travelers following southward step by step through endless hardships and difficulties. Still it held its own, a broad, deep stream, evidently coming from a great distance, but its origin was not discovered until about fifty years ago, when Captain John H. Speke reached the great lake which he named Victoria Nyanza, in honor of the English queen.

This signal discovery was made on the the 10th of July, 1858, at the end of a long and toilsome journey which he had made with Captain Richard F. Burton from Zanzibar. Speke was satisfied in his own mind that this great lake was the source of the great river whose origin had long excited so much interest, and on his return home succeeded in inducing the Royal Geographical Society to send him out on a second exploring expedition to this interesting region.

Setting out in 1860 with another British officer, Captain Grant, he found himself in the summer of 1862 again gazing on the noble lake, and being confident now, from information received from the natives, that the Nile flowed from the northern end of the Victoria Nyanza, he set out in search of its outlet. Success now attended his efforts, and on the 21st of July he reached the river whose source had been sought so long and with such ardent enthusiasm.

His discovery of its outlet from the lake is a story replete with interest. The northern shore of the lake is long and broken, being diversified by hundreds of gulfs and inlets, with nothing to distinguish one from the other. No current is felt until within a few miles of the falls, and the explorers might have searched the lake for a year without discovering the spot. Yet as he drifted and paddled over its broad surface a slight increase was felt in the pace of his canoe and a far-off murmur told him of the nearness of the place he sought, that in which the waters of the lake were drawn into the mighty river.

We give in his own words the story of how he finally reached the much-sought-for stream:

“Here at last,” he writes, “I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene, nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly kept park; with a magnificent stream from six hundred to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by the fishermen’s huts, the latter by many crocodiles basking in the sun, flowing between fine grassy banks, with rich trees and plantations in the background, where herds of the hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikin and guinea-fowl rising at our feet.”

They proceeded up the left bank of the Nile, at some distance

from the stream, passing through rich jungle and plantain gardens, and reached the Isamba Rapids on the 25th of July. The river is here extremely beautiful. The water runs between deep banks which are covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli. On the 28th, they reached Ripon Falls, after a long march over rough hills, and through extensive village plantations lately devastated by elephants. But they were well rewarded, for the falls were the most interesting sight that Speke had yet seen in Africa. "Everybody," he says, "ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing, and even my sketch-book was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about 12 feet deep, and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks, with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see."

"The expedition," he adds, "had now performed its functions. I saw that Old Father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much time I had lost by the delays in the journey which had deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the northeast corner of the Nyanza to see what connection there was, by a strait frequently spoken of, between it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making 'Usoga an island.' But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish, for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as



LION AND LIONESSES - THE KING AND QUEEN OF BEASTS

Lions are numerous in Central Africa where Roosevelt traveled. The Lioness is much smaller than the Lion and does not have the magnificent mane which is so great an ornament to her mate. Often she is more fierce and active than the male



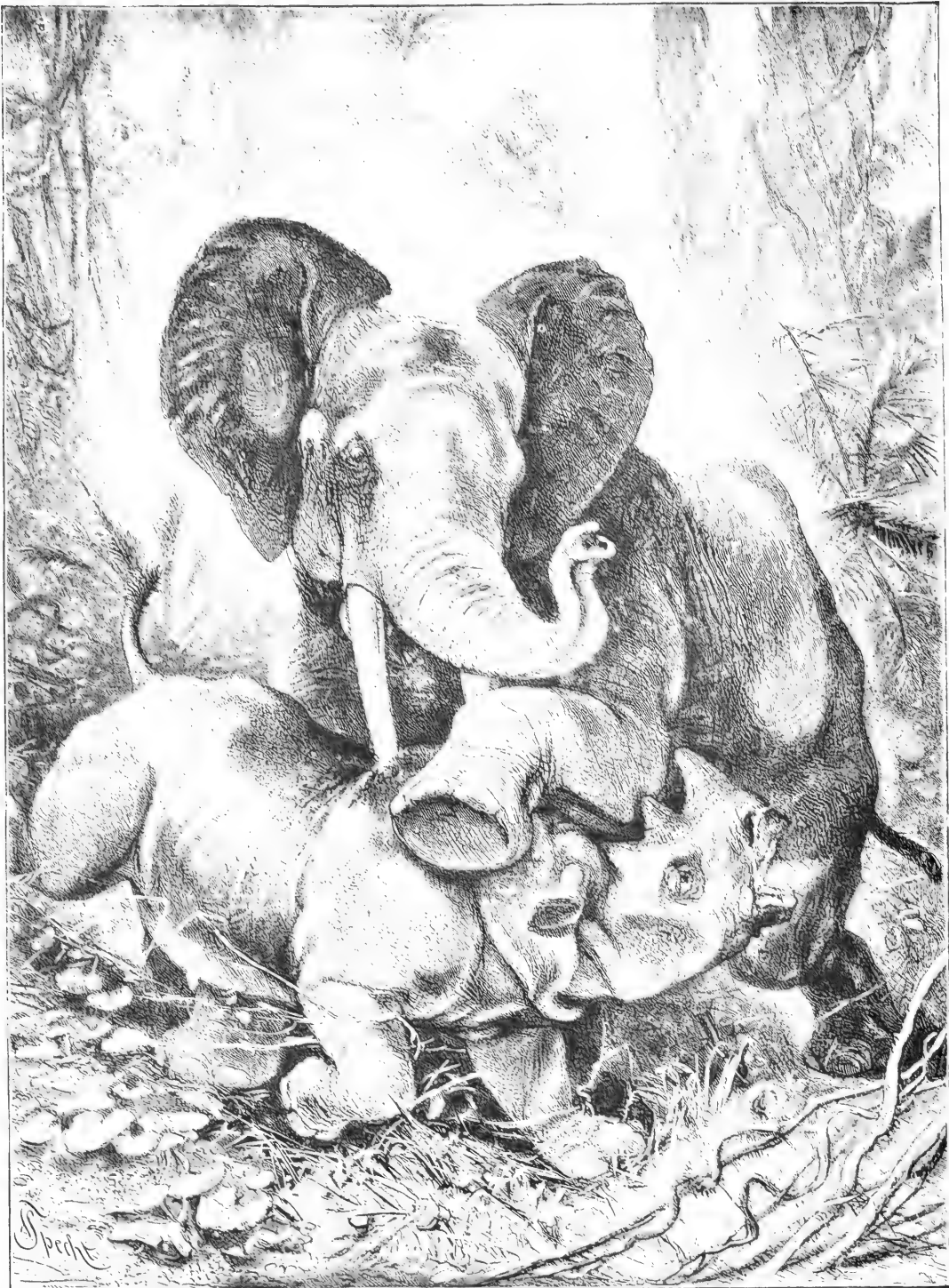
HIPPOTAMUS DEPENDING HER YOUNG

The Roosevelt party secured specimens of this leviathan. The name means River Horse. It can remain beneath the water four to six minutes at one time. The hide is thick and chiefly used for whips



AN ELEPHANT HUNT

A fate which sometimes overtakes the hunter



ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS IN BATTLE

Both these animals were found in the course of Roosevelt's travels, and both belong to the class called Pachyderms, or thick-skinned animals. The tusks of the one and horn of the other are dangerous weapons

far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned. Let us now sum up the whole and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western—if anything, rather more. The most remote water, *or top head of the Nile*, is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above two thousand three hundred miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe.”

The cataract by which the Nile leaves its parent lake was named by the discoverer, Ripon Falls, in honor of the President of the Royal Geographical Society, and the area of water from which it issued he named Napoleon Channel, out of respect to the French Geographical Society, which had presented him its gold medal in honor of his discovery of the lake.

Since this day the source of the Nile has been frequently visited and Ripon Falls looked upon by hundreds of tourists, among them the members of the Roosevelt expedition. Many descriptions of it might be quoted, of which a brief and graphic one is the following from the pen of Winston Spencer Churchill:

“Although the cataract is on a moderate scale, both in height and volume, its aspect—and still more its situation—is impressive. The exit or overflow of the Great Lake is closed by a natural rampart or ridge of black rock, broken or worn away in two main gaps to release the waters. Through these the Nile leaps at once into majestic being, and enters upon its course as a perfect river three hundred yards wide. Standing upon the reverse side of the wall of the rock, one’s eye may be almost on a plane with the shining levels of the lake. At your feet, literally a yard away, a vast green slope of water races downward. Below are foaming rapids, fringed by splendid trees, and pools from which great fish leap continually in the sunlight.”

At the output, on the lake shore, has grown up a town with the unmusical name of Jinja, of which Mr. Churchill writes:

“Jinta is destined to become a very important place in the future economy of Central Africa. Situated at the point where the Nile

flows out of the Great Lake, it is at once on the easiest line of water communication with Lake Albert and the Soudan, and also a place where great waterpower is available. In years to come the shores of this splendid bay may be crowned with long rows of comfortable tropical villas and imposing offices, and the gorge of the Nile crowded with factories and warehouses. There is power enough to gin all the cotton and saw all the wood in Uganda, and it is here that one of the principal emporia of tropical produce will certainly be created. In these circumstances it is a pity to handicap the town with an outlandish name. It would be much better to call it Ripon Falls, after the beautiful cascades which lie beneath it, and from whose force its future prosperity will be derived.

"The Ripon Falls are, for their own sake, well worth a visit. The Nile springs out of the Victoria Nyanza, a vast body of water nearly as wide as the Thames at Westminster Bridge, and this imposing river rushes down a stairway of rock from fifteen to twenty feet deep, in smooth, swirling slopes of green water. It would be perfectly easy to harness the whole river and let the Nile begin its long and beneficent journey to the sea by leaping through a turbine. It is possible that nowhere else in the world could so enormous a mass of water be held up by so little masonry. Two or three short dams from island to island across the falls would enable, at an inconceivably small cost, the whole level of the Victoria Nyanza—over an expanse of a hundred and fifty thousand square miles—to be gradually raised six or seven feet; would greatly increase the available water-power; would deepen the water in Kavirondo Bay, so as to admit steamers of much larger draught; and, finally, would enable the lake to be maintained at a uniform level, so that immense areas of swampy foreshore, now submerged, now again exposed, according to the rainfalls, would be converted either into clear water or dry land."

As we have described the natives of the Rift Valley, a brief account, from the pen of Sir Harry Johnston, of some of those who dwell in the vicinity of the Great Lake will not be without interest. Those who reach this region before civilization has done away with the customs of its native inhabitants "will see before them coal-black

handsomely formed negroes and negresses without a shred of clothing, though with many adornments in the way of hippopotamus teeth, bead necklaces, earrings, and leglets of brass. They are very picturesque as they strut about the streets in their innocent nudity, decked with barbaric ornaments.

“The men wear not one earring, but fifteen! Holes are pierced all round the outer edge of the ear, and in these are inserted brass fillets, like melon seeds in shape, to which are attached coarse blue beads of large size and dull appearance. These beads the knowing tourist should collect while they can be purchased, as they are of mysterious origin and great interest. They have apparently reached this part of the world from Nubia in some very ancient trading intercourse between Egypt and these countries of the upper Nile. As the figures thus exhibited are usually models for a sculptor, this nudity is blameless and not to be discouraged; moreover, it characterizes the most moral people in the Uganda protectorate.

“This ebon statuary lives in pretty little villages, which are clusters of straw huts (glistening gold in the sun’s rays), encircled with fences of aloes, which have red, green, and white mottled leaves, and beautiful columns and clusters of coral-red stalks and flowers. There are a few shady trees that from their appearance might very well be elms but are not, and some extraordinary euphorbias, which grow upright with the trunk of a respectable tree and burst into uncounted sickly green spidery branches. Herds of parti-colored goats and sheep, and cattle that are black and white and fawn color, diversify these surroundings with their abrupt patches of light and color.

“They belong to the better class of Bantu negroes, of that immense group of African peoples which has dominated the whole southern third of Africa from the regions of the White Nile and Victoria Nyanza to the upper Congo, Kamarun, Zanzibar and Zululand.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Beautiful Uganda

WHEN the traveler in the "dark continent" crosses the great East African lake, Victoria Nyanza, and lands at the port of Entebbe, he finds himself on the threshold of one of the most fertile and beautiful kingdoms in the dark continent, lovely Uganda. This was formerly the seat of the most remarkable of the African native governments, and is now of as remarkable a colonial realm, for the old governmental system has been left unchanged under the shadow of the British protectorate. What the British have brought are the blessings of peace, of civilized habits, of education and Christian teaching; while no burden of foreign rule rests upon the neck of the natives, whose old system persists unchanged.

What is to be found there can best be indicated by a brief description of this singular civilization in the heart of East Africa. Extending westward and northward from the Victoria Nyanza, reaching to and embracing the Albert Nyanza, and traversed by the upper channel of the Nile, Uganda is an extensive equatorial realm, its administrative capital of Entebbe lying nearly on the Equator, yet its elevation of from 2,000 to 4,000 feet gives it a partly temperate climate, while its vegetation has all the regal luxuriance of the tropics.

Nowhere else in Africa is there a region to be compared in charm and attractiveness with Uganda. Different from all others in scenery, in vegetation, and in the character and condition of its people, it stands alone. In reaching it by sail, we leave the breezy uplands lying east of the great lake and enter a garden spot of the tropics. Entebbe glows with floral beauty—violet, yellow, purple and crimson blooms. Plants and trees of beautiful form and color grow in profusion, before the Government House is a stretch of level green lawn, and in the distance the great blue lake and purple hills attract the

eyes, while the soft, cool air seems to belong to climes far removed from the tropics.

Such is Uganda, from end to end a charming garden spot, where food grows in abundance with the least quota of labor, and anything which can be grown anywhere seems to grow more luxuriantly here. The soil is phenomenally rich. Cotton yields an abundant product, and its other useful plants include coffee, tea, coca, vanilla, cocoa, cinnamon, oranges, lemons, pineapples, rubber, and other native or introduced fruits and products. Among these, of course, must be named the banana, that most productive food plant of the tropics, yielding more nutriment with less care and labor than any other vegetable production of the earth. From an agricultural point of view the banana groves form the distinguishing feature of Uganda, the plant being indispensable to the inhabitants. It supplies him not only with a nourishing vegetable pulp and a dessert fruit, but also with sweet beer and heady spirits, with soap, plates, dishes, napkins, and even materials for foot bridges.

Passing along the road from Entebbe to Kampala, the native capital, one gets an idea of the delightful aspect of the country and also of its wealth of useful products. On both sides of the road, along its whole length, extends a double avenue of young rubber trees, and back of these are broad fields of cotton, beautiful alike when in flower or when snowy white with expanded bolls. It is said that the cotton grown here, from American upland seed, commands a higher price in the Manchester market than the same variety of cotton from the United States.

We cannot do better here than quote a description of some interesting features of Uganda scenery and life from Sir Harry Johnston's "Where Roosevelt Will Hunt," in the "National Geographic Magazine":

"There is a remarkable similarity about all the landscapes in Uganda. There are rolling, green downs rising in places almost into the mountains and every valley in between is a marsh. This marsh is often concealed by a splendid tropical forest. Sometimes, however, it is open to the sky, and the water is hidden from sight by dense-growing papyrus.

"The broad native roads make as straight as possible for their mark, like the roads of the Romans, and, to the tired traveler, seem to pick out preferentially the highest and steepest hills, which they ascend perpendicularly and without compromise.

"The road is as broad as an English country road, quite different from the ordinary African path (which is barely the breadth of the space occupied by men walking in single file). On either side of the road the grass grows high, perhaps to heights of seven or eight feet, but it is interspersed with gayer-flowering plants and shrubs. The road ascends a steep hill through this country of luxuriant grass. The hilltop reached and the descent begun, the traveler sees before him a broad marsh in the valley below. The descent to this marsh is possibly so abrupt that it is deemed wiser to get off the horse or mule and leave that beast to slither down sideways.

"Looking on either side as the marsh is being crossed, the traveler will notice first of all the gigantic papyrus, which may be growing as high as fifteen feet above the water and interspersed amongst papyrus roots are quantities of fern, of amaranth, or "love-lies-a-bleeding," and the gorgeous red-purple *Dissotis* flowers, a yellow composite like a malformed daisy, and large masses of pink or lavender-colored *Pentas*. There are also sages and mints which smell strongly of peppermint, and a rather handsome plant with large white bracts and small mauve flowers.

"In and out of this marsh vegetation flit charming little finches of the waxbill type. One of them is particularly beautiful, with a body of black, white, and dove color and a crimson back. The next ascent of the inevitable hill which succeeds the marsh may lead one through a more wooded country, where, among many other flowering shrubs, grows a species of mallow (*Abutilon*), with blush-pink flowers in clusters, like dog-roses in general appearance.

"The forests and marshes of Uganda abound in remarkable monkeys and brilliantly colored birds to a degree not common elsewhere in tropical Africa; but the Kingdom of Uganda, as may be imagined from its relatively dense population—a population once much thicker than to-day—has been to a great extent denuded of its big game, and it is unlikely the President will spend much time there.

“Some of the forest trees of Uganda offer magnificent displays of flowers. There is one, the *Spathodea*, with crimson-scarlet flowers larger than a breakfast cup and not very dissimilar in shape. These flowers grow in bunches like large bouquets, and when in full blossom one of these trees aflame with red light is a magnificent spectacle. Other trees present at certain seasons of the year a uniform mass of lilac-white flowerets, as though they had been powdered from above with a lavender-colored snow.

“The india-rubber trees and lianas have white flowers, large and small, with yellow centers exhaling a delicious scent like jasmine, but the blossom of one of these rubber trees is vivid scarlet. The *Louhocaropus* trees have flowers in color and shape like the *Wistaria*; from the branches of the lofty eriodendrons depend, on thread-like stalks, huge dull crimson flowers composed of innumerable stamens surrounded by thick carmine petals. The *Erythrina* trees on the edge of the forest seldom bear leaves and flowers at the same time. When in a leafless state they break out into a crimson-scarlet efflorescence of dazzling beauty. The *Pterocarpus* trees have large flowers of sulphur-yellow.

“Many creepers have blossoms of orange, of greenish-white, pink, and mauve. Some trees or creepers (*Combretum racemosum*) are like the *Bougainvillia*, throwing out wreaths and veils and cascades of the most exquisite mauve or red-violet, where the color is given by bracts, the flower itself being crimson and of small size.

“Blue alone appears to be missing from this gamut of color in the forest flowers, though it is frequently present among herbaceous shrubs or plants growing close to the ground, and, so far as the trees are concerned, is often supplied by the beautiful species of turaco that particularly affect the forest, and by large high-flying butterflies.

“Whatever may be the case in the Congo basin, where the forests often appear sadly lifeless, the woodlands of Uganda are full of color and noise from the birds, beasts, and insects frequenting them. Monkeys are singularly bold and frequently show themselves. There is the black-white colobus with the long plume-tail which has been already described; there is a large greenish-black *Cerco-*

pithecus, and another species of the same genus which is known as the White-nosed monkey. This is a charming creature of bright colors—chestnut, blue-black, yellow-green, and gray, with a snow-white tip to its nose. I believe its specific name is *rufoviridis*. Bright-colored turacos are even more abundant in these Uganda forests, and there are green and red love-birds, gray parrots with scarlet tails, and the usual barbets, hornbills, shrikes, fly-catchers, bee-eaters, rollers—all of them birds of bright plumage or strange form

“There are other forest creatures that are not harmless sources of gratification to the eye. Lying among the dead leaves on the path may be the dreaded puff-adder, with its beautiful carpet-pattern of pinkish-gray, black, lemon-yellow, and slaty blue, and with its awful head containing poison glands more rapidly fatal than those perhaps of any other viper.

“Numerous pythons, from fifteen to twenty feet in length (generally disinclined to attack human beings, however), are coiled on the branches of the trees, or hang by their tails like a pendent branch, swaying to and fro in the wind. Their checkered patterns of brown and white are rendered very beautiful sometimes by the bloom of iridescence which imparts rainbow colors into the scales when the skin is new.

“The natives think nothing of laying hold of the wild python, who may perhaps have coiled himself up in some hole, and however much the snake hisses and protests, it seldom seems to bite. Yet these snakes could crush a man between their folds, and do crush and devour numbers of sheep and goats. They seem, however, very loath to attack mankind and will allow extraordinary liberties to be taken with them. The vividly painted puff-adders are as common as the pythons, and although their bite is absolutely deadly, they, too, seem too sluggish to attack unless by some blunder you tread on them and wait to see the consequences.

“Therefore the snakes are far less an annoyance or an impediment to the exploration of these forests than the biting ants. These creatures are a veritable plague in moist, hot regions where there is abundant vegetation. I suppose they are sometimes at home and resident in their underground labyrinths, but they are a restless folk,

forever seemingly on the line of march. They traverse forest paths in all directions along causeways of their own, worn in the soil by the passage of their thousands.

“When you come across one of these armies of ants in motion, on either side of the main stream, which is perhaps only half an inch broad, there may be a couple of feet of biting warriors in a swarming mass on either side of the rapidly marching army of workers carrying pupæ. Sentinels are out far and wide in all directions, and if you pause anywhere within a few feet of this marching body of ants you will very soon feel the consequences in a series of painful nips as though from red-hot pincers. These warrior ants know no fear. They attack any creature which comes near their line of march, burying their powerful mandibles in the flesh, and will then let the head be torn from the body sooner than give way.

“One prominent feature in the landscape of Entebbe, and in fact of much of southern Uganda, are the lofty incense-trees (*Pachylobus*). These grow to a great height and are perennially covered with a rich green pinnate foliage. The rugose trunk of thick girth sweats a whitish gum, which, scraped off and burnt on hot coals, produces the smoke of fragrant incense. These trees produce at certain seasons of the year enormous quantities of blue-black plums, which are the favorite food of gray parrots, violet plantain-eaters, and the great blue *Corythocola*, besides monkeys and hornbills. Wherever, therefore, there is one of these trees growing those who live in the neighborhood may enjoy all day long the contemplation of the gorgeous plumage of these birds, the antics and cries of the parrots, and the wild gambols of the monkeys.”

Let us now take a glance at the people who inhabit this rich realm of Uganda—the happy people we would say, but for a fact with which we have yet to deal. On the opposite side of the Victoria Lake we passed through the tribe of the Kavirondos, a people who have a decided objection to the wearing of clothes, preferring the primitive simplicity of nature to all the allurements of fashion. As for their manners and customs, they have none other than such base shreds of manners as savages usually possess.

Landing at Entebbe, with not many miles of water between, we

seem to be on another planet. The inhabitants are blacks, but blacks of a different type. Here is to be seen a polite, well-clad, genial and intelligent people, with a fully organized government. They have their king, their parliament and a powerful feudal system; with a court, ministers and nobles; laws and courts; industry, peace and education. It gives us a new idea to learn that more than two hundred thousand of these ebon natives are able to read and write. This they owe to the devoted labors of a large body of earnest missionaries, who have made Christianity the state religion of Uganda.

Such is the status of the Baganda nation, and its governmental system is of old date. The native government which now exists has persisted for at least several centuries, and though now under the British flag, the old system has not been disturbed, except to correct the abuses that had crept in. Safe now from attack by external enemies or rebellious outbreaks, all goes on swimmingly. The present king, Daudi Cehewa, is a half-grown boy; but, surrounded by his officers of state, he presides at the meetings of his council and parliament, the prime minister, Sir Apolo Kagwar, being the power behind the throne.

Associated with this political organization, and with the controlling authority of the British officials, is a system of missionary labor on an unequaled scale. The workers are of different nations and different churches, yet are united in their charitable labors, working together with none of the discord which has at times attended the endeavors of different sects in a single field. At Kampala, the native capital, may be seen on different elevations a Protestant cathedral, a Catholic mission, and a White Father's monastery, each engaged in the same good work in harmony.

Dressed in their long white robes, the Baganda people carry their native politeness to an extreme. Sir Harry Johnstone has well called them "the Japanese of Africa." Their system of friendly salutations approaches the ludicrous in its elaborate expressions of regard. Two Bagandas meeting begin to salute each other while still yards asunder.

"How are you?" cries one.

"Who am I that you should care to know?" asks the second.

"Humble though I be, yet I have dared to ask," rejoins the first.

"But tell me first how are *you*?" requests the second.

"The better for the honor you have done me," is the ceremonious reply.

"The honor is mine and I shall treasure it."

By this time they have passed each other, and their expressions of polite good-will die away as they go on. Of course the dialogue may be greatly varied, but the above will suffice for an example.

Happiness is easily conferred on a Baganda. Simply say to a native, "*Way wally*" ("splendidly well done"), likely enough he will fall upon his knees, clasp his hands together and sway them from side to side, while his face beams with the gladdest of smiles, and he purrs forth his delight as if to say, "You have filled to overflowing my cup of joy."

Yet we must not take this as indicating servility. It is simply the Baganda idea of good manners. The people are not wanting in self-respect, and while yielding to the constituted authorities, do so without loss of dignity. Yet it adds an idea of a new type to our conceptions of the native African to find a nation of blacks with exaggerated forms of greeting similar to those prevailing in China and Japan.

And they do not end with verbal signs of good-will, but are kindly in nature and extremely hospitable. Sir Harry Johnstone tells us that when he traversed their kingdom, he would be met by hundreds of people, sent by the local chiefs, and each bearing a bunch of bananas. In some instances cows, goats or sheep would be sent. They would go so far as to send spies into his camp to find out his tastes. In this way they learned that he was very fond of tea between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. Then, judging from his time of starting what point he would reach at this hour, a resting place would be prepared near the road, a table set, and a clean cloth spread on it. At the proper time the kettle would be set boiling, and when he appeared near by the tea would be poured out and handed to him in a shady arbor.

In his opinion the Bahima—the aristocracy of Western Uganda—may be descended from the people of ancient Egypt or bear some affinity to them. Though black in complexion and with negro hair, their profile is of the Caucasian type, and the indication is that a people of Hamitic race gradually made their way southward, infused their

blood into that of the native tribes, and built up a political system far in advance of that native to the land. From this infusion the people on the west and northwest of the lake gained a refinement of manners and a culture far in advance of those on the opposite side of the lake. Yet the mingling of races has been so complete, and the negro element in it so much in excess, that the modern people of Uganda differ from ordinary negroes in appearance only by having larger and clearer eyes and slightly paler skins.

To show that the conditions now existing in Uganda are not due to civilized ideas received from the English, it will be of interest to quote from the first visit of a white man to the court of Uganda, that of Captain Speke, in 1862.

Setting out on January 11, in three days the caravan reached and crossed the Kitangulé River, which flows into the Victoria Nyanza from the west. They were now in Uganda territory, and were treated everywhere as the king's guests, though the indolence of the conductor delayed them greatly in the earlier marches. On the 28th, cresting a small hill, Speke caught sight of the lake for the first time. "Next day, after crossing more of those abominable rush-drains, while in sight of the Victoria Nyanza, we ascended the most beautiful hills covered with verdure of all descriptions. At Meruka, where I put up, there resided some grandees, the chief of whom was the king's aunt. She sent me a goat, a hen, a basket of eggs and some plantains, in return for which I sent her a wire and some beads. I felt inclined to stop here a month, everything was so very pleasant. The temperature was perfect. The roads, as indeed they were everywhere, were as broad as our coach-roads, cut through the long grasses, straight over the hills and down through the woods in the dells—a strange contrast to the wretched tracks in all the adjacent countries. The huts were kept so clean and so neat, not a fault could be found with them—the gardens the same. Wherever I strolled I saw nothing but richness, and what ought to be wealth. The whole land was a picture of quiescent beauty, with a boundless sea in the background. Looking over the hills, it struck the fancy at once that at one period the whole land must have been at a uniform level with their present tops, but that, by the constant denudation it was subjected to by frequent rains,

it had been cut down and sloped into those beautiful hills and dales which now so much pleased the eye; for there were none of those quartz dikes I had seen protruding through the same kind of aqueous formations in Usui and Karagwe, nor were there any other sorts of volcanic disturbance to distort the calm, quiet aspect of the scene."

After a journey through the country, where they found everywhere similar evidences of civilized conditions, on the 18th of February, 1862, they came within view of the king's court.

"It was a magnificent sight. A whole hill was covered with gigantic huts, such as I had never seen in Africa before. I wished to go up to the palace at once, but the officers said 'No, that would be considered indecent in Uganda; you must draw up your men and fire your guns off, to let the king know you are here; we will then show you your residence, and to-morrow you will doubtless be sent for, as the king could not now hold a levee while it is raining.'

"On the 19th the king sent his pages to announce his intention of holding a levee in my honor. I prepared for my first presentation at court, attired in my best, though in it I cut a poor figure in comparison with the display of the dressy Waganda. They wore neat bark cloaks resembling the best yellow corduroy cloth, crimp and well set, as if stiffened with starch, and over that, as upper cloaks, a patchwork of small antelope skins, which I observed were sewn together as well as any English gloves could have pieced them; while their head-dresses, generally, were abrus turbans, set off with highly polished boar-tusks, stick-charms, seeds, beads, or shells, and on their necks, arms and ankles they wore other charms of wood, or small horns stuffed with magic powder, and fastened on by strings generally covered with snake-skin.

"The palace, or entrance, quite surprised me by its extraordinary dimensions, and the neatness with which it was kept. The whole brow and sides of the hill on which we stood were covered with gigantic grass huts, thatched as neatly as so many heads dressed by a London barber, and fenced all round with the tall yellow reeds of the common Uganda tiger-grass; while within the enclosure the lines of huts were joined together, or partitioned off into courts, with walls of the same grass. It is here most of Mtesa's three or four hundred

women are kept, the rest being quartered chiefly with his mother, known by the title of Nyamasore, or queen-dowager. They stood in little groups at the doors, looking at us, and evidently passing their own remarks, and enjoying their own jokes, on the triumphal procession. At each gate as we passed, officers on duty opened and shut it for us, jingling the big bells which are hung upon them, as they sometimes are at shop-doors, to prevent silent, stealthy entrance.

"The first court passed, I was even more surprised to find the unusual ceremonies that awaited me. There courtiers of high dignity stepped forward to greet me, dressed in the most scrupulously neat fashions. Men, women, bulls, dogs and goats were led about by strings; cocks and hens were carried in men's arms; and little pages, with rope turbans, rushed about, conveying messages, as if their lives depended on their swiftness, every one holding his skin cloak tightly about him, lest his naked legs might by accident be shown."

The details of Captain Speke's reception by the king are too voluminous to be given here, and in place of this we will give a brief description of Kampala, the present king's capital. Or this, perhaps, had best be styled Mengo, which is the name of the king's quarter. Mengo is a city of seven hills, each suburb of the straggling town being a separate hill, the sides being often so steep that they cannot be ascended on horseback. Between these hills are marshy bottoms, with streams slowly percolating through them. The inhabited parts of the town, which has a population of about 70,000, are clean and picturesque, from the king's palace to the dwellings of the common people.

On each side of the broad roadway are reed fences, behind which are yards in which bananas grow and back of these the family mansions rise. Everything is kept neat and clean and the handsome trees and abundant vegetation make it a city of gardens. In fact, so dense is the growth of bananas, which afford shade and food to the people, that the huts of the people are quite concealed. All that the traveler sees in approaching the city are the government buildings and residences neatly built on one hill; the palace of the king and dwellings of his ministers on another; on still others the cathedral and other Christian churches. Everything else is lost under a broad sea of leaves

between which run the wide and straight roadways. The whole place is extraordinarily unlike what one would look for in an African kingdom and very different from what is to be seen elsewhere in that continent.

Kampala lies on the northwest corner of the lake, about twenty-four miles north of Entebbe. The road between the English and native capitals is of firm, smooth sandstone, over which the officials travel in automobiles, which have recently been introduced. The rickshaw, a bicycle-wheeled carriage, drawn by one man in the shafts and pushed by three from behind, was formerly the ordinary mode of travel, though the bicycle itself was much used and proved of great utility in the narrow native paths.

CHAPTER XV

Down the Victoria Nile

THOSE who would leave British East Africa can do so by two routes. They can return by way of the Uganda Railway, retracing their steps to Mombasa, and thence to Europe *via* the Red Sea, or can go onward down the long course of the Nile, following that noble river from its headwaters in the Victoria Nyanza to its delta on the shores of the Mediterranean. The first and one of the most interesting parts of this journey lies within the kingdom of Uganda and fits in with our description of that singular realm.

About two hundred miles from the Victoria Nyanza lies another lake, the Albert Nyanza, small in comparison with the former, yet anything but a dwarf, as it is more than one hundred miles long and correspondingly wide. Between these two lakes, like a silver chain of connections, wanders the Nile, now in a broad deep flow, now rushing down many miles of rapids, now tumbling sheer downward in great cataracts—the Ripon and Murchison Falls. Down this splendid river—known as the Victoria Nile in this section—we shall journey and gaze upon its varied and attractive scenes.

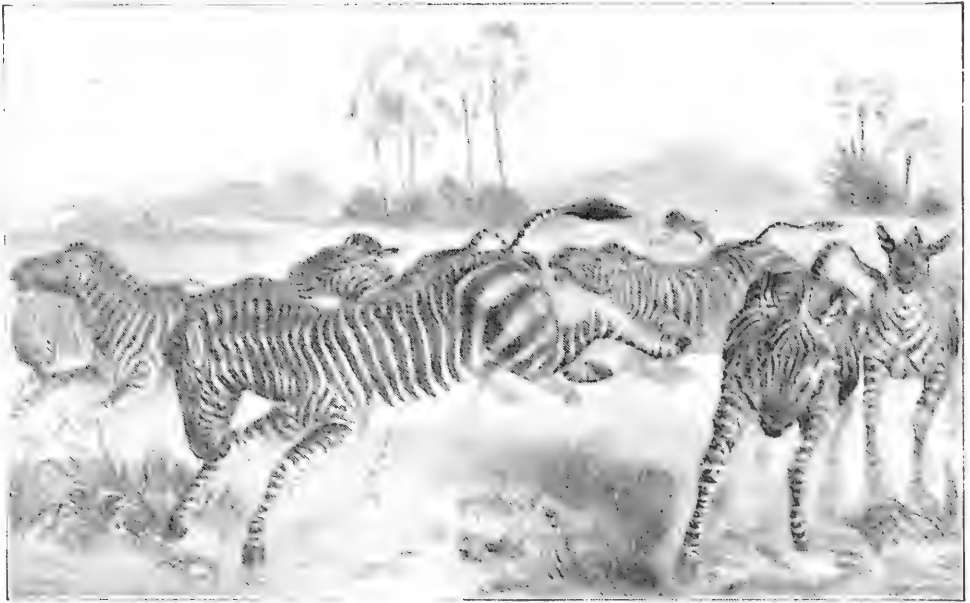
The whole length of the Nile, from its lake course to its outlet in the Mediterranean, is three thousand five hundred miles, and those who follow it to its termination have a long journey to make, part by foot-paths past the rapids, part by canoe and steamboat on the stream, part by rail down its lower course, where for many miles now runs the northern length of the Cape to Cairo Railway, a dream of Cecil Rhodes, which is now in process of being realized.

The Great Victoria Lake is lifted high in the air, almost on a mountain top, for it is higher than the highest mountain in England. From this lofty elevation of nearly four thousand feet the Nile flows ever downward, now descending slowly, now rapidly, the steepest part of its course being that with which we are now concerned.



A FIGHT BETWEEN THE OCTOPUS AND LOBSTER

The Octopus or Cuttle Fish is a mollusk found in the Eastern Seas. Has eight long and flexible arms equipped with suckers by which it seizes fish or lobster and with its beak devours them



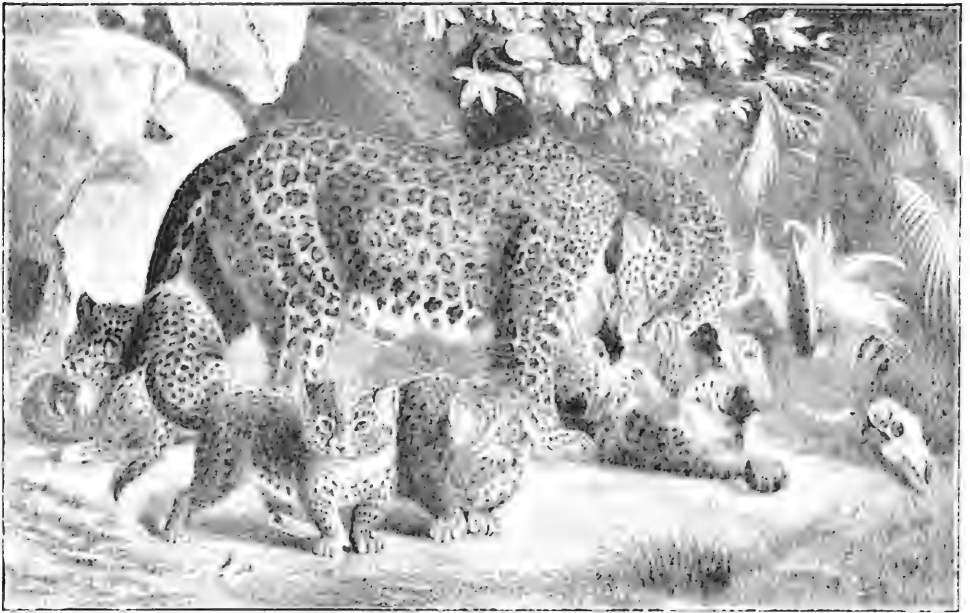
THE ZEBRA

A native of Central and Southern Africa-- Marked with circular stripes—They have never been tamed for use.



A GROUP OF GAZELLES

Beautiful and graceful animals of Central Africa

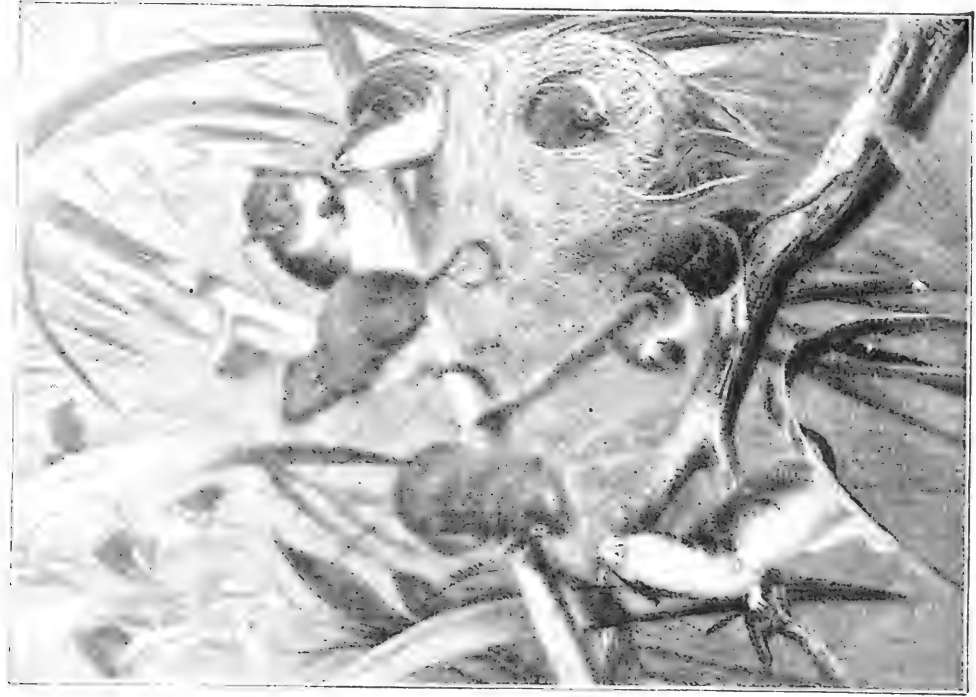


THE LEOPARD AND HER YOUNG



THE PORCUPINE

A remarkable animal covered with spines with which it defends itself



DWARF FIELD MICE

During the summer they live in the cornfields and make their nests there.



THE OSTRICH

Found in Africa—Ostrich farming for the feathers is a large industry

The Albert Nyanza lies at a height of two thousand three hundred feet above sea level, so that in its first two hundred miles the Nile descends more than one-third of its whole fall. This is done in two long stretches of rapids, one about thirty miles long below the Ripon Falls, and another of the same length above the Murchison Falls. Between and below these rapids it flows level and smooth, midway in its course running through another large body of water. Lake Chioga, which, like the other two lakes, forms one of the feeders of the Nile.

With this necessary explanation, we can go on in our path down the Victoria Nile, the first part of which must be made in a march through the forest to Kakindu, the head of navigation on the Nile; the second part by canoes or motorboats down the stream and across Lake Chioga; the third part again through the forest past the Murchison rapids, and then by boat or through the woods along the lower stream to the Albert Lake.

The forest travel of our first stage, from camp to camp, is a customary incident in the life of a Central African traveler. He goes "on safari" as the Boer goes "on trek." "Safari" is a Swahali word, of Arabic origin, meaning an expedition and all its belongings. In it are included the traveler and all his companions and baggage. It embraces his food, tents, rifles, clothing; his cooks, servants, escort and porters, the latter especially, as porters are essential elements of forest travel, in which all the impedimenta of an expedition must be carried on men's heads and shoulders. The British officer, on an official expedition, comes to think of a ten or twenty days "Safari" as we would of a journey to Alaska or Hawaii.

Instead of making the wearisome journey ourselves, let us follow in the footsteps of a traveler who gives us a graphic and picturesque description of the route. Here is the experience of Winston Churchill, in his forest trip down the stream. After taking a long and lingering look at Ripon Falls he committed himself to the forest depths. The porters had already been long on the road with their burdens and he thus describes the route by which he followed them:

"The native path struck northeast from the Nile, and led into a hilly and densely wooded region. The elephant grass on each side of

the track rose fifteen feet high. In the valleys great trees grew and arched above our heads, laced and twined together with curtains of flowering creepers. Here and there a glade opened to the right or left, and patches of vivid sunlight splashed into the gloom. Around the crossings of little streams butterflies danced in brilliant ballets. Many kinds of birds flew about the trees. The jungle was haunted by game—utterly lost in its dense entanglements.

“Our first march was about fourteen miles, and as we had not started till the hot hours of the day were upon us, it was enough and to spare so far as I was concerned. Up hill and down hill wandered our path, now plunged in the twilight of a forest valley, now winding up the side of a scorched hill, and I had for some time been hoping to see the camp round every corner, when at last we reached it. It consisted of two rows of green tents and a large ‘banda,’ or rest-house, as big as a large barn in England, standing in a nice, trim clearing. These ‘bandas’ are a great feature of African travel; and the dutiful chief through whose territory we are passing had taken pains to make them on the most elaborate scale. He was not long in making his appearance with presents of various kinds. A lanky, black-faced sheep, with a fat tail as big as a pumpkin, was dragged forward, bleating, by two retainers. Others brought live hens and earthenware jars of milk and baskets of little round eggs. The chief was a tall, intelligent-looking man, with the winning smile and attractive manners characteristic of the country, and made his salutations with a fine air of dignity and friendship.

“The house he had prepared for us was built of bamboo framework, supported upon a central row of Y-shaped tree stems, with a high-pitched roof heavily thatched with elephant-grass, and walls of wattled reeds. The floors of African ‘bandas’ when newly made are beautifully smooth and clean, and strewn with fresh green rushes; the interior is often cunningly divided into various apartments, and the main building is connected with kitchens and offices of the same unsubstantial texture by veranda-shaded passages. In fact, they prove a high degree of social knowledge and taste in the natives, who make them with almost incredible rapidity from the vegetation of the surrounding jungle; and the sensation of entering one of these lofty, dim,

cool, and spacious interiors, and sinking into the soft rush-bed of the floor, with something to drink which is, at any rate, not tepid, well repays the glaring severities of a march under an Equatorial sun. The 'banda,' however, is a luxury of which the traveler should beware, for if it has stood for more than a week it becomes the home of innumerable insects, many of approved malevolence and venom, and spirillum fever is almost invariably caught from sleeping in old shelters or on disused camping-grounds.

"The best of all methods of progression in Central Africa—however astonishing it may seem—is the bicycle. In the dry season the paths through the bush, smoothed by the feet of natives, afford an excellent surface. Even when the track is only two feet wide, and when the densest jungle rises on either side and almost meets above the head, the bicycle skims along, swishing through the grass and brushing the encroaching bushes, at a fine pace; and although at every few hundred yards sharp rocks, loose stones, a water-course, or a steep hill compel dismounting, a good seven miles an hour can usually be maintained. And think what this means. From my own experience I should suppose that with a bicycle twenty-five to thirty miles a day could regularly be covered in Uganda, and, if only the porters could keep up, all journeys could be nearly trebled, and every white officer's radius of action proportionately increased. Nearly all the British officers I met already possessed and used bicycles, and even the native chiefs are beginning to acquire them.

"But the march, however performed, has its termination; and if, as is recommended, you stop to breakfast and rest upon the way, the new camp will be almost ready upon arrival. During the heat of the day every one retires to his tent or to the more effective shelter of the 'banda,' to read and sleep till the evening. Then as the sun gets low we emerge to smoke and talk, and there is, perhaps, just time for the energetic to pursue an antelope, or shoot a few guinea-fowl or pigeons."

Thus on and on the traveler goes, through the forest shades, out of sight and hearing of the Nile, till at length, after a three days' tramp, the latter part of which is through a native settlement, with its crop of bananas and other plants, the Nile again appears, a glowing

breadth of deep, clear water, nearly a third of a mile wide, and flowing calmly onward, free from the turmoil of the rapids through which it has tossed and tumbled for the first forty miles of its course.

Here, at the native village of Kakindu, we first take to the river and float smoothly and easily down its course until Lake Chioga is reached and we glide over the limpid expanse of that inland waterway. This lake is about fifty miles long from east to west, and eleven broad, its area being much extended by a series of long arms, which stretch far out and yield access to wide surrounding districts. All these arms and much of the lake itself are half choked with reeds, grass and water lilies, while the Nile, as it nears the lake, broadens into wide lagoons, high walls of the papyrus reed bordering them and hiding the surrounding country.

On the lake the voyager can usually count on a depth of about twelve feet, but floating weeds and water plants much impede navigation, while in times of storm floating islands of mud and papyrus are often detached and float about, puzzling the pilot by blocking up the channels familiar to him. One thing in especial must be done, the voyager must avoid the northern and particularly the northwestern shore, for here dwell wild and hostile tribes which have never been brought under control. Though this region forms part of the protectorate, its people acknowledge no masters and are ever ready to attack interlopers with their spears, or their muskets, when they have them.

Now, without following the Nile step by step throughout its course, let us make a leap forward to its greatest cataract, the Murchison Falls. On leaving Lake Chioga it spreads to a broad stream of more than a mile in width, flowing between walls of solid papyrus and dotted with floating islands of plant formation. After a considerable length of level stream we reach Karuma Falls and the rapids again set in, ending, about forty miles further down, in the great cataract above mentioned.

If we seek it through the jungle-like Itoima forest, it is to find ourselves in such a wilderness of vegetation as is seldom seen. The forests of Uganda in general are, for magnificence of tree growth, for varied form and color, for profusion of life, for the vast scale on which nature's processes work, almost unequalled; and the fecundity of

animal life is astonishing. Here are birds as bright as butterflies; butterflies as big as birds. The air hums with flying creatures, the earth fairly crawls with creeping life. Through it passes the telegraph wire running north to Gondokoro, the very poles of which break into bud. In the forest itself huge trees jostle each other for room to live, lower plants throng the soil, and the trees are fettered together with a thick tangle of twining parasites, which at intervals burst into a sea of bright blossoms.

But we must hurry on to the falls themselves, the most remarkable in the whole course of the Nile. The cataracts begin many miles above, the river hurrying forward in foam down a continuous stairway inclosed by rocky walls. It is still, however, a broad flood, but, about two miles above Fajao, these walls suddenly contract until they are less than *six yards apart*, and through this narrow opening the whole great stream shoots like water from the nozzle of a hose, pouring in a single jet and with a far-reaching roar down an abyss of a hundred and sixty feet in depth.

On seeing the great size of the river below the falls it is difficult to believe that this vast volume of water comes through that single spout. On climbing to the summit of the rock, through clouds of spray and a thunder of sound, the observer can walk within an inch of the edge, and lying down can look over into the torment of foam below. It seems as if the rock must have been worn away to a great extent below, for otherwise it seems impossible for so much water to pass through so narrow a space.

The Nile below the falls swarms with crocodiles, and farther down are herds of hippopotami, so that the stream throbs with life. The crocodiles haunt this spot on the lookout for the dead fish and animals carried over by the water, even the great hippos from the upper river being often caught and hurled down the watery cliff. So numerous are the saurians that at a rifle shot hundreds of them may be seen rushing from the banks into the Nile, the water of which they churn into milk-white foam.

We can perhaps best tell the story of these falls and also of the lake of which they form the threshold, in the words of their discoverer, Sir Samuel Baker. On his journey of exploration into Central

Africa in 1863, he had met with Captain Speke, who told him of his discovery of the Victoria Nyanza, and of the existence of another large lake which the natives called the Luta Nzige.

"Speke expressed his conviction that the Luta Nzige must be a second source of the Nile, and that geographers would be dissatisfied that he had not explored it. To me this was most gratifying. I had been much disheartened at the idea that the great work was accomplished, and that nothing remained for exploration; I even spoke to Speke, 'Does not one leaf of the laurel remain for me?' I now heard that the field was not only open, but that an additional interest was given to the exploration by the proof that the Nile flowed out of one great lake, the Victoria; but that it evidently must derive an additional supply from an unknown lake as it entered it at the *northern* extremity, while the body of the lake came from the south. The fact of a great body of water such as the Luta Nzige extending in a direct line from south to north, while the general system of drainage of the Nile was from the same direction, showed must conclusively that the Luta Nzige, if it existed in the form assumed, must have an important position in the basin of the Nile."

After a long and toilsome journey Sir Samuel and his devoted wife, who had accompanied him on this expedition, reached the vicinity of the lake. Both Baker and his wife were suffering from fever and its effects; they had had great difficulty in finding porters, and the prospect before them was most depressing and discouraging. Matters were very bad, but they were soon to become worse. On the fourth day they came to the River Kafoor, which, bending south, they were obliged to cross. This could be done only in a very curious way. The whole stream was matted over with a carpet of floating weeds, so strong and so thick that it was sufficient to bear the weight of a man if he ran quickly. The width was about thirty yards. Baker started, begging his wife to follow him rapidly, keeping exactly in his footsteps. When he was half-way across, he turned to see why she was not with him, and, to his horror, saw her standing in one place, and sinking through the weeds, her face distorted and purple, and almost at the moment of his catching sight of her, she fell headlong down with a sunstroke.

In the desperation of the moment, he and several of his men seized her, and dragged her across, sinking in the weeds up to their waists, and just keeping her head above water. She lay perfectly insensible, as though dead, with clenched hands and set teeth, all efforts at restoring animation being for a time utterly useless. When at length these had succeeded, she was gently borne forward like a corpse—the rattle was in her throat, and the end seemed to be very near. Three days of insensibility were followed by seven more of brain-fever and delirium. Preparations were made for the worst, which it was believed had actually come; but the spark of life was not fully extinguished, and it began to brighten, and by and by burnt more steadily. It was now possible to move, and at the close of the sixteenth day from M'rooli they were at the village of Parkani, one hundred miles on a straight line from M'rooli; and they began to hope once more that the object of these two years' weary wanderings was close at hand.

They did not suppose that it was actually within one day's march; yet such was really the case. On the day before they arrived at Parkani, Baker had observed, at a great distance to the northwest of their course, a range of very lofty mountains. He fancied that the lake must lie on the other side of this range, but now he was informed that these mountains were the western boundary of the Nzige, and that if he started early he might reach it by noon. Accordingly on the 14th of March, 1864, starting early, he, "the first European who had ever seen it," looked on this magnificent body of water.

"It is impossible," he says, "to describe the triumph of that moment;—here was the reward for all our labor—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! I was about 1,500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters, upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness, upon that great source so long hidden from mankind, that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects of nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Eng-

lishman, I called this great lake the 'Albert Nyanza.' The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile." He subsequently procured the means, and gave his men a feast in honor of the discovery and in gratitude for his wife's recovery.

Baker on the occasion of his first sighting the water stood on a point 1,500 feet above it. Opposite to him, the lake was about sixty miles broad, but to the south and southwest lay a boundless horizon like the ocean. Immediately on the other side rose a grand range of mountains, some of them seven thousand feet high, and down two streams in their rifts there streamed great waterfalls, visible even at that vast distance, to add their contributions to the fresh-water ocean. This, then, was the Luta Nzige, the lake of the dead locusts, the reservoir of the Nile. Mrs. Baker, utterly worn out with sickness, was assisted with difficulty to reach this first point of discovery. The ascent was too steep for cattle, but leaning on her husband's shoulder she accomplished it, and they both descended to the shore. Wild waves were sweeping over the surface of the water, and bursting at their feet upon the white shingly beach. In his enthusiasm, Baker dashed in headlong, and drank deep of the pure, fresh element which in so vast a body was now actually before their eyes.

Preparations were now made for a fortnight's voyage on the lake. Two canoes were selected,—the one twenty-six and the other thirty-two feet long, both made of single logs. A cabin was constructed in the smaller of these, and they started. The scenery was most beautiful. Sometimes the mountains to the west were quite invisible, and the canoes usually kept within a hundred yards of the shore. At one time the cliffs would recede, and leave a meadow more or less broad at their base; at another the rocks would go right down into deep water; and, again, a grand mass of gneiss and granite, 1,100 feet high, would present itself feathered with beautiful evergreens and giant euphorbia, with every runnel and rivulet in its clefts fringed with graceful wild date-trees. Hippopotomi lazily floated about; and crocodiles, alarmed by the canoe, would rush quickly out of the bushes into the water. On one occasion Baker killed one of them with his rifle, and it sank in eight feet of water; but the water was so beautifully transparent that it could be seen plainly lying at the bottom bleeding.

They once saw an elephant come down out of the forest to bathe. At another time, fourteen of those majestic animals were seen disporting themselves in a sandy bay, throwing jets of water in all directions. On another occasion they passed a waterfall, 1,000 feet high, made by the river Kaügiri, which rises in the swamp which turned them out of their way on leaving M'rooli.

Such were the sights of their voyage, but at the same time it was not in all respects a pleasant one. They were both still suffering from fever, and they were cramped together in this narrow boat, under a low awning of bullock's hide. At night they camped on the shore. Besides, the weather was bad. At one o'clock every day a violent tornado lashed the lake into fury, and placed their craft in imminent danger. In the course of their sailing explorations, they were nearly lost by this means, having been caught by the gale four miles from land, and obliged to run before it, being nearly swamped at times by the heaviness of the swell. They managed to reach the shore, however, but their boat was overturned on the beach, and all the live-stock was drowned; and it was with difficulty that they recovered the boat. After thirteen days, when they had rowed for ninety miles, the lake began to contract, and vast reed-beds extended from the shore to the distance of a mile, there being a floating vegetation similar to that of the bridge which they were crossing when Mrs. Baker was struck down. Preferring to find a gap in this false shore to the ordinary method of walking over it, he coasted the floating reeds for a mile, and came to a broad still channel, bounded with reeds on both sides. This was the embouchure of the Victoria Nile—the river which connects the Albert with the Victoria Nyanza.

Speke had followed the Nile downwards from the Victoria Nyanza to the Karuma Falls, at the head of the Murchison Rapids, but from that point to the Albert Nyanza the river was still unknown and Baker determined to explore it. The chief of Magungo and all the natives assured him that the broad channel of dead water at his feet was positively the brawling river which he had crossed below the Karuma Falls, but he could not understand how so fine a body of water as that had appeared could possibly enter the Albert Lake as dead water. The guide and natives laughed at his unbelief, and declared

that it was dead-water for a considerable distance from the junction with the lake, but that a great waterfall rushed down from the mountain, and that beyond that fall the river was merely a succession of cataracts throughout the entire distance of about six days' march to Karuma Falls.

Having resolved to explore the Victoria Nile as far as those falls, and the boats being ready, Baker took leave of the chief, leaving him an acceptable present of beads, and descended the hill to the river, thankful at having so far successfully terminated the expedition as to have traced the lake to the important point of Magungo, which had been his clue to the discovery even so far away in time and place as the distant country of Latooka. Both Baker and his wife were very weak and ill, he endeavoring to assist his wife, and she doing her best to assist him. Reaching the boats they started at once and made good progress till the evening. The river seemed to be entirely devoid of current, and had an average breadth of about five hundred yards. Before halting for the night, he had a severe attack of fever, and was carried on shore on a litter, perfectly unconscious, to a village in the neighborhood of their landing-place. At daybreak, he was too weak to stand, and both he and his wife were carried down to the canoes. Many of the men were also suffering from fever, the malaria of the dense masses of floating vegetation being most poisonous.

At about ten miles from Magungo the river rapidly narrowed to two hundred and fifty yards. The great flats of rush banks were left behind them, and they entered a channel between high ground on both sides, the hills being covered with forest. There was not even yet, however, any perceptible stream. The water was clear and very deep. They halted and slept on a mud-bank close to the shore. On waking next morning, the river was covered with a thick fog; and as, before arousing his men, Baker lay watching the fog as it was slowly being lifted from the water, he was struck by the fact that the little green water-plants, like floating cabbages, were certainly moving, although very slowly, to the west. He immediately jumped up and examined them more carefully; there was no doubt about it; they were traveling towards the Albert Lake. They were now about eighteen miles in a direct line from Magungo, and there was a current in the river, which,

though slight, was perceptible. They had lain themselves down with their clothes on; their toilet was therefore the more easily arranged, and they at once entered their canoe and gave orders to start.

As they proceeded, the river gradually narrowed to about one hundred and eighty yards; and when the paddles ceased working, they could distinctly hear the roar of water. The roar of the fall was extremely loud, and after hard pulling for a couple of hours, during which time the velocity of the stream increased, they arrived at a few deserted fishing huts, at a point where the river made a slight turn. There was here a most extraordinary show of crocodiles; they lay like logs of timber close together, and upon one bank they counted twenty-seven of large size, and every basking-place was crowded in a similar manner. From the time that they had fairly entered the river, it had been confined by somewhat precipitous heights on either side, but at this point they were much higher and bolder. From the roar of the water there was reason to believe that the fall would be in sight if they turned the corner of the bend of the river; and he desired the boatmen to row as fast as they could. They objected to this at first, wishing to stop at the deserted village, and contending that, as this was to be the limit of their journey, further progress was impossible. "However," he says, "I explained that I merely wished to see the fall, and they rowed immediately up the stream, which was now strong against us. Upon rounding the corner, a magnificent sight burst suddenly upon us. On either side of the river were beautifully wooded cliffs rising abruptly to a height of about 300 feet; rocks were jutting out from the intensely green foliage; and rushing through a gap that cleft the rock exactly before us, the river, contracted from a grand stream, was pent up in a narrow gorge of scarcely fifty yards in width; roaring furiously through the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about 120 feet perpendicular into a dark abyss below.

"The fall of water was snow-white, which had a superb effect as it contrasted with the dark cliffs that walled the river, while the graceful palms of the tropics and wild plantains perfected the beauty of the view. This was the greatest waterfall of the Nile, and in honor of the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society, I named it the Murchison Falls, as the most important object throughout the entire course of the river."

The boatmen were promised a present of beads to induce them to approach the fall as close as possible, and they succeeded in bringing the canoe to within about three hundred yards of the base, but the power of the current and the force of the whirlpools prevented their going nearer. A sandbank on their left was literally covered with crocodiles, which had no fear of the canoe till it came within twenty yards of them, and then they slowly crept into the water, all except one—an enormous fellow who lazily lagged behind, and who dropped dead immediately as a bullet struck him in the brain. The boatmen were alarmed at the unexpected report of the rifle, and sought shelter in the body of the canoe, not one of them using a paddle, and nothing would induce them to attend to the boat, especially as a second shot had been fired as a quietus, and they could not tell how often the alarming noise might be repeated. They were therefore at the mercy of the powerful stream, and the canoe was whisked round by the eddy and carried against a thick bank of high reeds. They had scarcely touched it when a tremendous commotion took place in the rushes, and in an instant a great bull hippopotamus charged the canoe, and with a severe shock striking the bottom he lifted them half out of the water. The natives who were in the bottom of the boat positively yelled with terror, not knowing whether the shock might not in some way be connected with the dreaded report of the rifle.

A few kicks bestowed by Baker's angry men upon the recumbent boatmen restored them to the perpendicular, and the first thing necessary was to hunt for a lost paddle which was floating down the rapid current. The hippopotamus, proud of having disturbed them, raised his head to take a last view of his enemy, but sunk too rapidly to permit a shot. Crocodile heads of enormous size were to be seen in all directions, and it would have been good sport to these monsters if the bull hippopotamus had been successful in his attempt to capsize the canoe. Baker prevailed upon the boatmen to keep the canoe steady while he made a sketch of the Murchison Falls, which being completed they drifted rapidly down to the landing-place at the deserted fishing-village, and bade adieu to the navigation of the lake and river of Central Africa.

BOOK THREE

BIG GAME OF CENTRAL
AFRICA

And Other Animals, Birds and Reptiles, Found in the
Course of Roosevelt's Travels

CHAPTER XVI

Preparations for the Expedition

MAKING preparations for an African hunting trip would seem to be a tremendously complicated affair, but the tide of travel has set so strongly in that direction during the last ten years that all possible wants are systematically taken care of by European outfitters. Practically the only necessary thing is to write to one of the great London outfitting houses, stating the probable duration of the stay in Africa and the number in the party. With this information they are equipped to deliver to any African port an entire outfit packed for porters in sixty-pound packages, with canvas covers and handles, consisting of all food with the exception of the sugar, flour and like



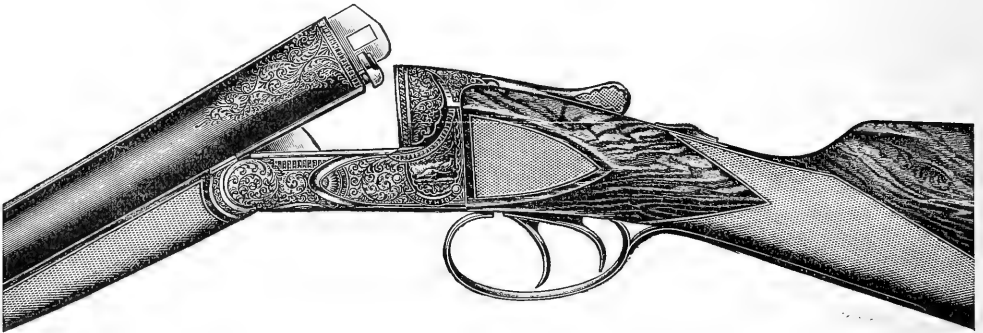
WINCHESTER SPORTING RIFLE

A high power, long range rifle

heavy supplies, which are easily bought at the starting point in Africa. The outfit also contains tents, cutlery, axes, folding bath tubs and in short everything needful except guns and ammunition. These also can be readily procured in London or New York of the proper type and size. What a difference from the days of Livingstone and Stanley! Their difficulties and hardships on account of lack of proper supplies would fill many books.

Mr. Roosevelt found everything ready and waiting for him on his arrival. He had only to disembark with his guns and personal equipment and entrain for the interior, picking up the outfit at Nairobi.

The selection of guns is a serious matter on a trip of this kind. Very often a man's life depends entirely on the accuracy and perfection of this part of the equipment. A defective lock or weak ejector has cost more than one life in the jungle. Most hunters of late years have taken the following assortment: First and most important, of course, is the heavy double barrel .450 (45/100-inch) express rifle, using cordite and usually either soft-nose or explosive bullets. This rifle is used for the largest game, such as elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, etc., when the range is not too great. Next come the lighter guns with smaller bore and greater range. Many hunters prefer the Mannlicher sporting rifle of eight or nine millimeters bore (about as large as a drawing crayon, 33/100 and 35/100 of an inch). Others



FOX DOUBLE BARREL SHOT GUN

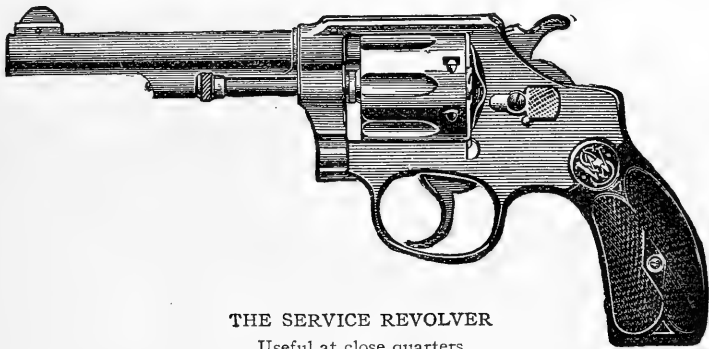
A gun of this same model was made for Mr. Roosevelt

prefer the Winchester. Mr. Roosevelt has used the latter in most of his work. These smaller bore rifles are very useful for the fleet antelope family, zebra, giraffe and the wary and easily frightened gazelles or smaller antelopes. Their range is greater than that of the express and a kill can be made at 1,000 yards or more. In addition to these weapons, a 12-bore repeating shot gun and a service revolver usually suffice to complete the list.

Alterations in guns are sometimes necessary. For instance, Mr. Roosevelt is said to be somewhat color blind. In trying out his rifles it was found that with the regulation gun metal sight he was rather a poor marksman, but when a pink bead had been substituted for this his targets were remarkably good.

A good pair of binoculars with a strap to hang them around the neck is an important detail of the outfit.

After supplies and equipment have been selected and ordered there remains only the matter of securing a *safari* or caravan. This consists of a head man and his head porter, gun bearers, syces or grooms for the riding horses or mules, tent boys or personal servants, cooks and, last but far from least, the porters. These vary in numbers according to the number in the party and the length of the stay in the interior. The Roosevelt party started with more than two hundred. The entire *safari* is native of course and consists usually of Somalis, Swahilis, Kikuyu, Wakamba, Uganda, Matabele, Masai, etc. Of these the Somalis receive the highest wages, as they are superior in every way to the rest. As gun bearers their bravery in a tight place makes



THE SERVICE REVOLVER
Useful at close quarters

them invaluable, and as porters they are able to carry greater weights than any of the other tribes. Mr. R. J. Cunninghame, the leader of Mr. Roosevelt's *safari*, takes exception to the Somalis, however, claiming that punishment is absolutely necessary in handling East African natives. Somalis will not stand beating, and it is difficult to enforce discipline and keep them up to their work without it. The other natives expect beating as part of the day's work and will lie down on order to take their whipping with the heavy *sjambok* or hippopotamus hide whip common to South and East Africa.

These preliminaries having been arranged for Mr. Roosevelt, all that was necessary for him to do on arriving at Mombasa was to take the train on the Uganda Railway to Nairobi, pick up his outfit and begin hunting.

The object of the expedition was primarily to obtain specimens of African game for the Smithsonian Institution, and a number of skilful taxidermists and naturalists accompanied the party for the purpose of preserving and studying the trophies of the trip. It was hoped that the expedition would be fortunate enough to discover several new species and give the world better and more accurate information about those already known.

No preference of course was to be given one species over another except for food purposes. Nevertheless it is only natural that the hunter's interest, as well as the reader's, should turn to the really big game, from which the greatest sport was to be had.

CHAPTER XVII

The Great Thick-skinned Animals

The **Elephant.**—First of all in point of interest comes the elephant, the giant pachyderm, as his family is known to science. Attaining the height of twelve feet at the shoulders and a length of eighteen or nineteen feet, it is indeed an impressive sight to meet even a single elephant in his native forest. His strength is enormous, and the spectacle of whole trees torn up by the roots and broken off close to the ground as a result of a playful moment is an awe-inspiring one.

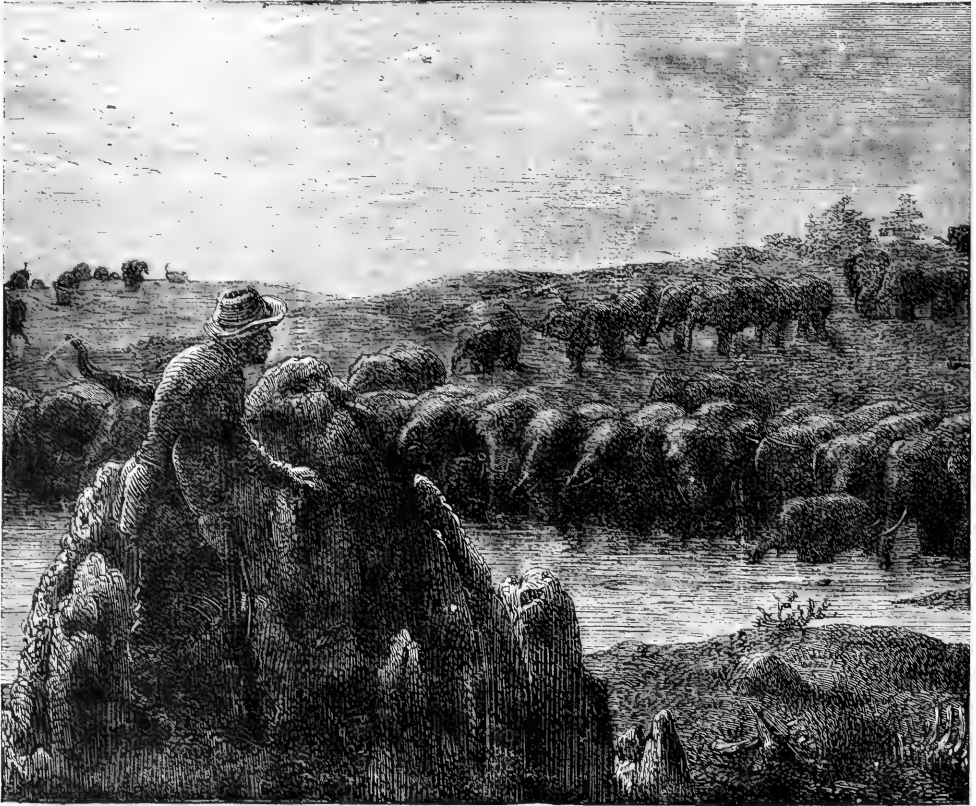
The African elephant differs in some respects from the Asiatic species more commonly seen. His skin is black and nearly destitute of hair and the tail is short with a tufted end. The head is rounder, forehead more convex and ears much larger than in the Asiatic elephant. The latter are very flat, reaching to the legs, and overlapping each other on the top of the neck. Each foot has five toes. The tusks are arched, between eight and nine feet long and weighing about one hundred pounds. The female is upwards of eight feet high and usually provided with tusks about four feet long.

The weight of a full-grown bull elephant is really immense; it may be imagined how wonderfully powerful are the limbs which can carry that weight over the ground at a speed nearly equal to that of a horse.

But nature has taken very good care that these limbs shall not be too weak for their task. Indeed, they are like so many pillars, so massively are they formed, and so firmly planted upon the ground. And, if you take notice, the hind legs have not the peculiar “knee-” joint, as it is often but wrongly called, which we see in the horse, and which would take away very much from the strength of those limbs.

Now, I dare say you will be rather surprised when I tell you

that the elephant, large and heavy though he is, can yet move over the ground, and even through the thick forest, with so silent a tread that you would be quite unable to hear his footfall, even though you might be standing close beside him. Indeed, hunters who have shot many an elephant tell us that the only way in which one can hear the animal moving is by listening for the sound caused by the water



ELEPHANTS DRINKING BY MOONLIGHT

contained in his stomach, which makes a peculiar "swishing" sound as he walks along.

Now, how is this? Here is an immense animal, standing eleven or twelve feet in height, and weighing two or three tons, and yet walking with the silent and stealthy tread of a cat! Are his feet furnished with soft cushions upon the soles, like those of the lion or the tiger? Yes and no, their structure being, however, perfectly different, and yet equally wonderful.

If you could look carefully at the foot of an elephant, you would see that it is encased in a kind of hoof, which protects it from injury upon the ground. But this hoof has other purposes as well, for it must serve to break the shock of the footfall, which must of course result from every step of so heavy a body. And consequently it is formed of a vast number of elastic horny plates and india-rubber-like pads, so that, when the enormous animal treads, its footsteps are nearly as noiseless as those of a cat.

If you have ever ridden upon an elephant, you must have noticed two things. As the animal moves the legs of one side nearly together, the body sways from side to side at each double step. Also, though the elephant is so heavy, and the legs so apparently clumsy, the step is so soft, that the rider not only does not hear it, but actually feels no jar as the foot touches the ground.

This gentle movement is partly due to the elastic plates, which act something like our own steel carriage-springs, but in a different direction, and partly to the pads, which act just like the india-rubber tires of a bicycle-wheel.

Now, if we had never seen an elephant, or a picture of one, and had not even heard the animal described to us, we might very well wonder how so large and bulky an animal, with a neck so short that the mouth could not reach within several feet of the ground, could possibly supply itself with food and drink. If we had been asked to invent a way in which this could be done, we should certainly have failed, for, clever as man is, such a task would be quite beyond his powers.

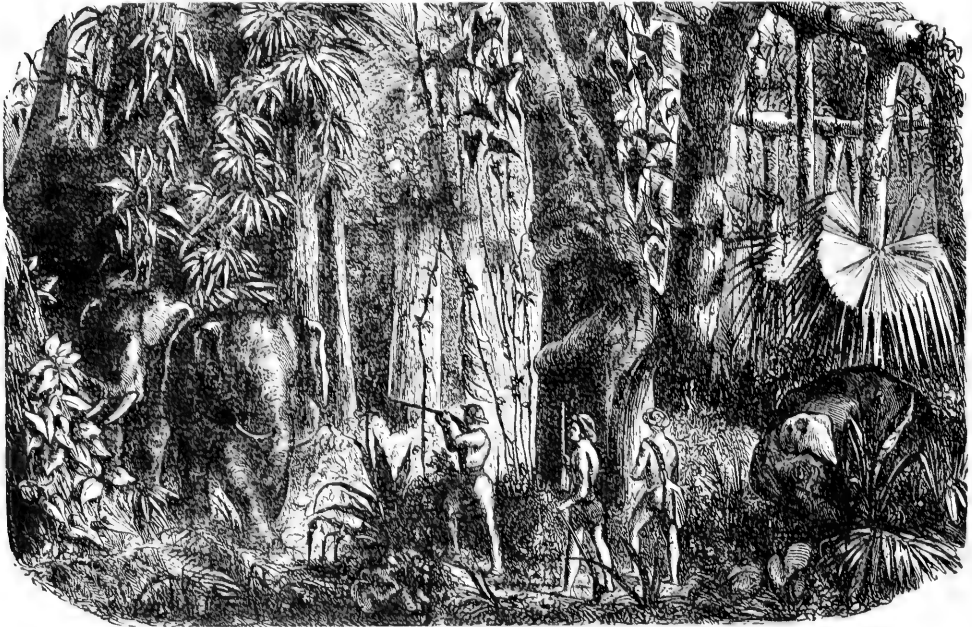
But nature found no difficulty in doing so, for she modified the snout and the upper lip into a long trunk, or proboscis, which is so wonderfully useful that it can be employed for a great variety of purposes. As one writer has very well said, with its trunk the elephant can uproot or shake trees, lift a cannon, or pick up a pin; by its aid it can carry both food and water to the mouth, while, upon a hot day, it can turn the same organ into a shower-bath, and sprinkle its body with cool and refreshing water.

A wonderful organ, indeed, must be the trunk, which can fulfil so many purposes, and one gifted as much with a delicate sense of touch as with great and almost giant strength. And this is in very

truth the case, for the tip of the proboscis is as sensitive as our own fingers, and is, moreover, furnished with two small projections which act in very much the same manner as a finger and thumb.

So powerful are the muscles of the trunk that an elephant can pick up a large and heavy log, raise it high in the air, and hurl it with great force to the ground, although its weight might be so great that a strong man could hardly move it.

Through the whole length of the trunk run the nostrils, and it is



ELEPHANT HUNTING IN THE FOREST

by the aid of these that the elephant is able to drink. When an elephant feels thirsty, he plunges the end of his trunk into the water, and draws in his breath until the nostrils are filled, just in the same manner, in fact, as a syringe is charged by drawing out the handle. Then the trunk is curled up, the tip placed in the mouth, and the water forced down the throat, the process being repeated as often as necessary.

Food is taken in much the same manner, excepting of course, that the nostrils are not employed. Small articles, such as fruit,

leaves, and so on, are picked up by the little finger and thumb-like projections about which I told you, while larger objects are grasped by the trunk itself. I dare say that you have seen an elephant pick up and eat a biscuit; and, if so, you will very well remember the manner in which the trunk carried food to the mouth.

So useful, indeed, is the trunk, that if deprived of its aid, even for a few days only, the elephant would certainly die. His neck is so short that he could obtain neither food or drink, for he could not bend his head to the ground and so procure water, while his long tusks would prevent him from even plucking the leaves which might grow within his reach.

I dare say you will wonder why it is that the neck should be so short and stout. The fact is, that the head, with the teeth and the enormous tusks, is so immensely heavy, that the neck must be very large in order to contain the powerful muscles which are needed to sustain it. This accounts for its great size, and we may also see with equal ease, the reason for its shortness by trying a single experiment.

Mud-Bathers—Elephants.—Nearly every tropical animal, including the tiger, bathes either in water or in mud. Perhaps the best-known mud-bathers are the wild boar, the water-buffalo, and the elephant. The latter has an immense advantage over all other animals, in the use of its trunk for dressing wounds. It is at once a syringe, a powdering-puff and a hand. Water, mud, and dust are the main "applications" used, though it sometimes covers a sun-scorched back with grass or leaves. "Wounded elephants," writes an African explorer, "have marvelous power of recovery when in their wild state, although they have no gifts of surgical knowledge, their simple system being confined to plastering their wounds with mud, or blowing dust upon the surface. Dust and mud comprise the entire pharmacopœia of the elephant, and this is applied upon the most trivial as well as upon the most serious occasions. I have seen them when in a tank plaster up a bullet wound with mud taken from the bottom."

HOW AN ELEPHANT PAYS BACK.—A tame elephant, kept by an officer in India, was suffered to go at large. The animal used to walk about the streets in as quiet and familiar a manner as any of the

inhabitants; and delighted much in visiting the shops, particularly those which sold herbs and fruit, where he was well received, except by a couple of brutal cobblers, who, without any cause, took offense at the generous creature, and once or twice attempted to wound his proboscis with their awls. The noble animal, who knew it was beneath him to crush them, did not disdain to chastise them by other means. He filled his large trunk with a considerable quantity of water, not of the cleanest quality, and advancing to them as usual, covered them at once with a dirty flood. The fools were laughed at, and the punishment applauded.

THE ELEPHANT'S COURAGE.—An elephant, with a good driver, gives, perhaps, the best instance of disciplined courage to be seen in the animal world. Elephants will submit, day after day, to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keepers, and meet danger in obedience to their orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril, and far too great for man to trick them into a belief that there is no risk. No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding. As an example, it is told that a small female elephant was charged by a buffalo, in high grass, and her rider, in the hurry of the moment, and perhaps owing to the sudden stoppage of the elephant, fired an explosive shell from his rifle, not into the buffalo, but into the elephant's shoulder. The wound was so severe, that it had not healed a year later. Yet the elephant stood firm, although it was gored by the buffalo, which was then killed by another gun.

The elephant is usually gregarious and is common in the extensive plains and forests of the interior. Unfortunately they have been hunted down for their ivory during so many years that the supply is diminishing.

There are many ways of hunting an elephant. The most common among sportsmen is to follow the trail on horseback up to within sight of the desired specimen and being careful to ride "up the wind," or so as to keep the wind blowing from the elephants toward the hunter. Their sense of smell is a very keen one and should the wind shift and blow for an instant from the hunter's direction they would be off with squeals of anger and dismay. Due care having been

exercised in this, the sportsman advances through country presenting every variety of feature. He may cross stony ridges and plunge into the heart of shady, tangled forests, traverse fields of waving grass, and reach the open veldt. He must take great care to let no noise or sight of him reach the herd. Should he arrive within range without alarming the intended victim, he may adopt anyone of a number of methods of procedure. Perhaps the country is flat and open and in this case the hunter will probably shoot from the saddle and trust to his horse to escape the charge of the wounded elephant in case the first shot fails to kill, as often happens. In the forest or in very rough ground, however, a horse is worse than useless and is sent to the rear, the shooting being done on foot and the men taking advantage of the trees and dense underbrush to escape should the elephant sight them. In any case this animal is one of the most dangerous and the sight of a wounded elephant, furious with rage and pain, charging down is one never to be forgotten should the adventurous huntsman survive to tell the tale.

Having taken up the desired position the hunter awaits a favorable opportunity and then tries to shoot the elephant either in the forehead between the eyes or just back of the foreshoulder, as many times as possible. Should one of these shots take effect, the elephant will fall, but often a great many shots are necessary because of the thick tough skin.

A FAMOUS HUNTER TELLS THIS THRILLING STORY.

“On the 27th, as day dawned, I left my shooting-hole, and proceeded to inspect the spoor of my wounded rhinoceros. After following it for some distance I came to an abrupt hillock, and fancying that from the summit a good view might be obtained of the surrounding country, I left my followers to seek the spoor, while I ascended. I did not raise my eyes from the ground until I had reached the highest pinnacle of rock. I then looked east, and to my inexpressible gratification, beheld a troop of nine or ten elephants quietly browsing within a quarter of a mile of me. I allowed myself only one glance at them, and then rushed down to warn my followers to be silent. A council of war was hastily held, the result of which was my ordering Isaac to

ride hard to camp, with instructions to return as quickly as possible, accompanied by Kleinboy, and to bring me my dogs, the large Dutch rifle, and a fresh horse. I once more ascended the hillock to feast my eyes upon the enchanting sight before me, and, drawing out my spy-glass, narrowly watched the motions of the elephants. The herd consisted entirely of females, several of which were followed by small calves.

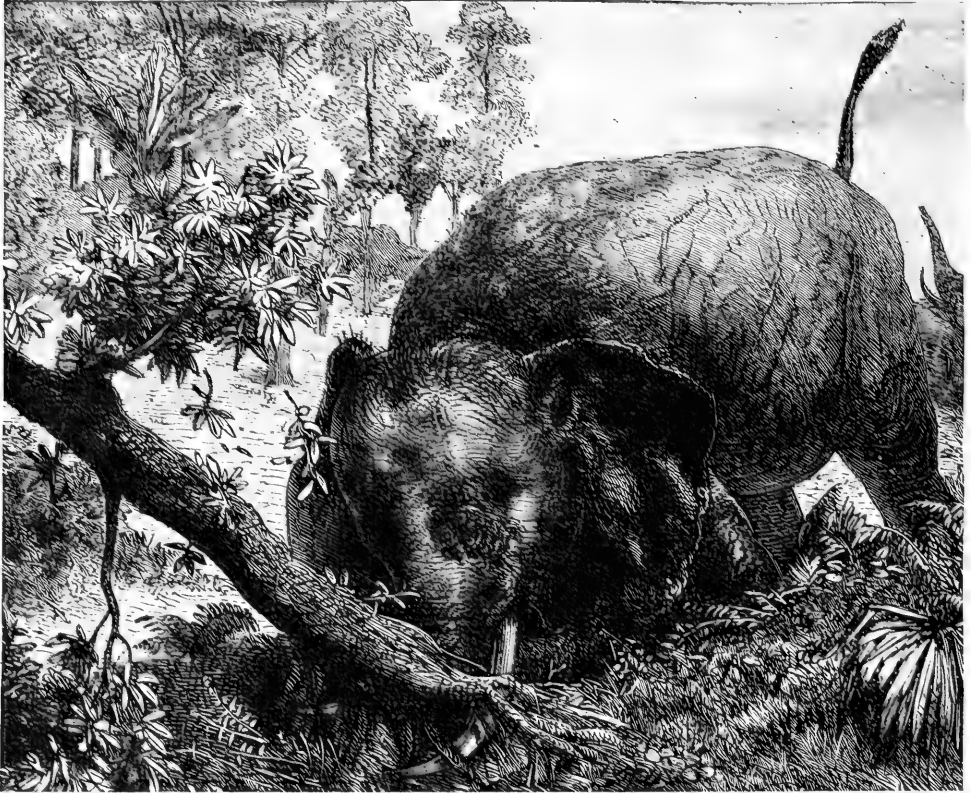
"Presently, on reconnoitering the surrounding country, I discovered a second herd, consisting of five bull elephants, which were quietly feeding about a mile to the northward. The cows were feeding toward a rocky ridge that stretched away from the base of the hillock on which I stood. Burning with impatience to commence the attack, I resolved to try the stalking system with these, and to hunt the troop of bulls with dogs and horses. Having thus decided, I directed the guides to watch the elephants from the summit of the hillock, and with a beating heart I approached them. The ground and wind favoring me, I soon gained the rocky ridge toward which they were feeding. They were now within one hundred yards, and I resolved to enjoy the pleasure of watching their movements for a little before I fired. They continued to feed slowly toward me, breaking the branches from the trees with their trunks, and eating the leaves and tender shoots. I soon selected the finest in the herd, and kept my eye on her in particular. At length two of the troop had walked slowly past at about sixty yards, and the one which I had selected was feeding with two others, on a thorny tree before me.

"My hand was now as steady as the rock on which it rested; so, taking a deliberate aim, I let fly at her head, a little behind the eye. She got it hard and sharp, just where I aimed, but it did not seem to affect her much. Uttering a loud cry, she wheeled about, when I gave her the second ball close behind the shoulder. All the elephants uttered a strange rumbling noise, and made off in a line to the northward at a brisk ambling pace, their huge, fan-like ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. I did not wait to load, but ran back to the hillock to obtain a view. On gaining its summit, the guides pointed out the elephants: they were standing in a grove of shady trees, but the wounded one was some distance behind with another elephant, doubt-

less its particular friend, who was endeavoring to assist it. These elephants had probably never before heard the report of a gun, and, having neither seen nor smelt me, they were unaware of the presence of man, and did not seem inclined to go any further. Presently my men hove in sight, bringing the dogs; and when these came up, I waited some time before commencing the attack, that the dogs and horses might recover their wind. We then rode slowly toward the elephants, and had advanced within two hundred yards of them when, the ground being open, they observed us and made off in an easterly direction; but the wounded one immediately dropped astern, and the next moment was surrounded by the dogs, which, barking angrily, seemed to engross all her attention.

“Having placed myself between her and the retreating troop, I dismounted to fire, within forty yards of her, in open ground. Colesberg was extremely afraid of the elephants, and gave me much trouble, jerking my arm when I tried to fire. At length I let fly; but, on endeavoring to regain my saddle, Colesberg declined to allow me to mount; and when I tried to lead him, and run for it, he only backed toward the wounded elephant. At this moment I heard another elephant close behind; and looking about, I beheld the “friend,” with uplifted trunk, charging down upon me at top speed, shrilly trumpeting, and following an old black pointer named Schwart, that was perfectly deaf and trotted along before the enraged elephant quite unaware of what was behind him. I felt certain that she would have either me or my horse. I, however, determined not to relinquish my steed, but to hold on by the bridle. My men, who, of course, kept at a safe distance, stood aghast with their mouths open, and for a few seconds my position was certainly not an enviable one. Fortunately, however, the dogs took off the attention of the elephants; and just as they were upon me, I managed to spring into the saddle, where I was safe. As I turned my back to mount, the elephants were so very near that I really expected to feel one of their trunks lay hold of me. I rode up to Kleinboy for my double-barreled two-grooved rifle: he and Isaac were pale and almost speechless with fright. Returning to the charge, I was soon once more alongside and, firing from the saddle, I sent another brace of bullets into the wounded elephant. Colesberg was extremely unsteady, and destroyed the correctness of my aim.

"The friend now seemed resolved to do some mischief, and charged me furiously, pursuing me to a distance of several hundred yards. I therefore deemed it proper to give her a gentle hint to act less officiously, and, accordingly, having loaded, I approached within thirty yards, and gave it her sharp, right and left, behind the shoulder, upon which she at once made off with drooping trunk, evidently with a mortal wound. I never recur to this day's elephant shooting without



AN ELEPHANT ROOTING UP A TREE

regretting my folly in contenting myself with securing only one elephant. The first was now dying, and could not leave the ground, and the second was also mortally wounded, and I had only to follow and finish her; but I foolishly allowed her to escape, while I amused myself with the first, which kept walking backward, and standing by every tree she passed. Two more shots finished her: on receiving them, she

tossed her trunk up and down two or three times, and, falling on her broadside against a thorny tree, which yielded like grass before her enormous weight, she uttered a deep, hoarse cry, and expired. This was a very handsome old cow elephant, and was decidedly the best in the troop. She was in excellent condition, and carried a pair of long and perfect tusks. I was in high spirits at my success, and felt so perfectly satisfied with having killed one, that, although it was still early in the day, and my horses were fresh, I allowed the troop of five bulls to remain unmolested, foolishly trusting to fall in with them next day."

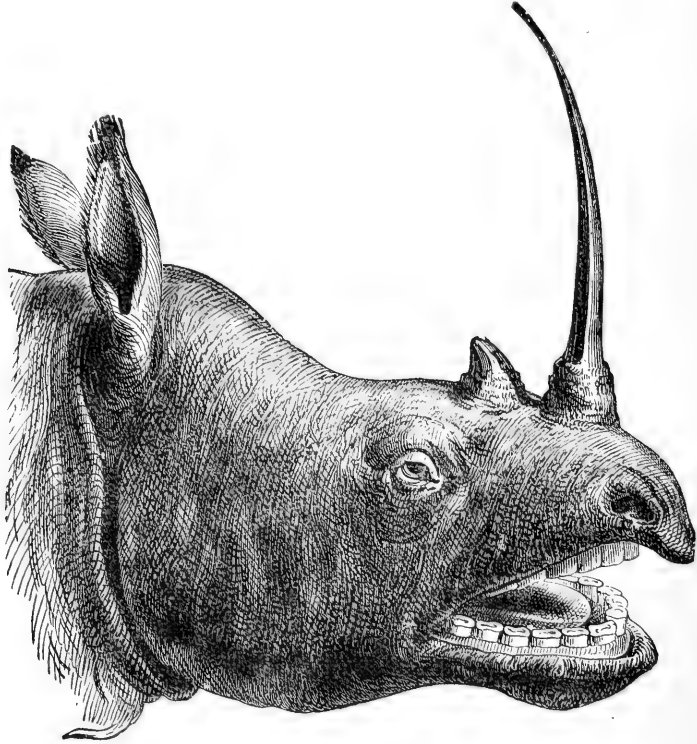
A herd of elephants is one of the most impressive sights known. To look down in a valley on a herd of two or three hundred, as is not unusual—every height and knoll dotted over with groups of them, while the bottom of the valley is filled with a dense and noble, living mass, is truly a marvelous sight. Their colossal forms at one moment are partially concealed by the trees which they are disfiguring with giant strength; and at another seen majestically emerging into the open glades bearing in their trunks the branches of trees with which they indolently protect themselves from the flies.

The African elephant has never been domesticated as his Indian cousin has. Many good stories are told of the bravery, high intelligence and affection of elephants in India. Kipling tells us of "elephants a pilin' teak," and it is a familiar sight in a lumber yard. In tiger hunting they are fearless and invaluable. Some there are so noted for their skill and reliability that they are reserved for royal sportsmen. However, the barbarous tribes of Africa have never dreamed of the possibility of rendering this lord of the jungle serviceable in a domestic capacity; and even among the colonists there exists an unaccountable superstition that his subjugation is not to be accomplished. In India elephants become very adept at the catching and breaking of wild elephants, and were this method adopted in Africa and the native animal domesticated and used against other big game, it would become one of the greatest sports in the world.

Once killed the elephant is of no use except for the ivory of his tusks. The natives and some Europeans, however, esteem elephant steak and baked elephant's feet great luxuries. The tusks are em-

bedded in massive sockets spreading over the greater portion of the face, and the operation of hewing them out with an axe usually occupies several hours. A female with tusks is an African oddity unknown in India.

The Rhinoceros.—The elephant, as the largest animal known, is entitled to first consideration, but the rhinoceros is a worthy rival from a sportsman's viewpoint. Upwards of six feet high at the



HEAD OF A RHINOCEROS

shoulders and about thirteen feet in extreme length, it is a ridiculous, yet awe-inspiring, sight to watch one charging along with short stubby tail angrily erect, the big ungainly body supported on short and seemingly inadequate legs. The head is large and long with small eyes placed well on the side. Their sight is very poor and this fact has saved many a man's life who had the presence of mind to lie down when facing a charge. However, their scent is so keen that it nearly compensates for the poor eyesight. The rhinoceros is bad tempered

and resentful of interference. He usually charges a man on sight, and his enormous weight and strength, coupled with the two short horns on his snout, render him one of the most dangerous species of African game. The muzzle is long and somewhat flat and from this the two horns project, placed one behind the other and varying in length. Several men have been tossed on these deadly horns and by some miracle lived to tell the tale. All were badly crippled. The animal rarely fails to kill and mangle beyond recognition any hunter who either through an accident or nervousness misses his shot. There is a well known and authentic story of one terrible attack by a rhino. While a gang of twenty-one slaves was being taken down to the coast chained neck to neck, a big rhino took out of the bush and impaled the center man on his horn, breaking the necks of all the others by the suddenness of the shock.

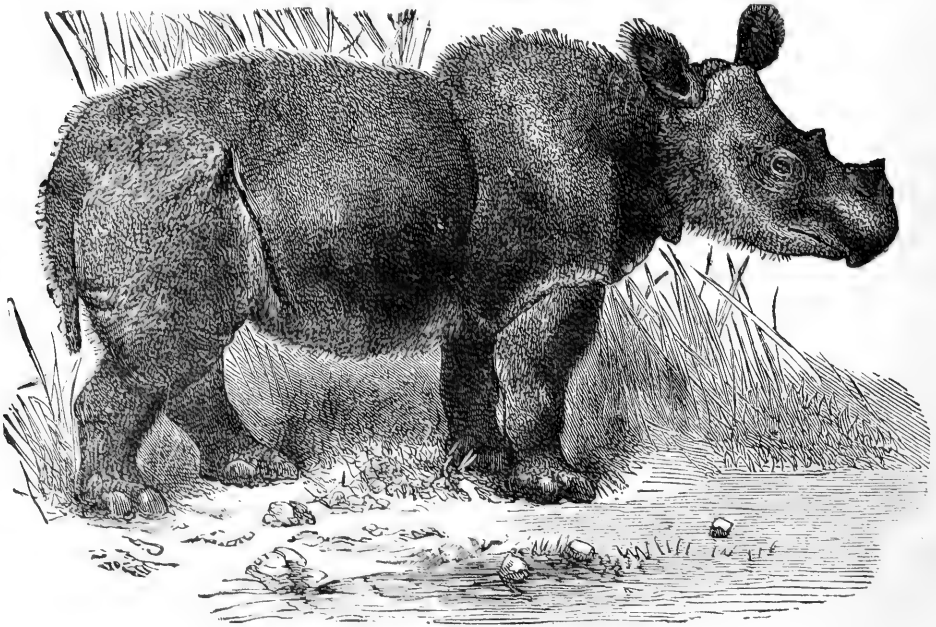
Rhinoceros are difficult to kill, as soft-nose bullets merely splash out on their thick, naked hides. Here again the big .450 express rifle with its steel-jacketed bullets is invaluable. The brownish-black skin, rugged but without folds, makes a good target, and a shot either just behind the foreshoulder or in the curve between the neck and shoulder is apt to prove fatal.

MR. CUMMING TELLS THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING STORY OF BEING
CHASED BY A RHINOCEROS.

“On the 22d, says Mr. Cumming, ordering my men to move on toward a fountain in the center of the plain, I rode forth with Ruyter, and held east through a grove of lofty and wide-spreading mimosas, most of which were more or less damaged by the gigantic strength of a troop of elephants, which had passed there about twelve months before. Having proceeded about two miles with large herds of game on every side, I observed a crusty-looking, old bull borèlé, or black rhinoceros, cocking his ears one hundred yards in advance. He had not observed us; and soon after he walked slowly toward us, and stood broadside to, eating some wait-a-bit thorns within fifty yards of me. I fired from my saddle, and sent a bullet in behind his shoulder, upon which he rushed forward about one hundred yards in tremendous consternation, blowing like a grampus, and then stood looking about

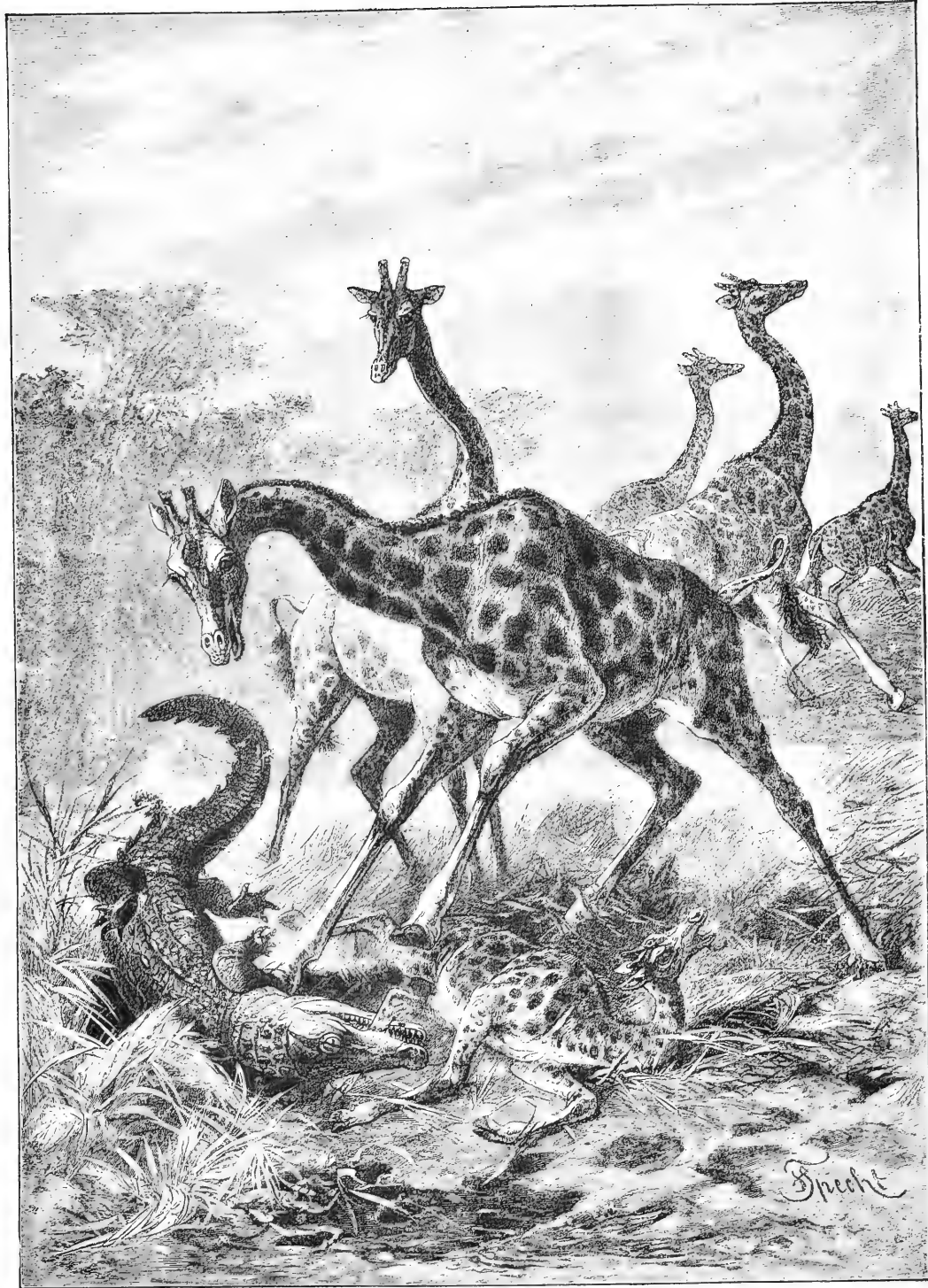
him. Presently he made off. I followed, but found it hard to come up with him. When I overtook him I saw the blood running freely from his wound.

"The chase led through a large herd of blue wildebeests, zebras, and springboks, which gazed at us in utter amazement. At length I fired my second barrel, but my horse was fidgety, and I missed. I continued riding alongside of him, expecting in my ignorance that at length he would come to bay, which rhinoceroses never do; when sud-



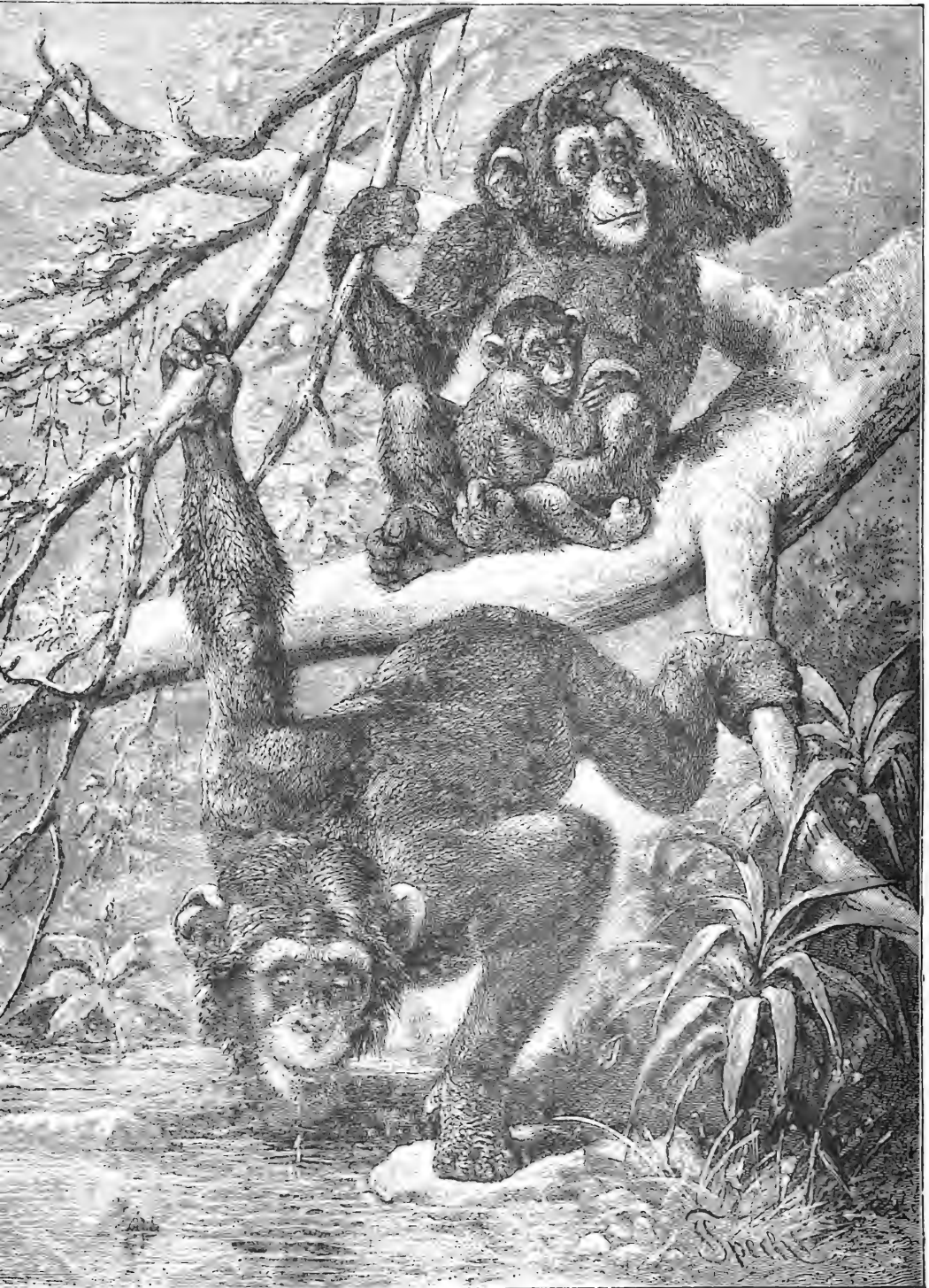
A KIND OF GAME THAT NETS COULD NOT STOP

denly he fell flat on his broadside on the ground, but recovering his feet, resumed his course as if nothing had happened. Becoming at last annoyed at the length of the chase, as I wished to keep my horses fresh for the elephants, and being indifferent whether I got the rhinoceros or not, as I observed that his horn was completely worn down with age and the violence of his disposition, I determined to bring matters to a crisis; so, spurring my horse, I dashed ahead, and rode right in his path. Upon this, the hideous monster instantly charged me in the most resolute manner, blowing loudly through his nostrils;



GIRAFFE IN THE LAGOON FIGHTING FOR HER YOUNG

The Giraffe is found only in Africa. Its height is from 13 to 18 feet. Its beautiful long neck enables it to browse on the leaves of the trees. It fights with its feet



A CHIMPANZEE FAMILY

The Chimpanzee is an Ape and native of Western Africa. It lives in caves and under rocks in large bands, and fights with great fury



CROCODILES FIGHTING

One of the dreaded reptiles of Africa. Resembles the alligator, which is found in America. The Crocodile feeds on fish, dogs and other animals which it surprises in the water



ANT-EATERS FIGHTING

These animals dig out ants, which they dig out of the ant hills with their short legs and long claws, and then they carry them into their mouth with their curious long tape-like tongues

and, although I quickly wheeled about to my left, he followed me at such a furious pace for several hundred yards, with his horrid horny snout within a few yards of my horse's tail, that my little Bushman, who was looking on in great alarm, thought his master's destruction inevitable. It was certainly a very near thing; my horse was extremely afraid, and exerted his utmost energies on the occasion. The rhinoceros, however, wheeled about, and continued his former course; and I, being perfectly satisfied with the interview which I had already enjoyed with him, had no desire to cultivate his acquaintance any further, and accordingly made for camp."

When pursued, the animal dashes through the forest with tremendous speed, and marks its path by the dead trees which it brings to the ground, and the broken boughs which lie scattered in every direction. The havoc made by a cannon shot in passing through the timbers of a line-of-battle ship may give some idea of the kind of destruction accomplished by the rhinoceros in its headlong course. It is not easily overtaken; nor is it easily surprised, for it is protected, as we have said, by its keenness of scent and hearing. It can discern the approach of an enemy from a considerable distance; and it is well for it that these senses are so powerful, inasmuch as, owing to the smallness and deep-set position of its eyes, its range of vision is exceedingly limited. It is said that it is also assisted by the warnings of a bird, the *Buphaga Africana*, which frequently accompanies the rhinoceros, and seems to be animated by a strong feeling of attachment for its unwieldy friend, and indicates the approach of danger by a signal-cry.

Like most of the tropical animals, the rhinoceros rests or slumbers during the day. At nightfall, it proceeds to the nearest lake or river to quench its thirst, and, by wallowing in the mud, to cover itself with a coat of clay as a protection against insects. Then it sallies forth on a foraging expedition, and in the course of the night covers a considerable extent of grounds. At sunrise it retires again to rest, and under the shade of a rock or a tree sleeps through the hot hours of the tropical day, either standing erect, or stretched out at full length.

The organs of scent of the rhinoceros are very acute, and as the creature seems to have a peculiar faculty for detecting the presence

of human beings, it is necessary for the hunters to use the greatest circumspection when they approach it, whether to avoid or to kill, as in the one case it may probably be taken with a sudden fit of fury, and charge at them, or in the other case, it may take the alarm and escape.

The upper lip is used by the rhinoceros as an instrument to seize or hold things fast, or with which it can grasp the herbage on which it feeds, or pick up small fruit from the ground. A tame rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens will take a piece of bun or biscuit from a visitor's hand by means of the flexible upper lip.

ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS IN BATTLE.—As we have spoken of the three great pachyderms and how each is so strong and mighty by itself—what would they do, were they to come together to dispute each other's path? As you know, the mighty pachyderms of Africa, the elephant, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, are pure vegetarians, and hence demand a large pasture-land uninhabited by other animals. When once they find such a place they guard it with jealous care from the intrusion of others. The hippopotamus has a great advantage over the elephant and rhinoceros in this respect, because he can get sufficient food from the plants which grow in the rivers and marshes. Other animals which might seek the same food flee at sight of this wild beast and leave him unmolested. The elephant and rhinoceros, on the other hand, are often compelled, by scarcity of food and other causes, to change their homes. It is a well-known fact that the elephant starts on long wanderings in quest of new pastures, usually traveling in parties of from six to fifteen. The rhinoceros seeks green marshy land in the same way, but with this difference, that, with the exception of the mating season, this grim old beast lives by himself a sort of hermit life. Now, when two such mighty and powerful animals as the elephant and the rhinoceros meet one another in their journeyings, one can imagine what a fierce battle is sure to follow. The rhinoceros usually begins with an attack upon his huge adversary. The elephant is much stronger and larger than the rhinoceros, but the latter, in spite of his clumsy body, is very quick in his movements, and often runs under the elephant, severely wounding him in the stomach with his horn. When these two animals fall upon each other in this hostile manner, the victorious one is usually the one which

can best dodge the attacks of his foe. They usually pursue each other in a clumsy gallop, round and round, in a large circle, until the ground shakes beneath them. If the elephant succeeds in making use of his long tusks, the fate of the rhinoceros is sealed, for as soon as the elephant has speared his enemy he stamps him to the ground with his heavy feet, then tries to render him harmless by destroying his head, and usually departs leaving a mangled carcass on the field.

A peculiarity is noticed about the rhinoceros found in the forest. The upper lip hangs over and down in front a short distance. This is known as a *prehensile* lip and is not found in the rhino of the plains.

An animal which is becoming very scarce and consequently desirable is Burchell's white rhinoceros. The color is a dirty brownish-white and except that it is much larger than the black rhino and the front horn is longer, the general description is the same as are its habits. Mr. Roosevelt was particularly anxious to secure a specimen of this species, as their rapid extinction makes it improbable that they will last more than a few years longer, in spite of the game laws which are being made more and more rigid.

The Hippopotamus.—Next among the pachyderm family and in the hunter's estimation, comes the hippopotamus, the *river horse* of the ancients, though there is hardly any basis for the name save that it lives chiefly in or near the water.

Not as large as the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus stands from four to five feet high at the shoulders and is from ten to eleven feet long.

Hippo shooting is considered good sport. The hunter rarely ever secures an easy shot as the animals are found chiefly in the water and almost entirely submerged. Further than that, the skin, which is pinkish-brown in color, is so hard and thick that a shot must be very accurately placed to take effect. Its skin is naked, thick, and penetrated by pores which exude or give out a thick, fatty liquid, which may perhaps be useful to it while in the water. The front part of the head is massive, and broader than that of any other living quadruped; the nostrils are comparatively small slits, which are closed and water-tight during the frequent dives beneath the surface of the water; the eyes are prominent, and placed far back in the head; and the ears are so short that they look as if they had been cropped.

The best time to hunt hippo is at night and the place a "run" or path by which they go to water. There are flattened places on the banks often where the big ugly brutes come out to roll. The easiest and best thing to do is to climb a tree before moonrise near this run or rolling place and wait until the hippo's peculiar tooting challenge is heard or the noise of the great beast crashing through the forest or pounding along the run. This is the best sort of an opportunity to get a specimen, as, if the shooting has to be done from an island or from the bank on foot, a charge by the hippo may result very seriously.



A BATTLE BETWEEN A BUFFALO AND A HIPPOPOTAMUS

Though the enormous ungainly body is carried on very short legs, it is capable of considerable speed for a short distance on land and of swimming with perfect ease, and not only the rush but an attack with the heavy tusks placed on both sides of the big, thick, square head is to be feared.

Hippos are comparatively numerous, and Mr. Cunninghame will undoubtedly take care that Mr. Roosevelt secures at least one specimen. The tusks are much valued as trophies, and the natives are very fond of the flesh. Another familiar use of the hippo in South and East Africa is to supply the hide for making the *sjambok*, the terrible

African whip used on oxen and natives alike. It may be well to mention here that the ox is the draft animal universally used, as the dread tsetse fly which is found in many sections, is deadly to horses and almost as bad for mules. Oxen, however, seem to be more nearly immune. In Uganda, however, even the ox is barred out, and natives as porters are the only carriers possible.

A DUEL.—A traveler was witness to a duel between two male hippopotami which he records thus:

“It was broad day; and, hidden on the river bank, I had been watching for some time the gambols of a herd of these animals, when all of a sudden two of the largest rose to the surface and rushed at each other. Their great hideous jaws were extended wide open, their eyes flaming with rage, each one seeming bent on the destruction of his enemy. They seized each other with their jaws; they stabbed and punched with their strong tusks, by turns advancing and retreating, now at the top of the water and sometimes at the bottom of the river. The foam-beaten waves were stained with their blood, and their furious roars were frightful to listen to. They showed very little tact in their movements, but on the other hand they exhibited piggish obstinacy in maintaining their ground, and frightful savageness in their demeanor. The combat lasted for an hour. Evidently they were mutually operating upon armor too hard to admit of their wounds being very dangerous. At last one of them turned his back on his enemy and went away, leaving the other victorious and master of the field of battle.”

The Zebra.—Still following the family of pachyderms, we come to the zebra. This curious animal might be called a cousin of the jackass so nearly alike is it in shape and general characteristics. It stands about four feet high at the shoulder and eight feet long. In shape it is light and symmetrical, with slender legs and small feet terminating in a solid hoof. The head is light and bony with ass-like ears. The tail is blackish and tufted at the end. Here, however, the resemblance to the above-mentioned animal ceases. The ground color of the hair is white, and the whole body, with the exception of the under side of the belly and the inside of the thighs, is covered with narrow black bands placed wider or closer together. The mane is

erect and bushy, alternately banded with black and white, as are the ears. On the face are brown stripes terminating in a bay nose. Another oddity is the bare spot on each of the four legs just above the knee. The female zebra is similar but smaller.

The true zebra inhabits the hilly districts of Southern Africa, and is remarkable for its beauty and fierce and untamable nature. It is by far the most conspicuous and most beautiful of the horse tribe. The stripes which distinguish it from the ordinary asses are remarkably like those of the tiger in their arrangement. Those on its legs are horizontal, while those of its body are for the most part vertical.

The zebra resembles the horse in its symmetry of shape, but is much handsomer in appearance,—its white body being elegantly marked with narrow bands of black. It was called the tiger-ass, by the ancients. It is a shy, wary, and obstinate animal; but there seems no reason why it should not be domesticated and made useful. In its native regions it prefers the loneliest and wildest localities, where it grazes, along with its fellows, on the steep declivities; sentinels being posted on the most elevated rocks to give notice of the approach of an enemy.

The signal is a loud, melancholy neigh, whereupon, with pricked ears and tails whisked to and fro, the whole herd gallops off to some remote spot. Strange to say, it permits the gnou to occupy the same feeding-grounds, and troops of gnoos and zebras generally mingle in one immense herd.

Burchell's Zebra.—Another variety of this species is known as Burchell's zebra. This animal is a little larger than the common species, standing about four feet six inches and with an extreme length of eight feet six inches. The body is round and supported on sturdy legs. The crest is arched and surmounted by a standing mane five inches high and blended black and white. In contrast with the preceding species, the tail and ears are like those of a horse. The tail is thirty-five inches long, flowing and white. The muzzle is black and the coat short and glossy. In further contrast to the common zebra, the ground color of the coat is sienna or reddish brown, irregularly banded with black and deep brown transverse stripes forming various figures. The belly and legs are pure white.

Burchell's zebra or the yellow and black variety is found in great numbers north of the Orange River; and, seldom congregating in herds of fewer than eighty or a hundred, it abounds to a great extent in all the districts included between that noble stream and the southern tropic. Occupying the same regions and delighting in the same pastures as the brindled gnoo, it is rarely to be seen unless in the companionship of that fantastic animal, whose presence would seem to be almost indispensable to its happiness. It is singular enough that the members of two families so perfectly foreign to each other should display so great a predilection for each other's society, uniformly intermixing as they do, and herding in bonds of the closest friendship. Fierce, strong, fleet, and surpassingly beautiful, there is, perhaps, no quadruped in the creation, not even excepting the mountain zebra, more splendidly attired, or presenting a picture of more singularly attractive beauty, than this free-born child of the desert.

It may be seen from this description how beautiful an animal this is. Unfortunately Burchell's species is not plentiful, and a sportsman is extremely lucky who secures one. It is easier to kill than the ordinary variety, as it is found chiefly on the plains, whereas the other inhabits the mountain slopes. The favorite method of hunting them is on horseback. If the rider can not get close enough for a standing shot he can run them down and get a shot in that way. It is dangerous and exciting work to ride a horse at full speed over the African plains. The going is usually rough and the holes and burrows not infrequent. Should the pony put his foot in a wart-hog hole, it is apt to result in a broken leg for him or at least a bad spill for his rider, and if the animal he is chasing is a dangerous one, it may also charge the hunter in this embarrassing predicament and turn the bad spill into a tragedy. However, this risk is all in the game of African hunting and must be discounted to thoroughly enjoy the sport. The two animals noted above are so like the horse that a word in regard to this well known and faithful servant will not seem out of place.

The Horse.—If we were to search through the animal kingdom for a creature which would be able to run with the speed of a deer, to carry a man for many miles upon its back, or to draw heavy weights behind it, could we possibly find one more suitable for all these purposes

than the horse, or can we even imagine one which would be of greater value? What would we do without horses? How could we cultivate our fields, and how carry goods between places which are not connected by a railway? And how, without him, would be performed the many other duties which no animal can so well fulfil?

It really seems as though nature had seen how useful a servant the horse might be to man, and, therefore, carefully modified his structure in order that he might be of the greatest possible use to us. She has given him both fleetness and strength. She has even formed his very back as though for the purpose of wearing the saddle, and his mouth as though for holding the bit, and has, moreover, gifted him with intelligence which shows him what he is required to do, and enables him to perform his work to the best of his ability.

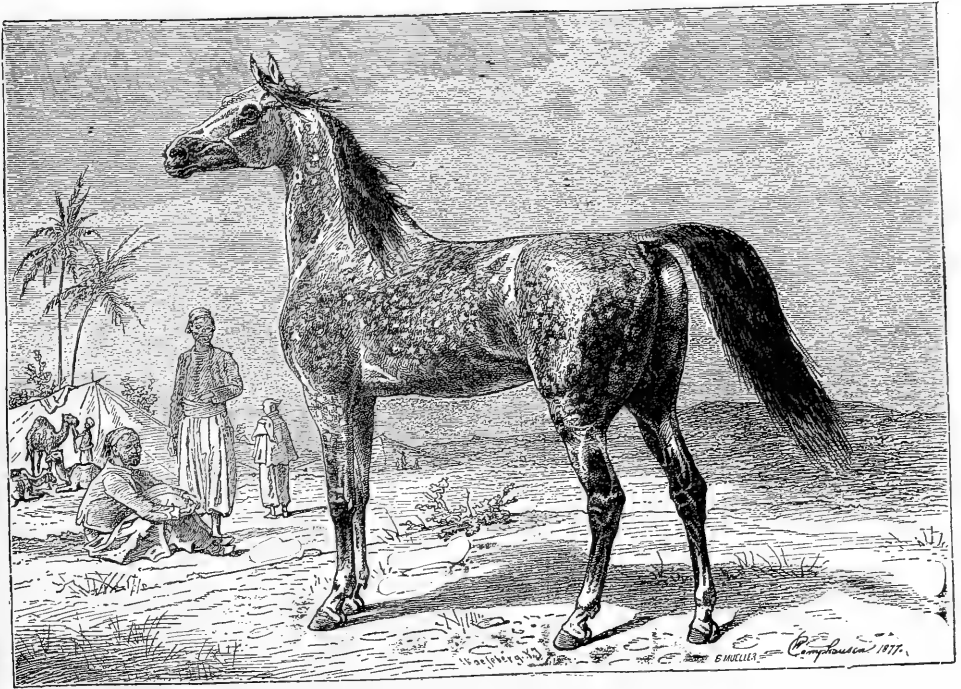
It is necessary to understand the way in which the leg of the horse is formed, for that is really the most important part of his frame. Without most carefully formed limbs he could never run with any great speed; no matter how powerful his body might be, his strength would be useless to him unless his legs were so formed as to enable him to use it; and, even more important still, perhaps, by the structure of his limbs alone can he be saved from the evil effects of the shock which would be caused at every step when he happened to be passing over hard and stony soil. And so, as his legs are very important to him, it is only natural to suppose that we shall find that they are formed in some peculiar manner.

Now, the hoof of the horse is very different from the nails of our own hands, though made of the same material. Much larger in size, it actually surrounds and encases the foot with a horny covering, thus protecting it from the many injuries with which it would otherwise meet. A horse, even when he is free and untamed, travels over many different kinds of ground, some of which are sprinkled with sharp flints, and others with piercing thorns, and, if his feet were not furnished with some hard and strong covering, the poor animal would certainly be lamed before very long.

Many people think that the hoof is only a solid mass of horn; but, it is not so at all. Besides possessing all the elastic springs, it is so formed that it is equally useful for standing and running alike upon

hard and soft ground, for traveling over rocks and stones, and for climbing steep ascents, over which it would seem impossible that such an animal as the horse could ever pass. If you could examine a horse which had never been touched by the shoer or blacksmith, you would find that there is not only an outer ring of horn, but also an inner cushion, called the "frog," which rests upon the ground, and gives the foot a wonderfully secure hold.

A horse which has never been shod can gallop over ice and never



THE HORSE—AN ARAB STEED

Noted for its beauty, strength, speed and its affection for its master

slip, and can climb the side of a steep mountain which man himself can scarcely ascend. He can travel for scores of miles over the roughest and hardest ground, or can live in a soft and marshy district in which his feet sink deeply into the soil at almost every step. And yet, although they are in continual use, his hoofs will never wear out faster than they are renewed by nature; and, if we could examine them on the day of the horse's death, we should find that they were just as sound and useful as when their owner was but just beginning life.

There is really no need for horses to be shod at all. They would work far better without shoes of any kind, and all who have made the experiment have found that such is really the case, and that their horses are improved in every way by having their hoofs allowed to grow as nature intended them. What the shoer does is to cut away the frog of the foot which ought to rest upon the ground, and so to throw all the weight upon the outer part of the hoof. Then a rigid piece of iron is nailed to the outer rim, so that all the beautiful elastic thin layers are prevented from working, while the hoof itself is split and damaged by the nails, and the animal is obliged to lift a needless weight at every step.

This last may seem a small matter, and so it would be if the horse were only to travel for a short distance; but, when he has to cover many miles of ground with a rider upon his back, or to drag a heavy load behind him, the weight of the shoes adds very much to the work of the animal. Why, supposing that each foot is put to the ground only once in every six yards, and that each shoe weighs but four ounces, the horse has even then to lift rather more than two hundred and ninety-three pounds of extra weight for every mile he travels; so that, in a twelve-mile journey, he would thus have altogether to raise more than a ton and a half, owing to the weight of his shoes alone!

Nature would never be so careless as to form the foot of one of her servants in such a manner that it would be in danger of wearing out if it were not protected by an iron covering. She never allows any part of the frame of any of her servants to wear out from use, but forms all the tools which she makes in such a manner that they are always fit for service, and ready to perform the full amount of work which is required of them. And this rule she has not broken in the hoof of the horse, which is one of the many wonderful instances of the perfection which is to be found in every tool formed by the hand of nature.

In breaking the shock of the footfall, the hoof is very greatly assisted by the manner in which the bones of the leg are set upon one another.

In order to explain this to you, however, I must ask you how

you yourself place your legs when you are leaping off a wall or a bank? Do you keep them perfectly stiff and straight, or do you bend them at the ankle, the knee, and the hip?

Why, the latter, of course. If you were to straighten them, and alight upon the soles of your feet, you would jar your body most dreadfully, and would very likely do yourself some very severe injury. But, by bending your limbs, the force of the blow which your feet receive has first to travel in one direction to your ankles, then in another to your knees, then back again to your hips, and, finally, forwards and upwards towards the head, so that it is broken no less than ~~before it reaches your brain~~. If you cannot quite understand this, experiment for yourself by jumping off a chair and alight upon the floor.

Man does not spend most of their lives in jumping, as a rule, that the brain receives but a very slight jar. And so the human skeleton, when at rest, possesses the power of bending at the joints when required. The horse, however, is very differently made, for his body is much heavier, and his gallop is, in fact, nothing but a succession of jumps, so to speak; and thus it is necessary that his bones should be set, not upright upon each other, but at an angle, so that the jar caused by each footstep may be broken before it can travel to the brain.

Once more, as the horse is a very strong animal, and can undergo violent exertion for a very long time, his chest is broad and deep, so that plenty of room may be provided for large and powerful lungs.

Every care, therefore, has been taken by nature to make the horse both a swift and a strong animal, and so it is well suited to be the servant of man. But he has found that he has so much work of different sorts to be done that it cannot be all performed by the same kind of animals. He may want to ride for long distances at very great speed, and so his horse must be formed something like a greyhound, slight and active, and able easily to bear the weight of its rider. But, then, he also wants his carriage to be drawn along the roads and his plow through the fields, and this cannot be done by the same horse. A race-horse is not heavy enough to plow, and a plow-horse is not

swift enough to race, while the carriage-horse ought to have some of the qualities of each, and to be more sturdy than the former, but swifter than the latter.

And so man, by carefully selecting those animals which seem best suited to the different kinds of labor, and keeping each strictly to its special work, has obtained what we call the various *breeds* of horses, just as he has the breeds of dogs. He has, in fact, carried on nature's work, and, as we may say, has obtained three assistants in place of one, for the race-horse, the carriage-horse, and the dray-horse are so unlike one another that we might almost consider them to be different animals, if we did not happen to know the manner in which they had been obtained.

The Quagga.—Another member of this interesting family is the quagga, an animal much like Burchell's zebra. The height at the shoulders is about the same, but the form is more robust. It has the same horse-like tail and ears, the latter marked with two irregular black bands. The crest is high, surmounted by a standing mane banded alternately brown and white. The color of the head, neck and upper parts of the body is reddish brown, irregularly banded and marked with dark brown stripes, stronger on the head and neck, and gradually becoming fainter until lost behind the shoulder. The dorsal line, or line running along the back, is broad and dark. The belly, legs and tail are white.

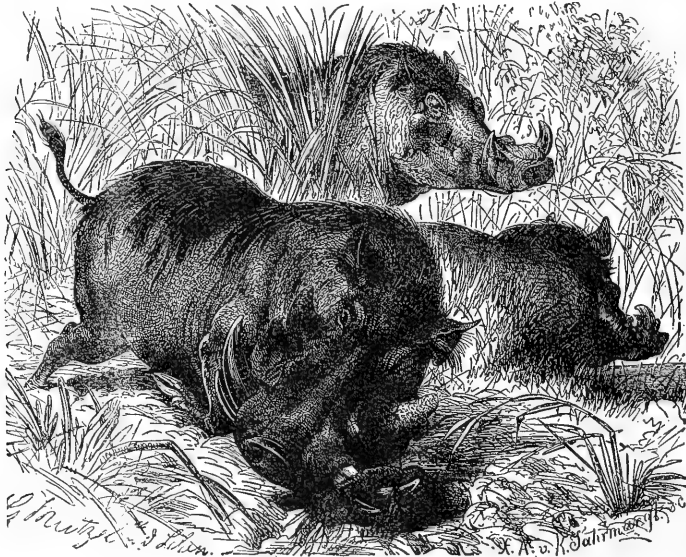
The methods of hunting this beautiful animal are like those employed against the zebra. Either a charge on horseback and a trial of speed or by stalking—crawling along up the wind and taking every advantage of the peculiarities of the ground to conceal the hunter until he can get within range for a shot. It is very difficult to put either of these methods into execution successfully, for the quagga as well as the zebra are extremely wary, and some sharpsighted animal, generally a hartebeest, of which we shall speak later in its proper order, stands guard over the herd. One may easily imagine the feeling of disappointment which comes to a sportsman when, after crawling on hands and knees for an hour over ground so hot that it feels like the top of a stove and stubble so sharp that it cuts through the skin and leaves the hands raw and bleeding, to see the herd he is stalking sud-

denly throw up their heads in alarm and dash rapidly away before he has had a chance for a shot. This is only one of many kinds of disappointments which must be borne with a smile and a hope to do better next time. If one imagines that hunting in Africa is simply a matter of standing still and shooting down animals on all sides, the only qualification necessary being ability to shoot fairly straight, by all means let him change his mind before he goes to try it. The sport requires not only the most accurate sort of shooting, and that under conditions of light and heat vibration which would make good shooting impossible for one unused to such conditions, but it requires the hardest work in making one's way through pathless jungles, endurance on a long chase after a wounded animal, perseverance through overwhelming disappointments, and it is probably needless to say that life itself hangs almost continually on bravery and presence of mind. Rugged health is necessary to withstand the heat and the fever-bearing vapors which rise from every swamp, and other insidious diseases peculiar to the African climate, as well as the long hard marches sometimes necessary.

If a would-be African sportsman is absolutely sure, through long trial and severe test, that he possesses all these qualifications, he may safely undertake such a trip as Mr. Roosevelt has made. It must be remembered that the ex-President was a man ranked with the greatest American sportsmen, having had many years of big game hunting in our own Rockies, in addition to his record as a brave and tireless soldier and all around athlete. Few men possess such qualifications, and without them it is well to stay out of Africa and confine oneself to some less rigorous and dangerous sport.

The Wart-Hog.—To continue with the pachyderm family. We now come to the ugly and forbidding wart-hog, or African boar. This animal provides a great deal of sport, armed as he is with long and dangerous tusks. Although they are usually hunted with the smaller bore rifles, a sport is growing up gradually of spearing them from horseback like the sport of pigsticking, so popular in India. The British officers there have devoted a great deal of time to training their ponies and themselves to this exciting sport with the native Indian wild boar.

The wart-hog stands about two feet six inches high at the shoulder and is of a reddish brown color. The top of the head, upper part of the neck, shoulders and back are covered with long stiff bristles, those on the top of the head diverging like the radii of a circle. The canine teeth are very large and long, directed upwards and forming the aforementioned tusks. The head is very large and the muzzle very broad. A fleshy wen behind each eye and a warty excrescence on either side of the muzzle give the wart-hog its name. The tail is about twenty inches long, thin, straight and tufted with bristles. In spite of the



THE WART-HOG

Native of Africa—So called from the large fleshy lumps on the face—The upper teeth are bent outwards and upwards

ugly head and body, the eyes are really their most forbidding characteristic. They are small and sinister. When the animal is disturbed they fairly blaze with rage.

When attacked, the wart-hog usually runs for his burrow, for they live under ground as a rule, and it is a truly funny sight to see one going down this hole in the ground backward, as their custom is. They are rarely dangerous unless cornered or the horseman is thrown during the chase. If this happens the wart-hog is apt to turn and charge his fallen pursuer. In this case the long tusks may prove very

effectual weapons. The wart-hog inhabits the plains and forests, but it is only on the plains, of course, that the sport of pigsticking can be indulged in.

The Wild Hog.—A near cousin of the wart-hog is the wild hog. This animal is one or two inches shorter at the shoulder than the wart-hog, with an extreme length of five or six feet. There are four toes on each of the feet, the middle two only touching the ground. The nose is elongated and consists of cartilage principally. The canine teeth on both jaws are very long and strong. The upper ones project horizontally and the lower teeth upward, forming four tusks. The color is dirty brown and the body is covered with long stiff bristles. The tail is over a foot long, thin and slightly tufted.

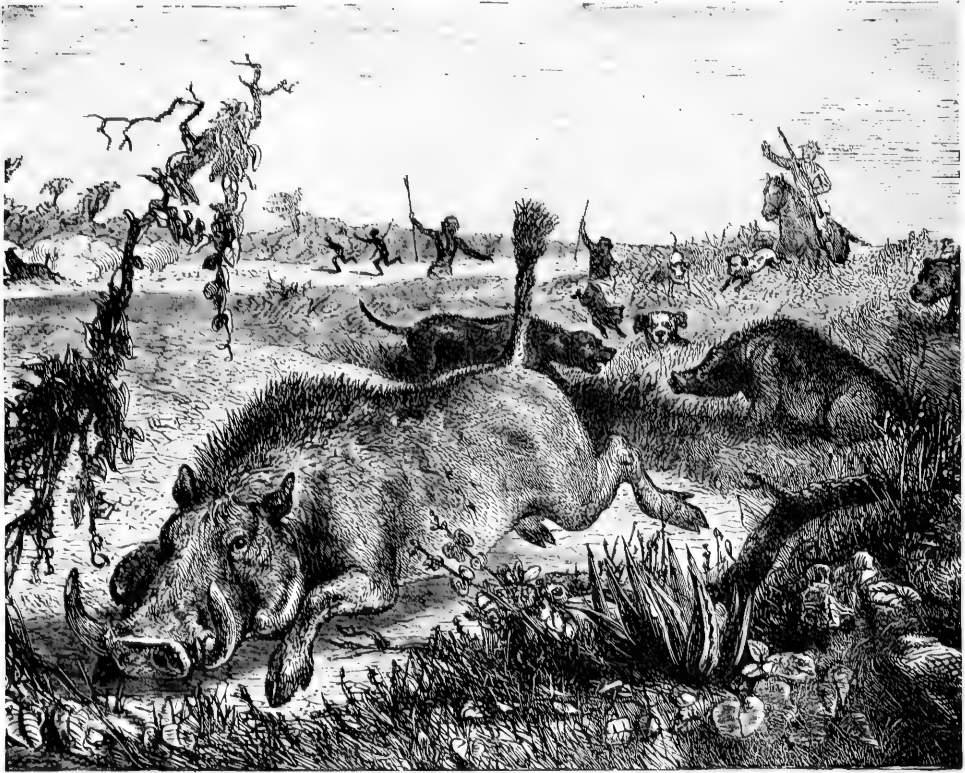
In order to enable the hog family to “root” or turn up the ground, they are provided with a short and stubby nose, or snout, which is capable of considerable movement. The skin is more or less abundantly supplied with hair or bristle, and the tail is short, and in some cases merely represented by a tubercle, or knob.

The sense of smell in the hog is very acute, and when its broad snout plows up the herbage, not a root, an insect, or a worm, escapes the sense of smell. Although credited with stupidity, the hog in its native state is to be styled anything but a dull and drowsy animal, neither is it the filthy animal that domestication has reduced it to. Properly cared for, the pig is as cleanly in its habits and as capable of strong attachments as any other creature.

In its habits the wild hog is by choice herbivorous, feeding on plants, fruits, and roots; but it will also eat snakes, lizards and various insects, and when pressed by hunger nothing appears to come amiss to its greedy appetite; it is stated that even dead horses are sometimes eaten from necessity. The hog is nocturnal in its habits, rarely leaving the shadow of the woods in the day-time and coming forth as twilight approaches in search of food, delighting in roots often deeply embedded in the soil, and which its keen sense of smell enables it easily to detect. Much mischief is often done by this animal, which plows up the ground in continuous furrows for long distances, and is not content, like the domesticated variety, with plowing up a spot here and there.

There is no one of the many savage inhabitants of the forest

which, when aroused, exhibits a more surly and vindictive temper than an old wild hog. In common with the rest of its tribe, it shows but little sagacity, and rushes upon any object that has excited its anger. In most instances, when its antagonists are other wild creatures, its thick hide and great strength enable it to pass through a conflict in safety. The long white tusks which arm its under jaws are kept



PURSUIT OF THE WILD HOG

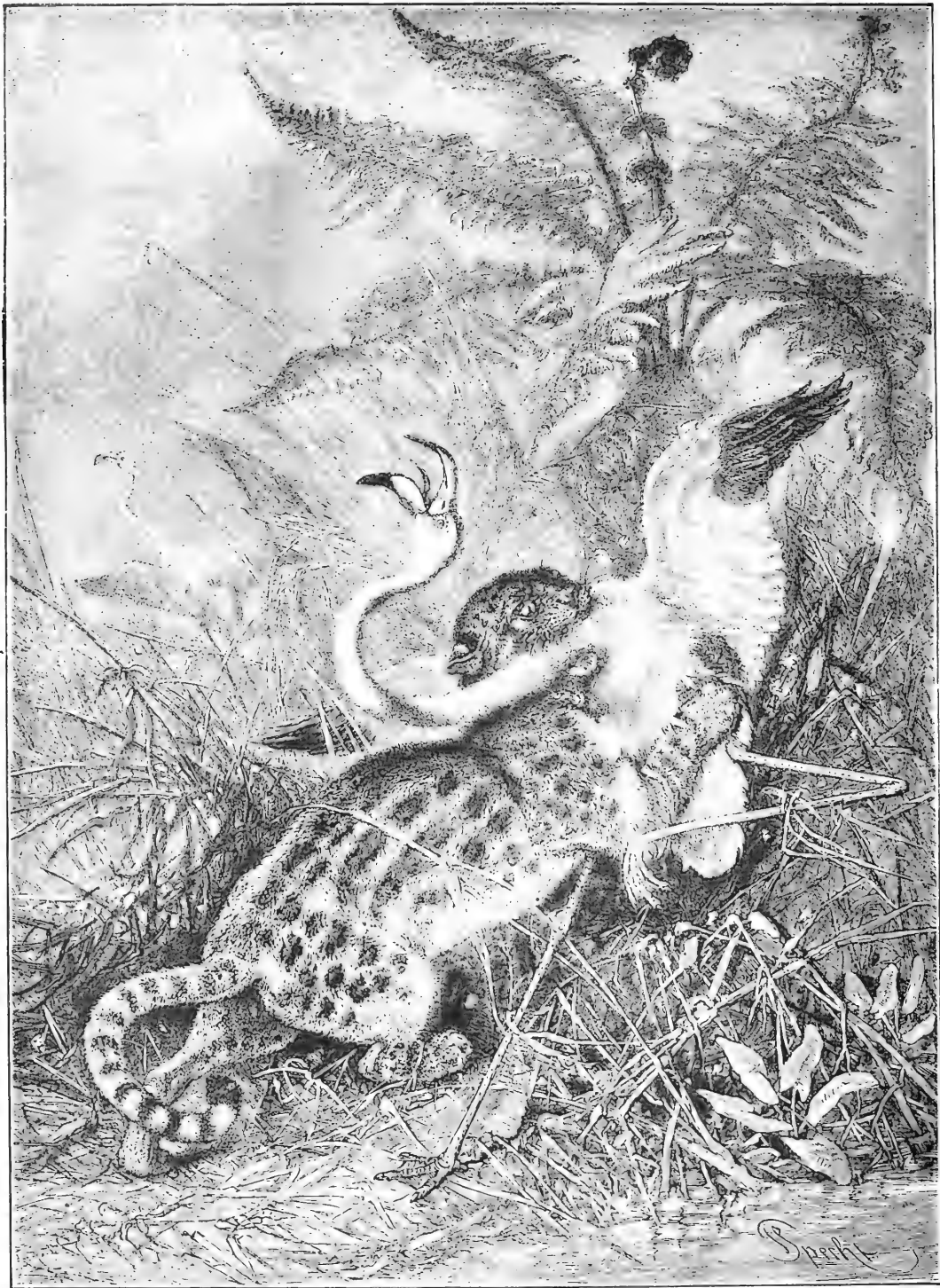
sharp as razors by constant friction against the upper ones, and deadly are the blows it is able to deliver with them, striking with a sure aim and with great rapidity.

Although, as a rule, the color of the wild pigs is black or brown, there are instances when the hue of the coat is not without beauty. Thus the Red River hog of Africa has long tufts to its ears, which are pointed and slender, and the fur is a rich reddish-brown, with the base



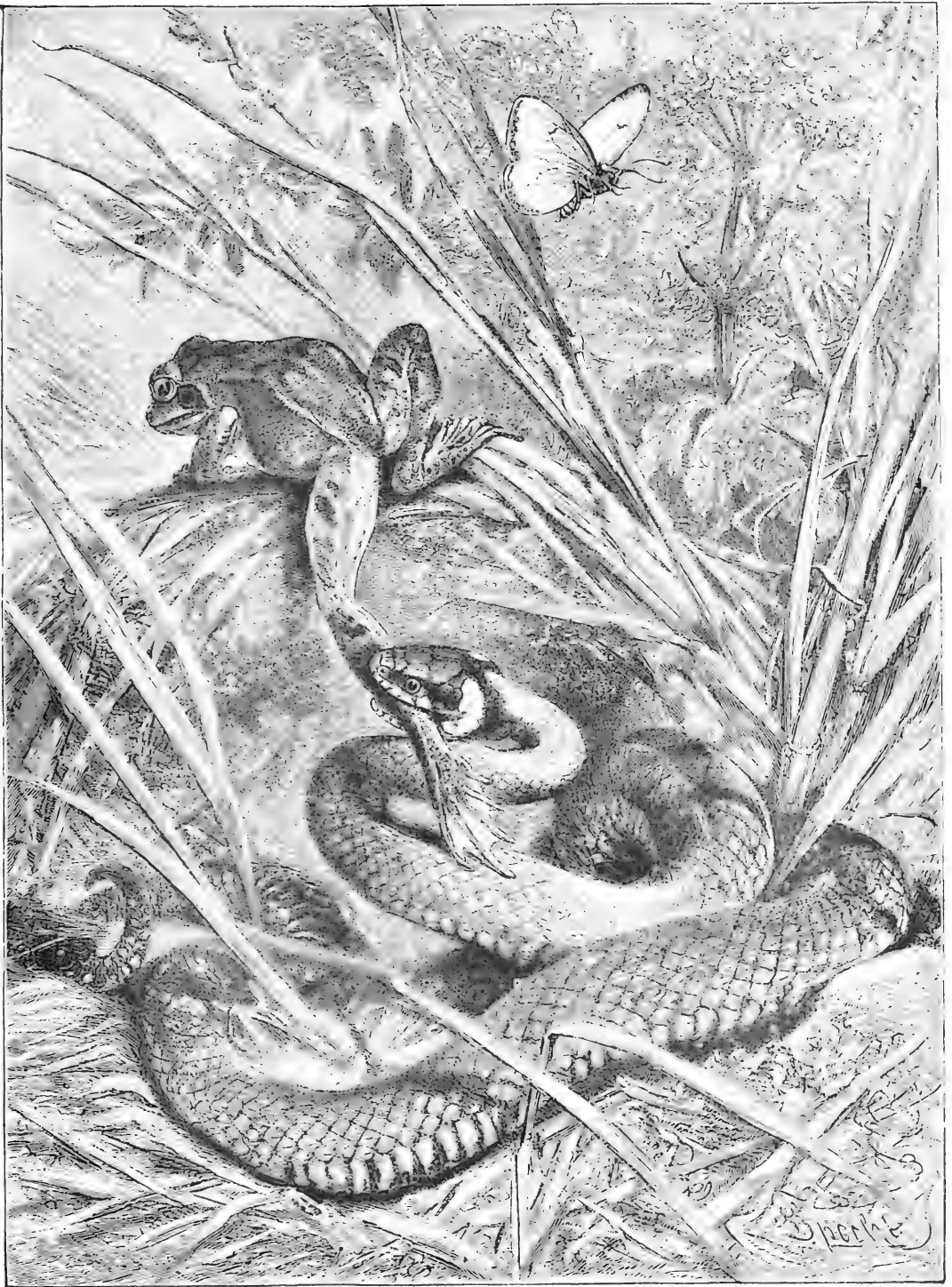
THE SHIP OF THE DESERT—THE CAMEL

The Camel is domesticated in Northern Africa as it is adapted for travel on the desert sands. Its milk is used for food and its hair is woven into cloth. The skin is made into leather by the Arabs



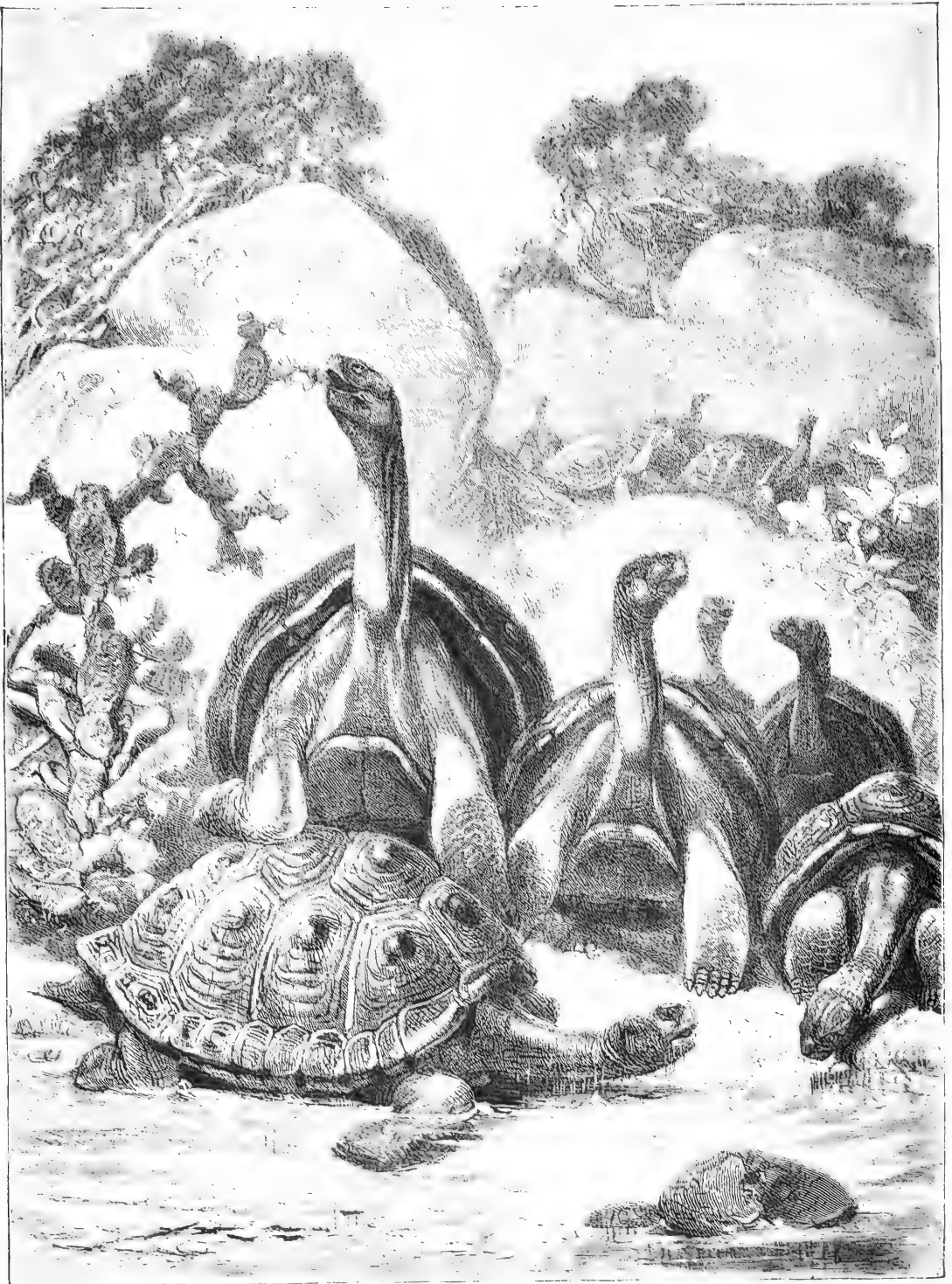
AN OCELOT CAPTURES A FLAMINGO

The Ocelot is a Tiger Cat; a most beautiful animal. It catches its prey by stratagem. The Flamingo lives in jungles and marshes. Has long legs and neck, and brilliant scarlet plumage. Height of bird is 5 feet



VIPER CATCHING A FROG

A Snake whose bite is poisonous. Feeds upon frogs, mice and other small animals, and found in some one variety in all the continents



GIANT TURTLES

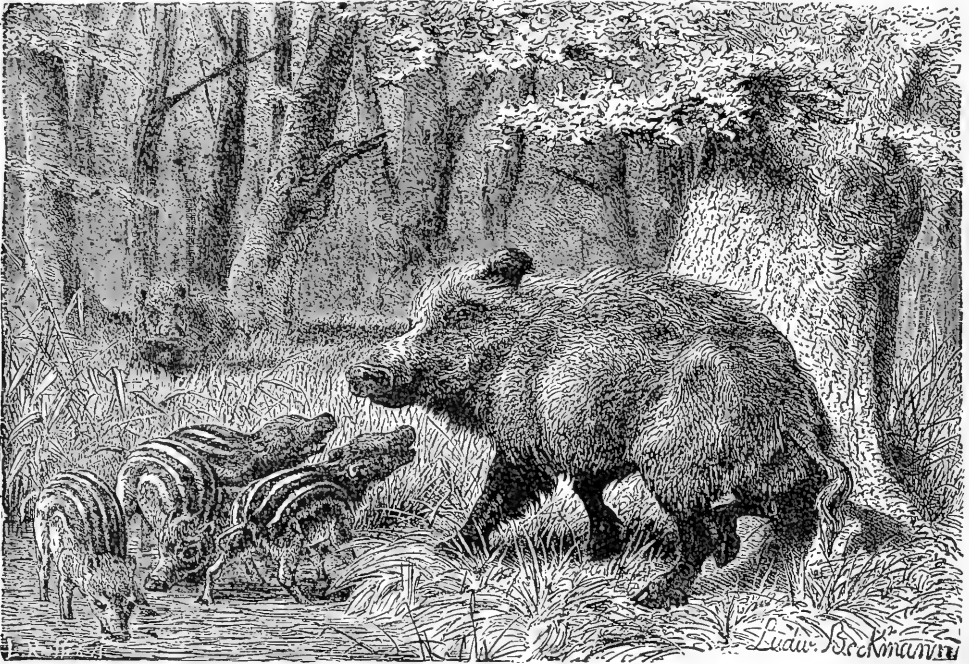
So called from their size. They are killed for sake of their oil and fat

of the hairs grayish-white; and this animal has a gay appearance when seen among its more sombre-looking brethren.

It is a popular belief that pigs are never injured by the poisons of snakes; and it is customary to turn a drove of these animals into a district infested by such reptiles, which in a short time is usually completely cleared of them. It is well known that pigs will destroy any rattlesnake they meet with, and this serpent is certainly provided with one of the most deadly of poisons, and it is a reptile not at all likely to submit to an attack from any quarter without using all its powers of defense. It is supposed that the pig receives the bite of the enraged snake on its cheek, where the fat and gristle are the thickest, and that, as there is little or no blood in that part, the poison is not carried through the system, so that the animal experiences no ill-effects from the virus. Whenever a serpent is spied, the pig, with erected bristles, rushes right upon it, and, indifferent to the formidable fangs that are perhaps sticking in its own hide, bites the reptile in pieces and then devours it.

BOAR HUNTING was, and still is, a very favorite amusement in many parts of Europe, where these animals are abundant. It is carried on with all the bright color and show incident upon gay dresses and prancing steeds, baying hounds and blasts from the merrily-winded horn; and many are the narrow escapes from the desperate charges of the infuriated wild boar as, when driven to a stand, with the hounds closing around him, he strives to free himself from the ranks of his pursuers. It is a feat of no slight danger at such a time to go up to him and calmly wait to receive him on the point of the short hunting spear. Should the aim be badly taken, or the animal be able to thrust the point of the weapon to one side, the glistening tusks would quickly deal a fatal wound as the object of his hatred was trampled under foot. On the continent of Europe the wild boar disputes the mastery of the forests with the great wolves that prowl amidst their recesses; and by these snarling, cowardly brutes the flesh of their bristly-coated antagonist is eagerly coveted. With young porkers the wolves have not much difficulty, and easily dispatch them, provided they find them strayed away from the protection of the grim father of the family, or their but little less savage mother. It is only in the depth of winter,

when the ground is buried in snow, and they are half maddened by long fasts, that the wolves, banding together, attempt to overcome the grizzly old patriarch that at other times they fear to approach. Should they discover at such a season some solitary old boar roaming by himself, the howling pack immediately follows on his track, bringing others of their fellows to join in the chase, and, emboldened by numbers, hurry after their wished-for prey. Well does he know the whining cry which echoes and re-echoes through the gloomy woods;



THE WILD BOAR

and the stern old recluse, casting quick glances on every side from his blood-shot eyes, trots rapidly over the snow, seeking some favoring thicket where he can give battle to his pursuers. He appreciates the danger that menaces him, and is fully aware that, should they overtake him in the open woods, their numbers would be more than a match even for his great strength; and when the shrill howls break clearer on the frosty air, as the eager wolves draw near he selects the matted base of some fallen tree, where the roots, twisting about in fanciful

shapes, afford ample protection from any enemy who may attempt to attack him from behind; and then, backing himself against this natural fortress, he awaits the onset of his foes. His assailants do not tarry long, and soon the foremost arrive, and prepare to rush upon their formidable-looking prey. Encircling his refuge, they avoid the dangerous teeth, and try to seize him from behind; but the favoring roots are too thickly grown, and all their efforts are unavailing to reach him. Angered at being so foiled, several of them rush on him at once, hoping to distract his attention by numbers, but the massive head is quickly turned to either side, and the nearest wolf is hurled helpless to the ground, bleeding from several fearful gashes, while the remainder recoil to a safer distance to gnash their teeth with impotent rage. The grim inhabitant of the jungle, in the meanwhile, his small, wicked-looking eyes glancing fire, and the blood and froth falling from his open mouth, with his short tail curled tightly over his back, secure in his post of vantage, grunts aloud his defiance. The cries of the discomfited wolves bring others to their aid, and over the moonlit snow the shadowy forms of many loping creatures are seen advancing to help their brethren. Soon the fight will become more desperate and furious. Urged on by long-experienced hunger, the wolves will forget the danger in their desire to secure the prey, and, encouraged by numbers, will assail the boar on every side. He will not be idle, but, impelled by the great strength of his neck, the tusk will be used mercilessly, and the prostrate bodies of his foes will lie around and before him, crimsoning the snow with their life-blood as it streams from many a gaping wound, while the cries of the combatants arouse the sleeping echoes of the wood. At length, dismayed and discomfited by his valiant defense, the few survivors among his assailants will gradually slink away, leaving him to emerge from his secure position, a victor in this desperate conflict at close quarters.

In saying farewell to the pachyderm family here, it is proper to explain that the animals coming under this classification are hoofed quadrupeds or four-footed animals which do *not* chew the cud. In fact, the pachyderms are the first class we have come to which live almost entirely upon vegetation.

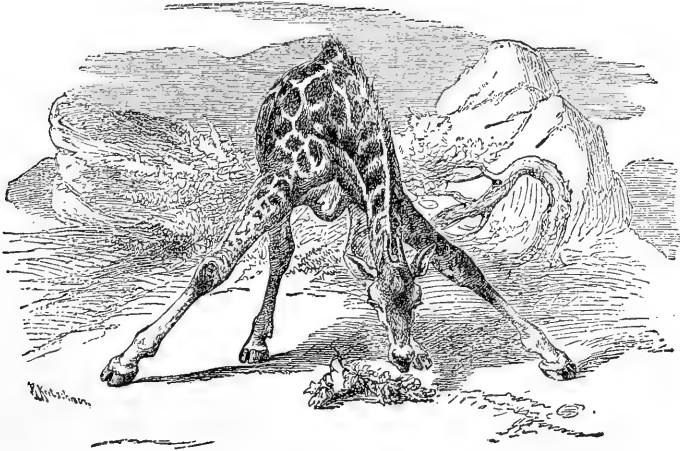
We come now to another family which lives on vegetation, and,

like the hog, has a hoof divided into two toes; but the animals of this new group differ entirely from other animals in that they chew their cud, and receive a special name, ruminants. This is a very large class, and it contains animals with which all are very familiar, because they are so common. The first one to suggest itself is the ox or cow. We have all seen the ox and cow come in on an evening from the pasture and lie down and appear to be eating and swallowing something when apparently they have nothing before them to take into their mouths. They are, in fact, chewing the cud. It is hardly necessary for us to go into a particular description of how this is done, but we can see for ourselves that, while grazing, these animals nip off the grass between the large cutting teeth in front of the lower jaw and the tough pad on the upper jaw, which has no teeth, the tough pad taking their place. After each mouthful the animal does not proceed to chew it or cut it up into fine pieces with the teeth, as flesh-eating animals do, but instead it swallows it immediately, and continues thus to graze until it satisfies its appetite. Then, as you have no doubt noticed, it seeks a quiet and shaded spot, and there lying down, or standing, it chews the cud at leisure. If careful attention be given, it will be seen that there is a slight hiccough action just as it commences to chew. The mouth, which was empty, becomes full of coarse pieces of grass, which have previously been taken into the first stomach. This the animal immediately proceeds to chew with the large back teeth or grinders, in a slow and steady manner, moving its lower jaw back and forth from one side to the other, from right to left. When this chewing has lasted a little while, the food is mixed with the liquids of the mouth, and made into a pulpy or soft mass, when it is swallowed. Then there is another hiccough, and another quantity of food is taken through the same process.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Giraffe—Camel—Buffalo

The Giraffe.—Passing on in the accepted order we come to the Ruminantia family or hoofed quadrupeds which chew the cud. The species under this heading are indeed interesting. First of all we find that marvelous animal the giraffe. Standing twelve feet high at the fore shoulders, his head towers majestically eighteen feet in the air, and the short sloping body mounted on legs seven feet long seems inadequately proportioned to the long tapering neck with its

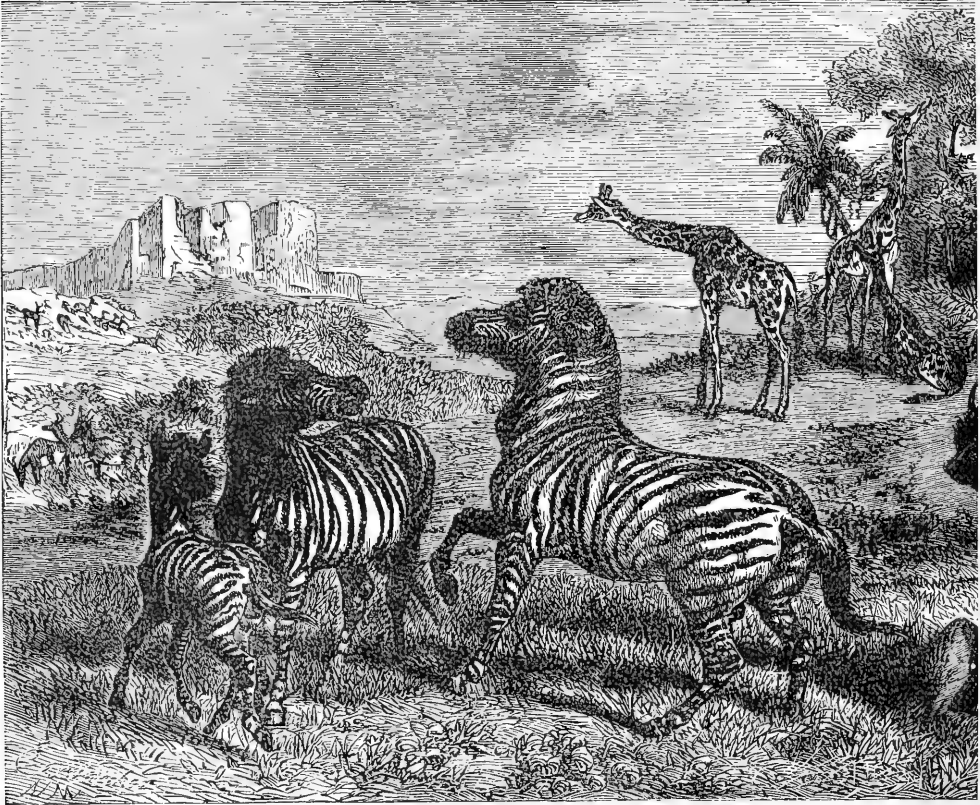


THE GIRAFFE

With difficulty it can reach the ground with its lips

slender thirty-four inch head. This head is peculiar in itself. It is narrow and sloping, covered with a hairy skin and terminating in a tuft of black hair. The upper lip is entire and there is no muzzle. The ears are large and pure white in color. The tongue is very long, pointed and flexible. It may be well to explain here why the giraffe possesses the peculiarities which distinguish him from all other animals. His height, he is taller than any other living being that man

has knowledge of, is given to him in order that he may be able to reach up into the trees for the leaves which form his principal food. His peculiar tongue is so delicate that the giraffe is able to pluck a single blade of grass. The tongue can not only be lengthened or shortened at will, but can also be widened and contracted. In spite of the huge size of the animal, it can pass its tongue into a tube which would scarcely admit of an ordinary lead pencil. When we consider the



A HUNTER'S PARADISE

great height of the giraffe's head and that it sometimes feeds on grass, it may easily be imagined that it is difficult and awkward for it to reach the ground. It accomplishes the feat, however, by spreading its front legs to their utmost extent and making full use of its long neck and flexible tongue above referred to. The giraffe being naturally defenseless, is compelled to depend on speed to enable him to escape

an enemy. The long legs provide him with this, and one of the big animals at full speed is too fast for any beast in the forest or on the plains of Africa. The sportsman's only hope is to kill or injure badly with the first shot, for once frightened they are away like an express train. It takes only a few steps for them to acquire tremendous speed, and the little African ponies used as saddle horses are soon left far in the rear. It must not be imagined that man is the sole enemy of the giraffe. Lions and leopards kill great numbers of them, and it is to avoid such attacks that they are often seen running with their peculiar rocking, ugly gait across the plains at a tremendous pace. Their height and the odd deep sienna color of the body, covered with rust-colored spots darker in the center, makes the giraffe very conspicuous when in the open and the object of continual stalking by the beasts of prey. This naturally renders them so extremely wary and difficult shooting that the bagging of a giraffe is considered a big day's work. Nature has provided them with a means of protection little understood. When in the forest where the giraffe naturally belongs, his gaudy coloring blends so thoroughly with the tropical foliage that it is hard to distinguish one from a tree or a tree from a giraffe. Even the natives are unable to distinguish them at any distance in the forest. When on the run, as might be expected, the animal is very odd looking. It proceeds by a series of awkward bounds, while the tail is swung from side to side and the long neck rocks to and fro as if it were loose in its socket.

THE SWIFTESS OF THE GIRAFFE.—A native came one day in great haste to inform his master, a great traveler, that he had seen in the neighborhood a giraffe browsing upon the limbs of a mimosa tree. "Full of joy, I instantly leaped upon one of my horses, and made my servant mount another, and, followed by my dogs, I galloped towards the mimosa indicated, but the giraffe was no longer there. We saw him crossing the plain on the western side, and we spurred on to overtake him. He was trotting along lightly, without, however, exerting himself unduly. We pressed the chase, and from time to time fired several shots after him; but imperceptibly he gained so much upon us, that after following him for three hours, we were forced to stop, our horses being quite blown, and we lost sight of him." Here is a graphic picture of a giraffe hunt:

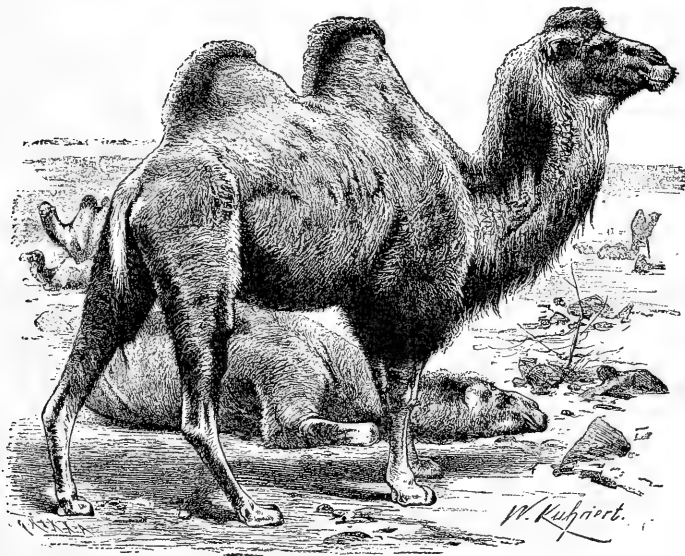
“Our stealthy approach,” says the writer, “was opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly calf, stood directly in the path; and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge. A discharge of musketry, however, put her to flight, and I set spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun and the sudden clattering of hoofs, away bounded the giraffes in picturesque confusion, clearing the ground by a series of froglike hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant; and twice, in emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over a hill far in advance.

“In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their long legs, their flight was greatly retarded; and, after floundering to the opposite side, and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The stately bull being readily distinguished from the rest by his dark chestnut robe and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder with my right hand, and drew both triggers. But he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow; and then placing myself across his path until the tears trickled from his full brilliant eyes, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly rifle, like a falling minaret bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust.”

The meat of the giraffe is held in high regard by the natives, who cut it in strips and hang it out in the sun to dry. In the state of preservation that it acquires it is called *biltong*. The hide is used for making shoes and various other leather articles. The trail or footprint left by the giraffe is a curious one, easily followed. It is shaped somewhat like a parallelogram, about eleven inches long, rounded at the heel and tapering toward the toe. However, the African jungle

is so full of trails of animals of all sorts and it is so difficult to tell fresh ones from the old, that hunting is usually dependent on a sight of the animals themselves.

The Camel.—This famous and useful animal, familiarly known to Eastern peoples as the “Ship of the Desert,” is of incalculable value in crossing the hot sands of Africa, where no other animal can exist. Day after day it can travel on, browsing merely on the dry and withered thorns that are scattered here and there, and requiring little other food in order to enable it to perform its labors. And this is



THE CAMEL

Peculiarly adapted for travel in the desert

owing to a reason so singular and astonishing that it is hard to believe.

The fact is, that during its long and painful journey the camel lives principally upon its own hump. Strange and impossible as it appears, this is nothing more than the bare truth; the animal lives upon its own hump. All we can tell is that, as time wears on, the hump gradually wastes away, and, though large and fat when the journey was begun, is little more than mere skin when it is ended.

When, once more, the camel can rest from its labors, and obtain

a regular and abundant supply of food, the hump shortly regains its former plumpness, and not until it is again firm and strong is the animal allowed to return to its work.

However, this is not the only case in which an animal feeds, so to speak, upon its own flesh. Most of the animals which pass the winter in sleep, as in the case of the bear, do so, for instance, for they lay up large stores of fat before their winter sleep comes on, and absorb it by slow degrees into their bodies as the time passes away. They live for several months upon their own fat, indeed, just as the camel lives upon its hump. You will think that they must require very little food, if they can exist for so long upon the food stored up in their bodies. The fact is, that while they are sleeping away the winter they scarcely breathe at all, and the less air that an animal breathes the less food it requires. The actual amount of nourishment, indeed, upon which a hedgehog or a dormouse can subsist during its winter sleep would hardly be sufficient to feed it even for three or four days during the summer.

The camel must be able to endure long-continued thirst.

Look at its stomach, and see how this is made possible. Like that of all animals which "chew the cud," such as the cow and the sheep, the stomach of the animal is divided into no less than four compartments. The first, which is called the paunch, or rumen,—whence the name of the family, the ruminants or cud chewers—receives the food as soon as it is swallowed, but does not digest it. When the animal has time to masticate it, this food is returned to the mouth, but passes first into the second division, which is known as the honeycomb bag. In this part of the stomach the food is divided into balls, one of which at a time is sent back to the mouth, where it is thoroughly chewed, and then passed into the third compartment, which is called the manyplies, and which, in the camel, is almost wholly wanting. Lastly, it is sent into the fourth compartment, termed the reed, which is the true digestive stomach.

Still, however, we have not learned how the camel can live for so long without requiring to drink.

The fact is, that the cells in the second division of the stomach, which has earned for it the name of the "honeycomb bag," are very

large indeed, and are so formed that they can be opened and closed at will. In these cells the camel stores up, so to speak, the greater part of the water which it drinks, and so has a supply sufficient to last it for several days. When it becomes thirsty, it allows some of the contents of the cells to flow into the stomach, and so on until the whole stock is exhausted. This power of storing away water seems to be partly a matter of practice, for an old camel, which has gained experience, can lay up nearly as much again as a younger animal, and can manage to live without drinking for four or five days, even when traveling beneath the fierce sun of the desert.

The camel must have strength to bear its heavy burdens, and endurance to enable it to plod steadily on from sunrise to sunset without giving away to fatigue.

Perhaps there is no creature which has these qualities in so great a degree. A strong and healthy camel can carry a weight of from five to six hundred pounds, or more than a quarter of a ton, and can do so for hour after hour, and day after day, until the long journey is over, and it is allowed to rest and regain its former condition. The camel, however, possesses both strength and endurance, and so is wonderfully fitted for the hard and trying desert traffic.

Lastly, the camel must be able to kneel, when required, upon the sand, without receiving wounds in its skin, which would fester, and so disable the animal for active service.

Look at its chest, its elbows, its knees (as we wrongly call them) and its hocks. They are all furnished with hard pads of horn-like skin, which feels no pain, and cannot be cut through by friction with the keen-edged sand. These pads support most of the weight of the body, so that the far more delicate skin runs no risk of injury when the animal kneels, and is perfectly protected from harm.

You must not think, as many people do, that these pads are not provided by nature, but are the result of often-repeated pressure. It is true enough that if we use our hands much for hard work, such as digging or wood-cutting, the skin of the palms becomes hard and horny, and this certainly is the result of constant pressure from the handles of our tools. But the animal is born with the pads. They do not come to it after it has been working for man for some little time,

and so we have direct proof that they are really a natural gift, provided in order that the animal may be suited to the work which it has to perform.

Unless the camel could kneel on these pads, it would be useless to man, for it is so tall that it could neither be mounted nor loaded when standing upright, and so would not be of service either for riding or for carrying. As it is, however, it is an animal whose value can scarcely be held too highly, and well deserves the poetical name which the Arabs have given to it, the "Ship of the Desert."



CALLING THE CAMELS

The laborious and abstemious camel, like the palm, is all-essential to the desert, as the desert is all-essential to *it*. Without its invaluable aid, the wastes of the Sahara, or of Libya and Nubia, would be impassable. It is properly styled the "treasure of the East;" and to the wandering tribes it is, in truth, their wealth, their life, their all. It supplies them with every article of primary necessity—with food, clothing, habitation, fuel, and the means of transport. The flesh

of the young camel is inferior to beef or mutton, but it is savory, and not difficult of digestion. The female yields an abundance of milk, almost as nutritious and agreeable to the taste as that of the cow. The hair makes a wool of coarse quality, but long, tough, stout, and easily worked. Out of the skin capital garments, coverings and tents are made; the sinews are manufactured into harness, and applied to various other purposes. Camel-leather is not inferior in suppleness or firmness to that which we use. The dung of the camel, dried in the sun, serves as fuel, not only for cooking food, but even for working metals. Finally, as we have said, as a beast of burden the camel surpasses all other animals in strength, swiftness, and the faculty of enduring fatigue; and, more particularly, in that proverbial abstemiousness which enables it to accomplish a journey of several successive days without taking either food or drink.

The camel finds it no hardship to be deprived of water for eight, nine or even ten days; and it is said, on what seems good authority, that it can even prolong its abstinence for twenty-three or twenty-five days. Its daily ration of solid food weighs about a pound or a pound and a quarter. When it has started on its journey fasting, it frequently obtains no better sustenance on the way than the tops of some dry and dirty branches, with a handful of dry beans for its evening meal.

This remarkable power of endurance, however, is not its only good quality. If kindly treated, the camel is tractable and patient. Its strength is extraordinary, and its swiftness equals that of the ordinary horse. It can carry a burden of from six hundred to a thousand pounds from thirty to thirty-five miles a day. It must be added that it is not an agreeable animal to ride, owing to its rough, awkward, swinging gait.

There are two varieties of camels—the Djemel and the Mahari. The former is the beast of burden; the latter is reserved for traveling and the chase.

The Buffalo.—Following the order of the ruminants, we next reach the buffalo. It is only necessary to look once at this ugly brute to realize his dangerous possibilities. Of all the African animals, not even excepting the uncertain tempered rhino, the buffalo must be

approached with the greatest caution. He will almost invariably charge a man on sighting or scenting him, and as his eyes are very good and his hide so thick that a bullet must be very well placed to stop one, the wise hunter sees to it that he is within reach of a tree which can be quickly climbed before interfering with even a single buffalo. The charge of a herd is simply irresistible and actually carries all before it. Even small trees offer no opposition, and they go through the jungle like a traction engine.

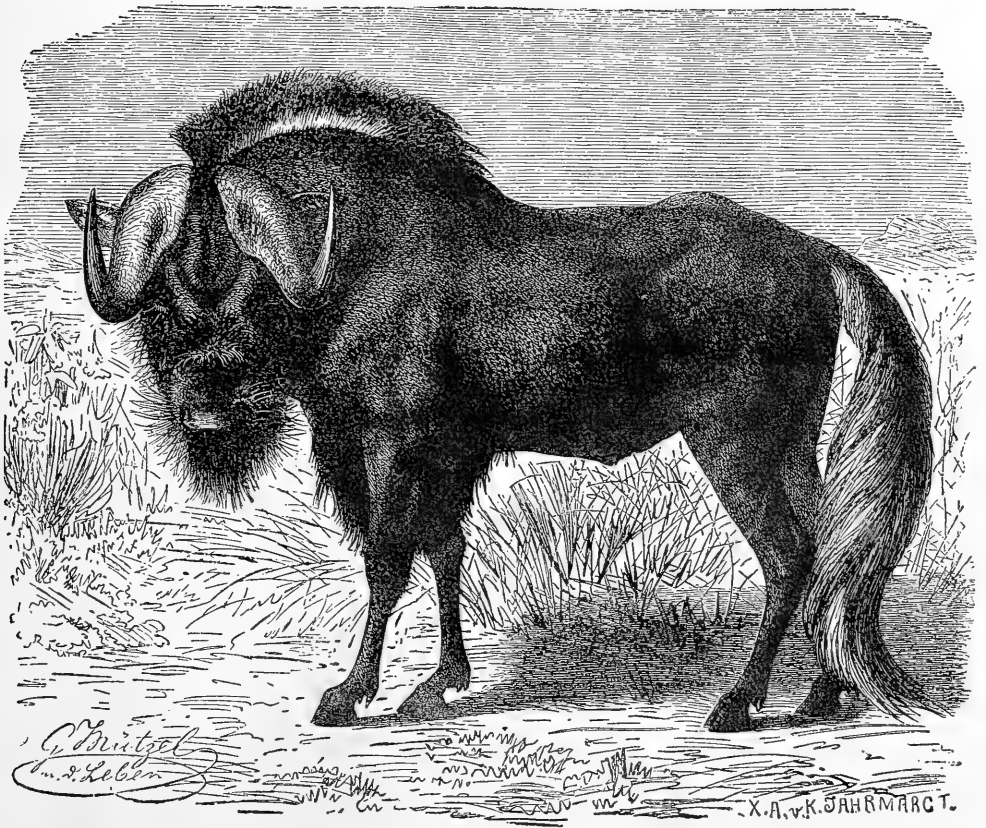
The full grown male stands about five feet six to eight inches high at the shoulders and is upwards of twelve feet in extreme length. His whole structure is very powerful, with a short neck and ponderous body, deep chested and mounted on short solid legs terminating in a divided hoof. The back is straight and hunchless and the head is short and small in proportion to the animal's bulk. It seems odd that the buffalo should be able to attain such high speed with the short legs nature has endowed him with, but one has only to witness one buffalo charge to be convinced of his great speed forever after.

The buffalo's eyes are a very good indication of his character. They are small and sinister, overshadowed by rough and ponderous dark colored horns, nearly in contact at the base, spreading horizontally, and turned upwards and inwards at the tips, which measure from four to five feet between. The hide is bluish purple, black and bare with the exception of a few bristles. The muzzle is square and moist, shaped like that of the ox. The female is like the male, but smaller. They inhabit the plains and forests of the interior in large herds.

CHAPTER XIX

Graceful African Antelopes

WITHOUT diverging from the species known as Ruminants, we now come to the division called Antelopes, a subfamily belonging to the old world and chiefly African Ruminants. They differ from cattle in their smaller size, more lithe and graceful form, slenderer legs, which are comparatively longer in the shank, and



THE GNUO
Resembles the Horse and Buffalo
(199)

longer neck with slenderer vertebrae, uplifting the head. The family of antelopes shades directly into that of the sheep and goats, being separated from them by no technical characteristic, but the horns usually differ. Upwards of fifty African species have been described, but we shall not attempt to deal with very rare species, but shall confine ourselves to those well known and commonly met with. No agreement has been reached by naturalists upon the different divisions of the group. The antelopes include the smallest and most delicate gazelles, steinboks and springboks, the bulky eland and hartebeest, as well as the misshapen gnoo or wildebeest. We shall begin our description of this graceful and interesting family with the latter.

The Gnoo.—Of all four-footed animals it is probably the most awkward and grotesque. Resembling in some respects both the horse and buffalo, the full-grown male stands upwards of four feet high at the shoulders and about nine feet in extreme length. In general contour, he is very muscular and exhibits great energy. The head is large and square with a large muzzle which is spread out and flattened, with narrow nostrils. Above the muzzle is placed a conspicuous tuft of black bristling hairs, which resemble a blacking brush. There is also a tuft of similar hair beneath each of the eyes. The latter are wild and fiery. The ears are pointed and short. White bristles surround the eye, spreading out like the radii of a circle. Similar white bristles appear on the upper lip. The horns are broad, placed close together at the base, furrowed upon the summit of the head and scarcely advancing from the skull, they taper out sideways over the eyes, and then take an upward turn, forming sharp and wicked hooks. The shoulder is deep and powerful, with a thick arched neck. The general color is deep brown with a white tail. It has been well said that the gnoo has the head of a buffalo, the mane and tail of a horse and the body and legs of an antelope.

As the name "wildebeest" by which they are usually known implies, they are very wild and as they usually have a hartebeest as sentinel, they are extremely wary and difficult to approach. It is a gregarious animal, fond of the society not only of its own kind, but of giraffes, and ostriches, and zebras, which all roam about together in one immense mixed herd. Its disposition is very much like its appear-

ance; for it is extremely suspicious, curious, yet shy, and timid, though irritable.

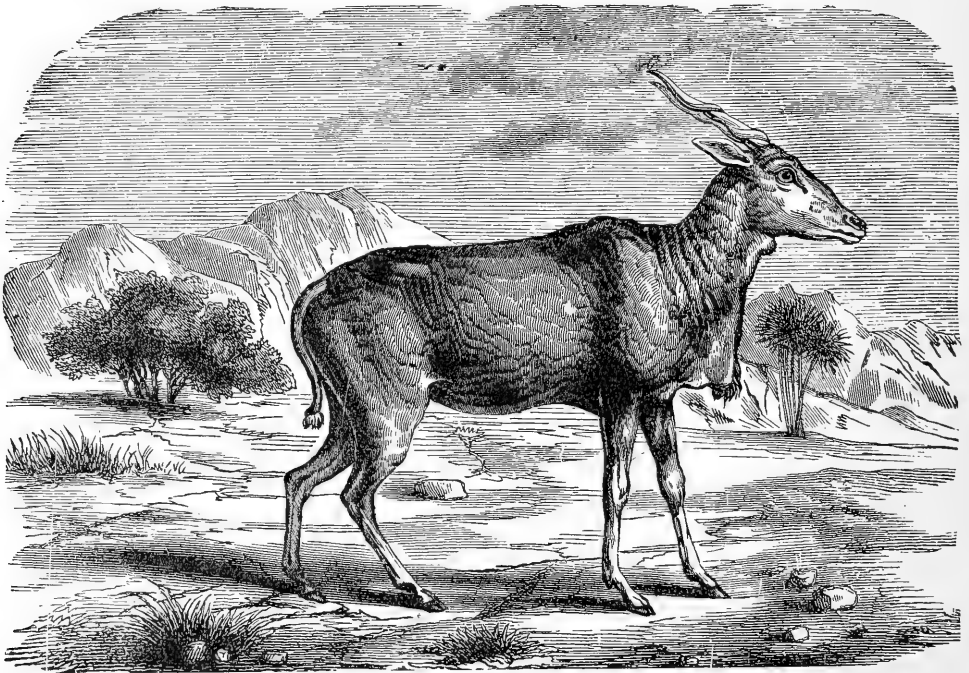
When frightened by any strange object, it begins to whisk its long white tail with strange rapidity, then takes a sudden leap into the air, and alighting on the ground, begins to paw and curvet like a frisky horse. It and its neighbors then chase each other in circles at their utmost speed; and when they halt to inspect the intruder, some of the bulls will often engage one another in the most violent manner, dropping on their knees each time they come in collision. Finally, they wheel around, kick up their heels, give their tails a final flourish, and scamper across the plain in a cloud of dust, as if pursued by some torturing demon!

The hunter avails himself of the curiosity of the gnoo, as the Eskimo does of that of the seal, to bring about its capture. He hoists a red rag on a stick or on the muzzle of his gun, and throwing himself on the ground, awaits the result of his stratagem. At first the gnoo rushes off at full speed, as if seized with some sudden fit; but soon its curiosity prevails over its fear. It turns; it trots towards the unusual object; it retires; it wheels round and round; it draws nearer; and at last advances close enough for the hunter to deliver a mortal shot.

The Brindled Gnoo.—There is another species of this remarkable animal known as the brindled gnoo. Slightly larger than the ordinary variety, it stands some four feet six inches high at the shoulder, and is about nine feet eight inches in extreme length. Other characteristics distinguish it. The neck is not arched, but the withers are elevated. The nose is aquiline and covered with coarse black hair. The muzzle is broad and square with large hanging nostrils. The horns are black, placed horizontally on the head with the points turned upwards and then acutely inwards. The neck carries a long and flowing mane which extends beyond the withers. The chin is covered with a bristly black beard descending to the breast. The eyes, too, are peculiar; they are small, black and piercing and mounted very high in the head. In contrast with the common variety, the tail is black and flowing, reaching to the ground. The general color is a dirty dun or brownish gray, variegated with obscure streaks or

brindles from which the animal gets its name. The female is precisely similar, but smaller.

The Eland.—The next in order is the eland or impofo. This animal, while belonging to the order of ruminants, is the largest and most beautiful of the antelope family. Its height at the shoulder is about six feet six inches and the greatest length about twelve feet. In many ways the eland is much like the ox. The muzzle is broad and the facial line straight with a square forehead covered with a cluster



THE ELAND

of strong wiry brown hair, margined on either side by a yellow streak, commencing above the eyes, and nearly meeting half way down the face. The eyes are large and brilliant. The horns are placed on the summit of the forehead, are about two feet long, massive and nearly straight, with a ponderous ridge ascending in a spiral direction nearly to the tips. The neck is very thick and the shoulders deep and powerful. The larynx is very prominent and there is a long dewlap fringed with long wiry brown hair descending to the knees. From the fore-

head rises a crest of bristles which pass upward and along the edge of the neck. The legs are short and like those of an ox, with large hind quarters, and the tail is about two feet three or four inches long, tufted on the end with coarse brown hair. The hide of the eland is black, but the general color of the short hair which covers it is a sort of ashy gray tinged with ochre.

Except for the watchfulness and quickness of this animal, it is not hard to hunt. If an approach can be made on horseback up the wind in some sort of shelter from view, it is not difficult in good country to ride them down. If the going is bad, however, it is better to shoot on foot, and in this case the huntsman must take every precaution not to alarm the game, and even with the greatest care many disappointments must be expected. Very often, just as the hunter is preparing to shoot, an incautious movement will alarm the game and they will go off like the wind, and the stalk must be made over again.

The Koodoo.—Continuing the antelopes, we come to the koodoo. Majestic in its carriage and brilliant in its color, this species may with propriety be termed the king of the tribe. Other antelopes are stately, elegant or curious—but the solitude-seeking koodoo is absolutely regal! The ground color is a lively French gray approaching blue, with several transverse white bands passing over the back and loins; a copious mane and deeply fringed, tricolored dewlap setting off a pair of ponderous yet symmetrical horns, spirally twisted and exceeding three feet in length, brown in color, and the tips black with a white point. These are thrown along the back as the stately wearer dashes through the mazes of the forest or clambers the mountain side. The old bulls are invariably found apart from the females, which herd together in small groups and are destitute of horns. A full grown male stands upwards of five feet high at the shoulder and is over nine feet in extreme length. This beautiful animal is found chiefly in thickets and on wooded hills. The female koodoo is slighter, hornless and with fewer white markings. This species, as may well be imagined, is very attractive to the hunter and naturalist.

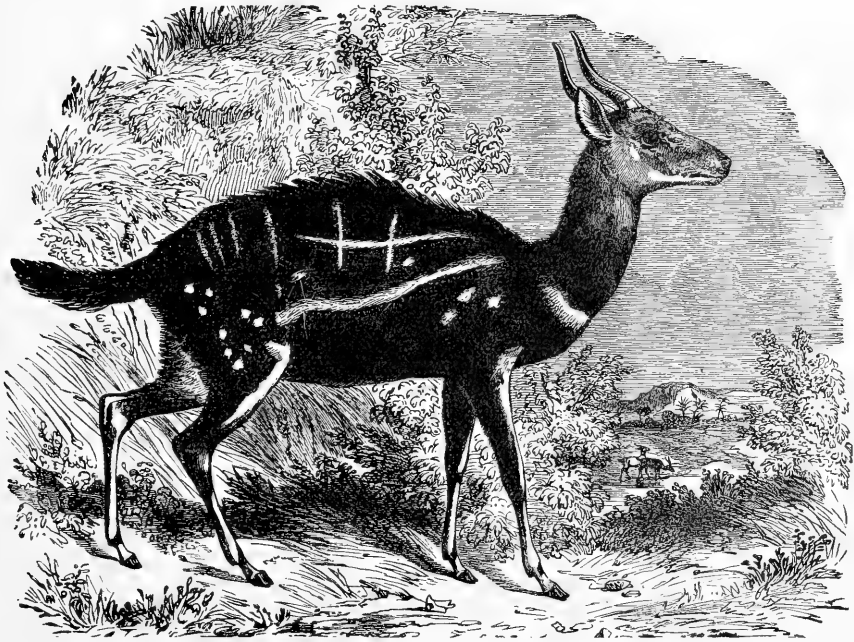
The Hartebeest.—Another odd and interesting animal is the hartebeest, otherwise known as the red kongoni and as the caama. The predominating color is bright orange, and the legs and face are

eccentrically marked as if by the brush of a sign painter. A phenomenon of which most people are skeptical until it is actually shown to them is the fact that their brain as well as that of the gnou is filled with white maggots. A further oddity is that the horns are placed on the very summit of the head, upon a prolongation of the frontal bone, instead of above the eyes as in other antelopes. The whole animal seems made up of triangles. The shoulders are very elevated, the cruppers drooping and the head very large and long, from which, as described above, the horns rise, diverging and again approaching each other so as to form a lozenge, with double bends strongly pronounced, turned forwards, and the points backwards, with several prominent knots on the front surface. A black spot begins at the base of the horns, continues behind and ends in front of the ears. Another black streak runs down the nose, commencing below the eyes and ending at the nostrils. The chin is black and there is a narrow black stripe down the back of the neck. Both fore and hind legs have black stripes. On both hams are triangular white spots and there is a yellow spot above each eye. The tail is covered with hair and reaches to the animal's hocks. The eyes are a fiery red. A male hartebeest stands about five feet high at the withers and is about nine feet long. The female is like the male, but smaller and with slighter horns.

The Sassaybe.—Much like the hartebeest is the animal known as the sassaybe, and they are usually found grazing together. The male sassaybe stands four feet six inches high at the shoulder and about eight feet two inches long. The horns are strong and, like those of the hartebeest, are placed at the summit of the head, turning outwards and forming two crescents with the points inwards. The body is bulky with slender legs and very high withers. The head is long, narrow and shapeless, with a straight facial line marked with a dark streak from between the horns to the nose and fawn-colored ears nine inches long. The general color is deep blackish purple-brown above and tawny under body. A dab of slate color extends from the middle of the shoulder to the knee; and another from the middle of the flank to the hock outside. A band of the same color passes across the inside of both fore and hind legs upon a tawny ground. The lower parts of the legs are of a deep tawny color. The tail is twenty-

two inches long, yellowish red in color and covered with black hair. As usual in the antelope family, the female sassaybe is precisely similar but smaller with more slender horns.

It may be easily seen that the markings of the hartebeest and sassaybe, while somewhat alike, are distinctive, and the animals impossible to mistake for one another even when some distance away. The methods of hunting them are like those described under the head of the zebra, and indeed are the same in the case of all animals of these



THE HARNESS DEER

general habits and descriptions. Stalking on foot is the surest and most practical method as a rule, and is the one adopted generally by most sportsmen. The animals are wary, and were it not for their habit of blindly following a leader, even though a considerable distance behind, shots would be even more difficult to obtain.

The Sable Antelope.—One of the most beautiful, and from the sportsman's and naturalist's point of view desirable, animals known to the African wilds is the sable antelope. A famous hunter of the early '40s writes; "Our party were in full pursuit of a wounded

elephant when a herd of unusually dark-looking antelopes attracted observation in a neighboring valley. Reconnoitering them with a pocket telescope from the acclivity on which we stood, I at once exclaimed that they were perfectly new to science; and having announced my determination of pursuing them, if requisite, to the world's end, I dashed down the slope, followed by the derision of the Hottentots for my unsportsmanlike attentions to an 'ugly buck,' *one* specimen of which, however, I assured them I would rather have possessed than all the elephants in Africa!" It may be stated that this ardent sportsman's desire was gratified after three days of tiresome trailing by the securing of a fine buck of the species. The reader would readily understand the enthusiasm of the hunter could he see this splendid antelope in his native wilds. The height at the shoulder blades is about four feet six inches and the extreme length nearly nine feet. The horns are flat and upwards of three feet in length, sweeping gracefully over the back in the form of a crescent. A bushy mane extends from the chestnut colored ears to the middle of the back. The tail is long, black in color and tufted. The glossy jet black hue of the greater portion of the body contrasts beautifully with a snow white face and belly.

The Roan Antelope.—Another much sought species is the roan antelope or bastard gemsbok. Hunters and explorers usually agree that they are to be found chiefly on the ridges about the source of some rivers. This imposing animal is one of the largest members of the antelope family, being about the size of a large horse, but it has so little speed that it may be ridden down without any great difficulty, provided the ground permits of such a method. However, when it is unable to continue its flight it charges viciously as a rule, and the pursuer must be both a clever horseman and a good shot to avoid a serious encounter, with the chances in favor of his being left *hors-de-combat* on the field.

Except for the head and tail, which are jet black, the coat is uniformly of a delicate roan color. The animal is heavily built and has an upright mane, long asinine ears, and strong scimitar-shaped, recurved horns, about two feet in length and having from twenty-five to thirty prominent rings. The head, though its prevailing color is

black, carries white markings, a white streak before and behind each eye, a white spot between the horns and a white muzzle. The female roan antelope is similar but smaller and hornless.

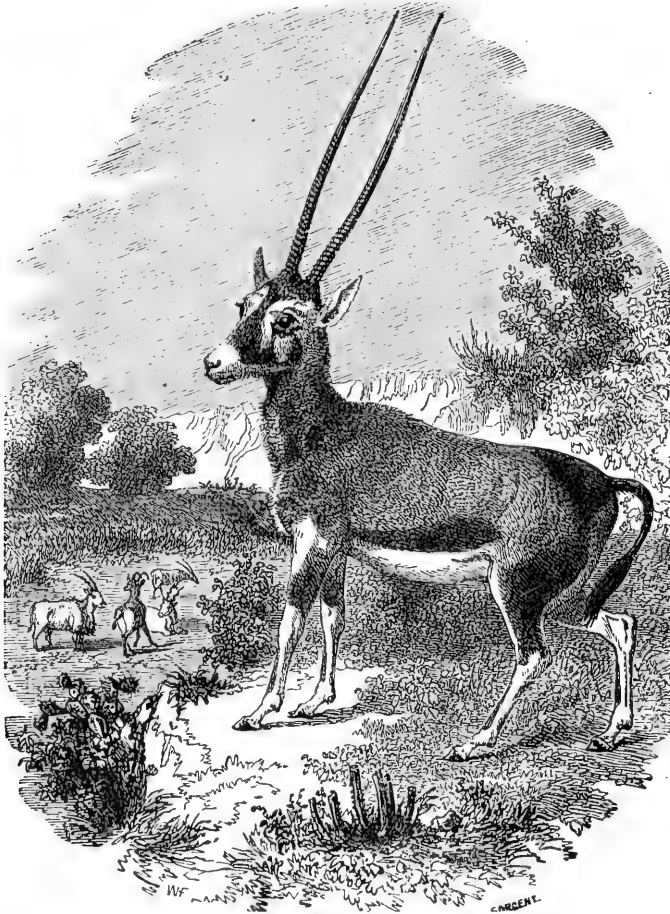
The Water-Buck.—Another noble antelope of great interest to the adventurer in Africa, is the water-buck. This animal is about the size of an ass but of somewhat browner color. The hair is coarse like that of the Indian rusa stag and in texture resembles split whalebone. The appearance of the male animal is stately; the eyes are large and brilliant; the horns ponderous and overhanging, three feet in length, white, ringed and placed almost perpendicularly on the head, the points being curved to the front. A mane encircles the neck and an elliptical white band the tail which is tufted at the end. The female is similar but slightly smaller and hornless as is usual in the antelope family. The flesh of both is coarse and so ill-savored that even savages are unable to eat it.

The method of eating adopted by the less civilized of the African natives is both curious and disgusting to an American or European. When they are hungry, as is almost always the case, they do not wait for the game to be cooked, although they prefer it that way, but cutting out sections of the raw meat even before the animal is cold, plunge their teeth into great chunks of it and cut off the remainder close to their lips with the assegais or long-bladed native spears. The quantity of meat required to feed a large *safari* is almost incredible and not a scrap of an animal is left if the meat is edible, and there are very few things that a savage will not eat. Even the bones are brought to camp, picked clean and the marrow from the larger ones removed. When we consider that a native porter can consume as much as fifteen pounds of meat a day and that from five to seven pounds are absolutely necessary, it is easy to understand that an enormous quantity of game must be killed to supply food.

Many African hunters have been severely criticized by the uninitiated for the seemingly useless slaughter of game, but when it is considered that game is so plentiful that thinning out does not seem to hurt the quantity, and that native wild animals belong by right to the black man, it is proper and just that he should be fed by them. Further than that the lions killed in an average season by sportsmen would

destroy a far greater quantity of game than falls before the rifle. It is hoped that these facts will induce the reader to look upon the game reports without hasty and ill-considered judgment and with a clearer understanding of the facts and necessities involved.

The Oryx.—We now come to a smaller species of antelope, the



THE ORYX

oryx or gemsbok. The male stands about three feet ten inches at the shoulder. The horns of the oryx are peculiar and worthy of note. Upwards of three feet long, they rise nearly or quite straight up from the head and seen in profile the long straight horns so exactly cover one another as to seem but one. Hence, this animal is supposed to

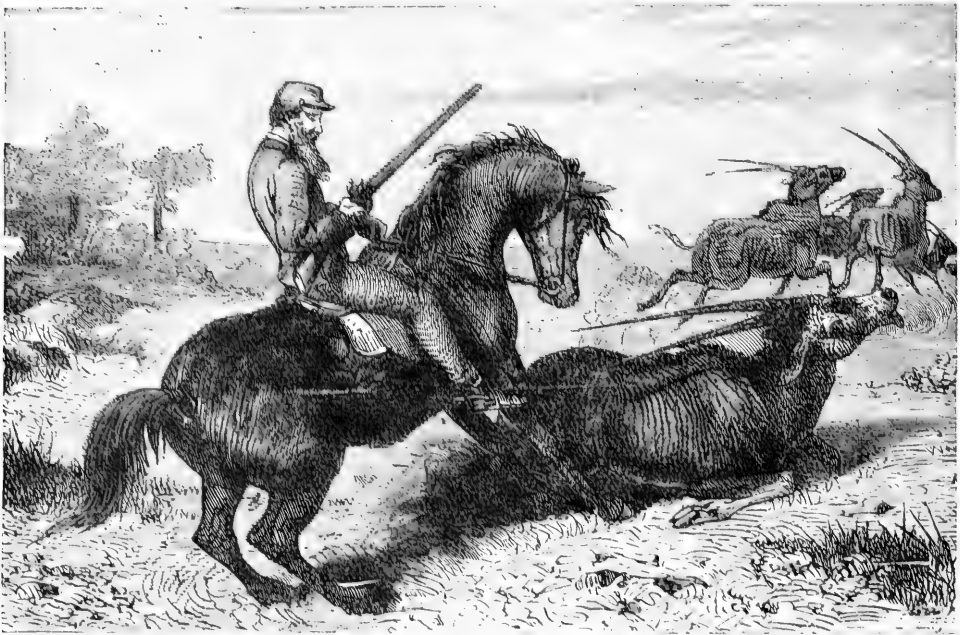
have given rise to the fabulous story of the unicorn. It is one of the most magnificent animals in the universe, and fortunately is still common in the interior. About the size of a small ass, the gemsbok, as it is more commonly known, is of about the same ground color, with a black stripe down the back and on each flank, with legs variegated with black bands, and a white face marked with the figure of a black noseband and head-stall, imparting altogether to the animal the appearance of being in half-mourning. The full black tail literally sweeps the ground. A mane reversed, and a tuft of flowing black hair on the breast and the slender straight horns common to both sexes, complete the picture of this beautiful creature. The gemsbok is a powerful and dangerous antagonist, charging viciously, and defending itself, when hard pressed, with wonderful intrepidity and address. Its skeleton has not infrequently been found locked in that of a lion—the latter having been transfixed by its formidable horns, in a conflict which has proved fatal to both the combatants.

The Spring Buck.—A still smaller antelope is the spring buck and once hunted, never to be forgotten. When frightened and running away these elegant creatures take extraordinary bounds, rising with curved backs high into the air as if about to take flight and they invariably clear a road or beaten track in this manner, as if their natural disposition to regard man as an enemy induced them to mistrust even the ground upon which he had trod.

These exquisite creatures are extremely obedient to a leader seemingly elected by them and may often be seen following him through complicated evolutions, reminding the spectator of a cavalry review with ostriches standing gravely about like general officers. This of course occurs only when they have no suspicion of a foreign and hostile presence. The male spring buck stands some two feet eight inches high at the shoulder. His head and face are white like a lamb's, the horns are black and strong, the tips turned inward and generally either forward or backward and having about twenty complete rings. The general color of the hair is a yellow dun with a white croup consisting of long hairs which can be erected or depressed at pleasure. The belly, throat and inside of legs are white, separated from the dun by a broad rich chestnut band along the flanks, another along the edges

of the folds of the croup and a streak from the back of the horns through the eyes to the nose. The ears are long, slender and dirty white in color and the eyes very large, dark and expressive. The female spring buck is very much like the male just described except that it is smaller and the horns are more slender. They are found usually in the plains of the interior in herds with other varieties of antelope.

The Blesbok.—Another antelope frequently met with is the



BAKER HUNTING THE GEMSBOK

blesbok or white-faced antelope. The peculiar arrangement of the color scheme makes this species most interesting. The head is long and narrow with a broad muzzle and carries white horns twelve to fifteen inches long. They are strong at the base, taper and gradually diverge, marked with ten or twelve half-rings in front. The facial markings are very odd and distinctive. There is a patch of chocolate-colored hair at the base of the horns, divided by a narrow white streak, which suddenly widens between the eyes to the whole breadth of the face, down which it passes to the nose. The ears are long and white.

The oddities do not stop here, but are found in the markings of the entire body. The sides of the head and neck are deep purple-chocolate, the back and shoulders bluish-white, as if glazed. Brown flanks and loins with a white belly and legs brown outside and white within, yellowish-red chest and croup and a brown and white tail complete the picture of this remarkably handsome antelope. Large herds are found in the plains of the interior, often at salt deposits.

The Bontebok.—A rather larger species of antelope than the preceding is the bontebok or pied antelope. However, it bears a close resemblance to the blesbok in point of shape, being equally robust, hump-backed and broad-nosed and possessed of the same fine venerable old-goatish expression, but it is more remarkably piebald, the legs being perfectly white and the horns black, instead of being light colored. The two animals have in common a broad blaze down the face, a glazed, bluish-white back having the appearance of a saddle and fiery-red eyes. The horns are placed vertically on the summit of the head and both species alike invariably scour against the wind with their noses close to the ground. This fact adds a little to their danger from sportsmen as it is only necessary to get “up wind” on sighting them and patiently wait until they come within range. African breezes are fickle things however, and a change of wind means a quick scenting of the strange presence and a mad rush for safety.

The Pallah.—Forest lands and green and shady river-bank groves are often inhabited by forest-loving antelopes. One of the most graceful of these is the pallah with its knotted and queerly twisted horns of extraordinary size. Shy and capricious in its habits, the elegance of its form and the delicate finish of its limbs are unrivaled. The pallah stands very high on its legs, and moves with extreme grace. The color of the upper part of the body, the head and the neck, is deep-saffron or tawny. The sides and hinder parts are a yellowish-dun and the belly white. The pallah is gregarious in small herds and is chiefly found on the thinly wooded banks of rivers.

The Bush-Buck.—An animal varying somewhat from the typical structure of true antelopes, is the bush-buck or boschbok, which more nearly assumes that of the goat. Its horns are black, about twelve inches long, erect and spirally shaped. The general color of

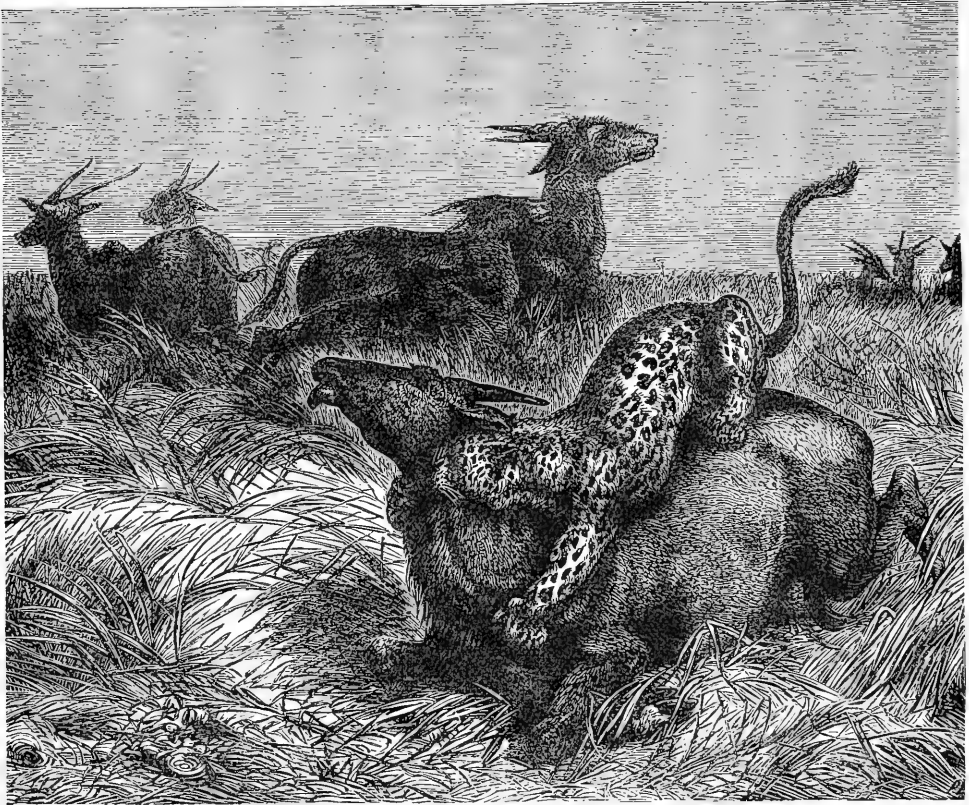
the bush-buck is a brilliant chestnut, black above, marked with a narrow white streak along the spine. Two white spots on each cheek, several on the flanks and two on each fetlock. The inside of thighs and chin are white, the forehead a deep sienna and a naked black band encircles the neck as if worn off by a collar. A particularly odd thing to be noted about the bush-buck is that they are never found in herds. The male is either accompanied by only one doe or alone. They are very difficult to shoot and usually a snap shot is all that it is possible to secure.

The Reit-Buck.—One of the smaller species of antelopes is the reit-buck. The male stands but two feet ten inches high at the shoulder. The small head carries horns ten or twelve inches long. Advancing from the plane of the face in a regular curve, diverging and with the points forward. The general color of the coat is ashy-gray, tinged with ochre beneath white. The hair of the throat is white and flowing. Like many of the preceding antelopes, the reit-buck is found in small families or alone, principally among reeds, as his name indicates.

The Nagor.—Otherwise known as the *rooe rhec-buck*, the nagor belongs to the class of the smallest African antelopes. The adult male stands about two feet eight inches high at the shoulder, with six-inch horns. The legs, head and neck are tawny, the chin and lower parts white. The body is a saffron brown, having a cast of purple, with long loose hair whirling in various directions. The nagor is usually found in rocky country. The female nagor is like the male, but hornless.

The Rhee-Buck.—Standing 2 feet 5 inches at the shoulder, the rhee-buck is grouped with the small antelopes which are sometimes called gazelles, though there is no accepted definition of this family. The body of the rhee-buck is slender, with a long neck and small head, carrying nine-inch horns and small pointed ears. These horns are peculiar, being straight, slender and vertical, with from ten to fifteen rings at the base. The hair is very soft and resembles wool, whitish gray in color, with a cast of buff. The doe or female is like the male, but smaller and hornless. They, too, are chiefly to be found in rocky country.

The Ourebi.—Still descending the antelope family in point of size, we next reach the ourebi, which is less than two feet high at the shoulder and very slight in body. The horns are four or five inches long, black, round and nearly vertical, wrinkled at the base. There is a white arch over the eyes and the tail is short and black. Otherwise the general color scheme is pale tawny beneath white and long white



A LEOPARD ATTACKING THE SPRINGBOK

hair at the throat. They are to be found in the grassy plains, usually in pairs. The doe may be recognized by the absence of horns.

he Klipspringer.—The well-known chamois of Europe has a close cousin in the African klipspringer. A peculiar antelope in that it lives on the mountain tops like a cony and is furnished with singularly coarse brittle hair, giving it almost the appearance of a hedgehog. Its height is about twenty-two inches at the shoulder and the

body is square and robust, with a short broad head and small pointed muzzle. The horns are about four inches long, round, distant, vertical but slightly inclined forwards. The fur is ashy colored at the base, brown in the middle and yellow at the tips, giving an agreeable olive appearance. The legs are robust for climbing and the hoofs subdivided into two segments and jagged at the edges so as to give it the power of holding on to the steep sides of smooth rock. The doe, as usual, is hornless, and they are usually found in pairs, inhabiting the rocks and precipices.

The Steenbok.—A species found chiefly among the bushes on high ground is the steenbuck or steenbok, as it is commonly known. Standing about twenty inches high at the shoulder, it is about thirty-five inches long. The head is short and oval, with a pointed snout and carrying horns vertical, parallel and nearly straight, four inches in length, slender, round and pointed. The ears are large, round and open, and the tail is but an inch long, having the appearance of a stump, beyond which the hair does not protrude. The general color of the steenbok is yellowish-red with occasionally a cast of brown or crimson. The belly is white and the groin naked and black. The buck and doe are usually found together, the doe being similar but hornless. Sometimes solitary.

The Grysbok.—In size much like the steenbok, the grysbok is darker in color, being a deep chocolate red intermixed with numerous single white hairs. The forehead is marked with a black horseshoe-shaped design. The shape of the head is also somewhat like that of the steenbok, it being very broad and short and carrying an obtusely pointed nose. The horns are about three and a half inches long, smooth, round, slender and vertical or slightly inclined forward. They are found usually among the wooded tracts along the seacoast.

The Duiker.—A somewhat larger antelope than those immediately preceding is the duiker, standing about two feet at the shoulder and having an extreme length of three feet eight inches. Its horns are about four inches long, close together and bending backward and outward, pointed tips and wrinkled at the base. The color scheme varies, but is usually a burnt olive above and white beneath. The forehead is covered with a patch of long bright tawny hair, a dark

streak on the chaffron, three dark fine lines inside each ear and a dark streak down the front of the legs, terminating in a black fetlock as if booted, completes the coloring. The duiker is found, like the grysbok, along the coast in wooded and bushy tracts.

The Kleenebok.—In coming to the kleenebok, or slate-colored antelope, we have reached the last and smallest of this graceful and beautiful antelope family. The little kleenebok when full grown is only fifteen inches high and about twenty-eight inches in total length. Its head is very long in comparison with its size, with a spacious muzzle somewhat resembling a rat's both in shape and expression. The ears also are round and black like a rat's. The horns are black, conical, reclined and slightly turned inwards and forwards. They are but two inches in length. In general color the delicate little animal is dull brownish buff or mouse color above and whitish underneath. The doe is even smaller and hornless. They are to be found in the forests along the seacoast.

It is with regret that we take leave of this usually swift and gentle family, to pass on to uglier and more savage brutes, known as beasts of prey.

CHAPTER XX

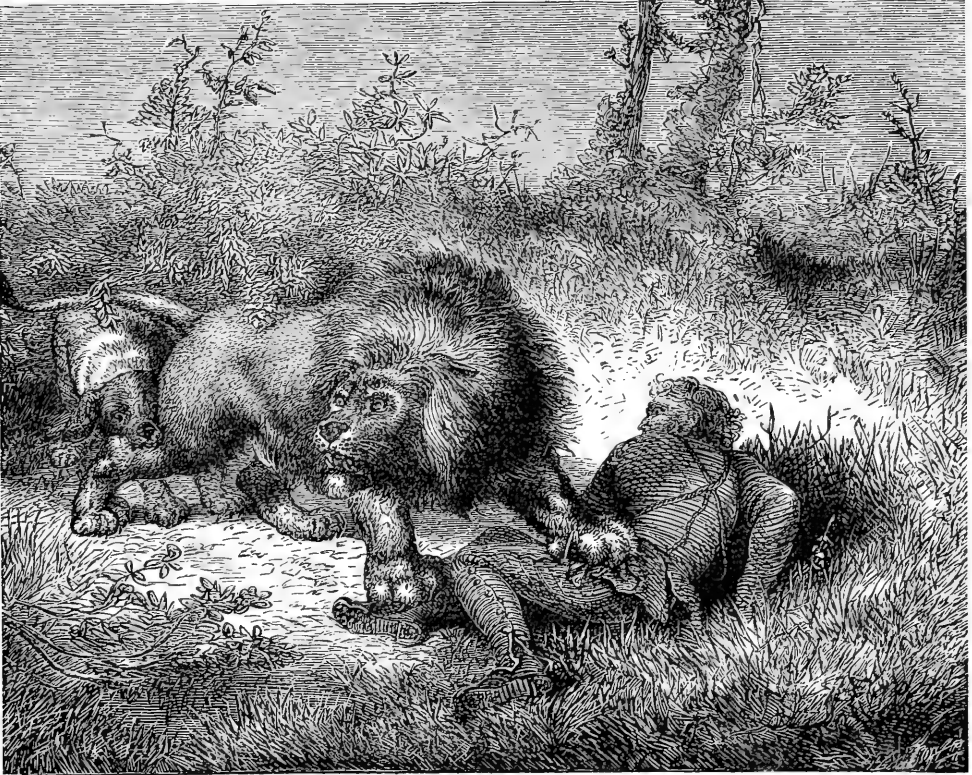
The Lion and Other Beasts of Prey

The **Cat Family**.—There are interesting animals which are well known both in the wild and tame state and which we speak of as Beasts of Prey, because they feed on living things, which they are able to capture by their own great strength and cunning. Another name for this group is *Carnivora* or Flesh Eaters. Among these are placed the animals belonging to the *Cat Tribe*, which includes the lion, the leopard, and many others of lesser size. Other families of the beast of prey including dogs, hyenas, and wolves, will be considered in succeeding chapters.

The Lion.—The most important member of this family from Mr. Roosevelt's point of view, and indeed from that of all hunters in African Wilds, is the lion.

This much-sought beast is a native of Africa and Southwestern Asia, but in both continents is being driven back by the advance of civilization. The lion is distinguished from all other cats by the presence of a large, thick mane in the adult male. A full-grown animal will measure rather more than eight feet from the nose to the end of the tail, which counts for nearly half, and is furnished at the end with a tuft of hair, in the center of which is a small horny prickle the use of which is unknown. The lion certainly does not employ it, as was once thought, to excite himself to fury by pricking his sides with it when he lashes his tail. The lioness is smaller than her mate and without a mane. She bears from two to four cubs at a litter, which native hunters often steal to sell to the dealers in wild beasts who supply the menageries, for the capture of a full-grown lion is rarely effected. The sire and dam both watch over their young, and train them to hunt prey. Thus young lions are more destructive than old ones; the former kill for the sake of killing, the latter only to satisfy hunger and provide for their mates and her cubs.

Lions generally lie in wait for their prey, concealed in the reeds near some place where other animals come to drink, and then, springing from their lair, leap upon the victim, striking it down with the paws. The neck is usually broken with a violent wrench of the powerful jaws, and the carcass is carried off to be devoured at leisure. The lion does not disdain the flesh of animals killed by the hunter. Gordon Cumming frequently saw lions feeding on antelopes that had



THE HUNTER'S ADVENTURE WITH A LION

fallen by his rifle; and Stevens, who was sent by the *New York Herald* to find Stanley, saw three "bunched up inside the capacious carcass of a rhinoceros, and feeding off the foulest carrion imaginable." When pressed by hunger the lion will approach a native village by night and carry off goats and calves, but fires and torches will scare him away.

The lion has been called the king of beasts, and a good deal has

been written about his courage and magnanimity. The former has been exaggerated; the latter he does not possess. He will generally fight savagely if brought to bay, and the lioness, when with cubs, is still more dangerous; but as a general rule, "the king of beasts," if not molested, will bolt on sighting a man.

The roar of the lion is extremely grand and striking, and at times a troop may be heard in concert, one taking the lead and three or four others chiming in like persons singing a catch.

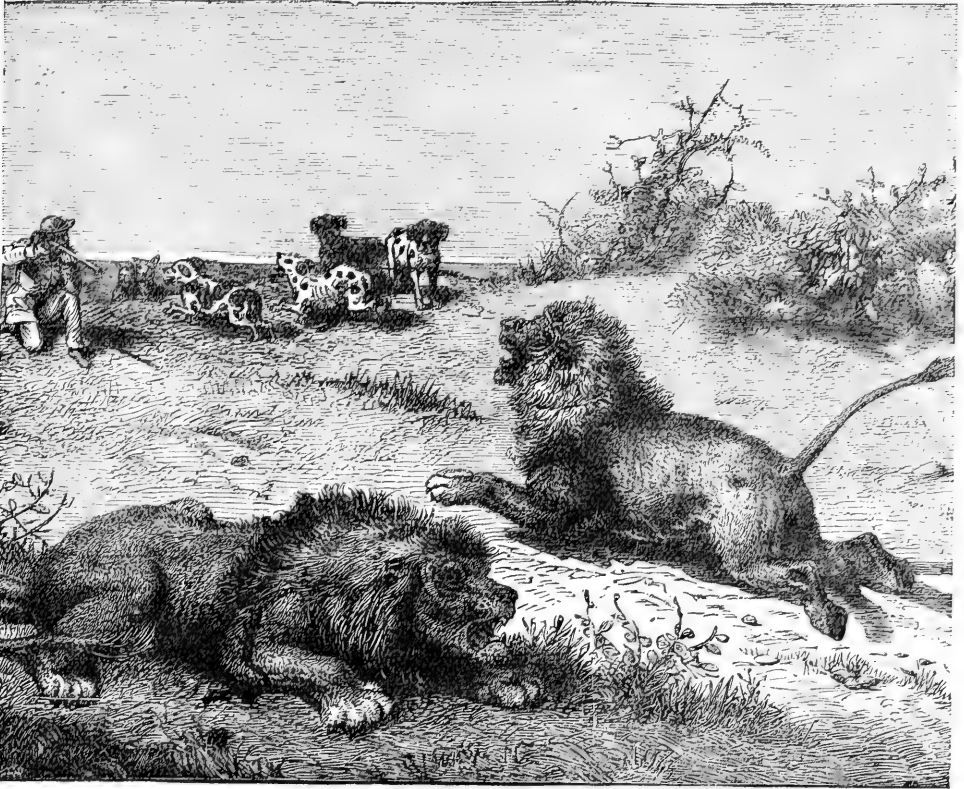
Does it not seem strange, if we come to think of it, that the lion which creeps up silently and by stealth to his prey, should yet possess a voice of such thunder that it may be heard from a very long distance indeed? If a lion were to roar, one would think that every animal in the neighborhood would take the alarm, and would at once fly from so dangerous an enemy. And surely such a voice would not have been given were it not intended to be used.

The fact is that the lion, although his mighty voice certainly frightens his prey, nevertheless finds it of the greatest service to him at times, especially when he has been searching for food without success. At such times he places his nose upon the earth, and then roars several times as loudly as possible. The terrible sounds roll along the ground, seemingly from all directions at once, and so frighten all the animals which are crouching near, that in their alarm they rush hurriedly from their hiding-places, only to be pounced upon by the watchful lion. When hunters are making their arrangements for passing the night, they are always obliged to tether the horses and oxen very carefully, for fear that a lion should cause them to rush terror-stricken from the camp by adopting this peculiar method of attack.

THE STORY OF KING HUMBERT'S LION.—The gardens attached to the Quirinal Palace, the present residence of the king and queen of Italy, are of a magical beauty. They are enclosed in high, close-cut hedges, and at every two or three steps you come upon some delightful surprise. Now a fountain, now a fernery, now an aviary, now a smooth lawn clothed with brilliant flower beds, now a grove of ancient oak trees with antique statues peeping from their mysterious depths, now an exotic shrubbery, and, at last, most wonderful

suprise of all, hidden amidst azaleas, you find a cottage with iron bars in front, behind which paces a solitary lion.

This is Goma, a present from the African king, Menelik, to his brother king, Humbert of Italy. He is a young lion, about three years old, very tall and handsome, but with a mane not yet fully grown, and was brought to Italy as a cub, so that he has never



HUNTING THE LIONS

known liberty or companionship. He came with an Abyssinian attendant, who shortly returned to his native land, and for whom is now substituted an Italian peasant girl. She keeps his parlor and bedroom clean, shutting him by an iron gate into the one or the other the while, for no one has ventured into his cage during his presence there, except once a stable boy, who put some fresh straw under him when he was ill, and had no reason to repent it, for Goma

is of a most amiable and affectionate disposition. In default of any companion of his own kind he takes to human beings, roaring when his attendant goes away to fetch his meat, of which he consumes about twenty pounds daily. A hedgehog was once put into his cage to beguile his loneliness, but it pricked his nose, and he, therefore, very naturally objected to it. Then a tortoise was tried, and this experiment succeeded better. He played with it as a kitten plays with a ball, turning it over and over with his paw, and the tortoise had the sense to keep its head well inside its shell. He plays like a kitten, too, with a bell hung from the top of his cage for his entertainment.

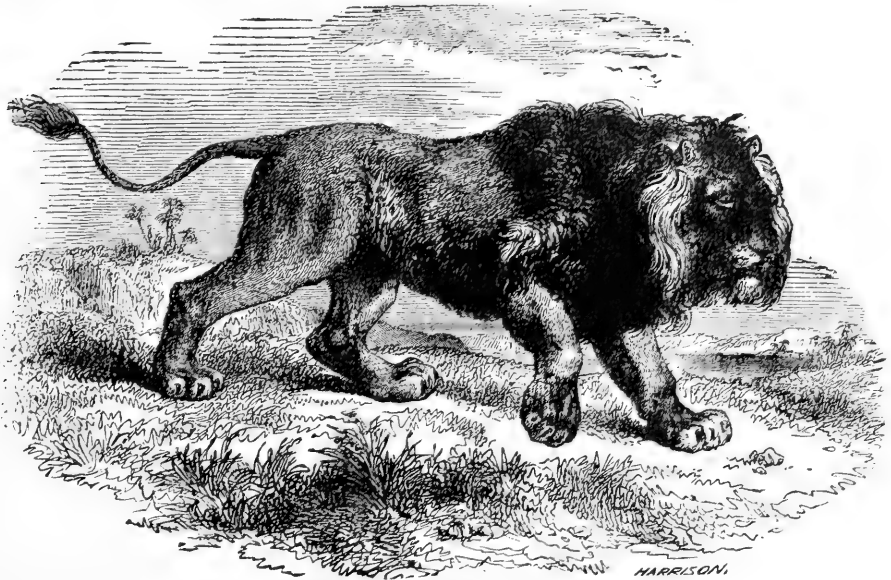
An artist had permission to paint his portrait, and he soon got very much attached to him. He scratched his head and tickled his nose, which pleased him, and in the end they became such friends that he startled the whole neighborhood with his roars when the artist left him. The first time he came to paint Goma, he sat down opposite the bars, with his paws crossed over his chest, and watched him intently. The artist tried to paint him in this attitude, but he would not continue it. The attitude chosen finally was his monotonous march to and fro in his cage. He took an interest in his picture to the last, but I doubt if his criticism was altogether favorable. There was one person against whom he had a spite—one of the king's splendid cuirassiers or guards, who would wander around in an amiable way and sit down opposite the cage with a newspaper. Goma would crouch, waiting till the man moved, when he would spring—vainly—against the bars of his cage. Nothing would induce him to trust that man, with the black moustache and suave manners, for doubtless he had tormented the poor caged beast on the sly.

At the end of the season, the queen gave a select garden-party "to meet Goma," who was gracious to the guests, but forgot to modulate his voice, and conversed so loudly that they turned and fled.

HOW A LION REASONED.—The following interesting story shows how a man with his superior powers of mind and courage can master even the king of beasts.

Diederik Muller, one of the most intrepid and successful of modern lion-hunters in South Africa, had been out alone hunting in

the wilds, when he came suddenly upon a lion, which, instead of giving way, seemed disposed, from the angry attitude he assumed, to dispute with him the dominion of the desert. Diederik instantly alighted, and confident of his unerring aim leveled his gun at the forehead of the lion, who was crouched in the act to spring, within fifteen paces of him; but at the moment the hunter fired, his horse, whose bridle was round his arm, started back and caused him to miss. The lion bounded forward, but stopped within a few paces, confronting Diederik who stood defenseless, his gun discharged, and his horse



THE LION IN PURSUIT

running off. The man and the beast stood looking at each other in the face for a short space. At length the lion moved backward as if to go away. Diederik began to load his gun, the lion looked over his shoulder, growled, and returned. Diederik stood still. The lion again moved cautiously off, and the hunter continued to load and ram down his bullet. The lion again looked back and growled angrily; and this occurred repeatedly, until the animal had got off to some distance when it took fairly to its heels and bounded away.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION CUB.—A gentleman had obtained a lion cub while quite young, and had carefully trained him as a pet,

allowing him to wander about the house at will, and to sleep in his bedroom at night. One night he was awakened by feeling the rough tongue of the animal passing along his hand which was resting outside the bedclothes, for the lion was licking him just as a cat will those to whom she is very much attached, and the file-like points had cut through the skin and drawn the blood. He attempted, of course, to draw the hand away, but was at once stopped by a low growl from the lion, which had licked up the blood and was anxious to procure more.

Now, the gentleman knew very well that a lion, when he has once tasted human blood, never afterwards loses his desire for it, and becomes what is called a "man-eater," that is, one which prowls about the roads and villages in hope of seizing some passer-by. He also knew that if he withdrew his hand the animal would at once spring upon him, and he therefore, although much grieved at the thought of losing his pet, drew a loaded pistol from beneath his pillow with his other hand, and shot the lion through the head.

The lion is not as large a beast as many people think. However, the animal's length and great weight and strength make him an impressive and dangerous antagonist. The ears of the lion, both male and female, are round and black and the hair on the body and legs is short and of a tawny-yellow color, darker on the back and lighter on the belly. The upper parts of the head, the chin, neck, shoulders and belly are covered with long shaggy hairs forming a copious flowing mane, the color varying between tawny-brown and black according to the age of the animal. A black spot at each corner of the mouth, and the whiskers are strong and white. The eyes are yellow. The strong teeth of the lion are so fetid and filthy from the carrion he eats that a bite by one of them, even though not fatal in itself, often causes blood poisoning and death results.

The Leopard.—Next in order of the cat family is the leopard. This animal is found in Africa and the warmer parts of Asia. He is about six feet long, of which the tail forms a little less than half. The fur is reddish-fawn, marked on the body with dark rosettes; the tail is tinged with black, and the under-surface is whitish. He is arboreal in habit—that is, he lives much more in the trees than on the ground; in this respect differing from the lion and the tiger, which rarely climb

trees—so rarely, indeed, that some writers have doubted whether these larger cats have the power to do so. He is a very destructive animal, and preys upon sheep, goats, antelopes, and calves. Donkeys he leaves severely alone, because, to quote a recent writer on Eastern Equatorial Africa, "he knows well that a donkey, like a football-player, is generally a good kick, and so prefers to give him a wide berth."

He has a strange liking for dog-meat, and is always ready to dine off a dog, provided he be not too large. Dr. Pruen, in "The Arab and the African," tells an amusing story of the experiences of a leopard with two English mastiffs. His servant chained up the dogs on the veranda at dusk, and little time elapsed before a leopard, who had smelt dog from below, jumped in between them. He was evidently surprised at their size and still more so at the treatment he received, for "one dog got him by the head, the other by the tail, and the two quickly bowled him over. He lay perfectly still, astonished at the unexpected turn which events had taken, whilst the dogs, evidently puzzled at his quiet behavior, simply held him there and growled, but offered him no further violence. Before the men, who had been standing near, could return with their guns, the leopard had taken advantage of the dogs' indecision to suddenly wriggle away and disappear in the darkness, leaving them without even a scratch."

He sometimes carries off old women and children, but rarely attacks men, though when wounded he fights with great fierceness, and sometimes succeeds in killing his foe. In 1892, a high official in India wounded a leopard, as he thought, mortally, when the beast sprang upon him, threw him down, and badly mauled his left arm. Fortunately, a native hunter came up and pinned the brute to the ground with a spear, when the Englishman scrambled to his feet, and killed the leopard with a shot through the head.

Mr. Cumming has published a volume containing a record of his hunting exploits in Africa, in the year 1848. The following interesting accounts of adventures are from his work:

"On the morning," says Mr. Cumming, "I rode into camp, after unsuccessfully following the spoor of a herd of elephants for two days, in a westerly course. Having partaken of some refreshment, I saddled up two steeds and rode down the bank of Ngotwani, with the Bushman,

to seek for any game I might find. After riding about a mile along the river's green bank, I came suddenly upon an old male leopard, lying under the shade of a thorn grove, and panting from the great heat. Although I was within sixty yards of him, he had not heard the horse's tread. I thought he was a lioness, and, dismounting, took a rest in my saddle on the Old Gray, and sent a bullet into him. He sprang to his feet and ran half way down the river's bank, and stood to look about him, when I sent a second bullet into his person, and he disappeared over the bank. The ground being very dangerous, I did not disturb him by following then, but I at once sent Ruyter back to camp for the dogs. Presently he returned with Wolf and Boxer, very much done up with the sun. I rode forward, and, on looking over the bank, the leopard started up and sneaked off alongside of the tall reeds, and was instantly out of sight. I fired a random shot from the saddle to encourage the dogs, and shouted to them; they, however, stood looking stupidly around, and would not take up his scent at all. I led them over his spoor, again and again, but to no purpose; the dogs seemed quite stupid, and yet they were Wolf and Boxer, my two best.

"At length I gave it up as a lost affair, and was riding down the river's bank, when I heard Wolf give tongue behind me, and, galloping back, found him at bay with the leopard, immediately beneath where I had fired at him; he was very severely wounded, and had slipped down into the river's bed and doubled back, whereby he had thrown out both the dogs and myself. As I approached, he flew out upon Wolf and knocked him over, and then, running up the bed of the river, took shelter in a thick bush: Wolf, however, followed him, and at this moment my other dogs came up, having heard the shot, and bayed him fiercely. He sprang out upon them, and then crossed the river's bed, taking shelter beneath some large tangled roots on the opposite bank. As he crossed the river, I put a third bullet into him, firing from the saddle, and, as soon as he came to bay, I gave him a fourth, which finished him. This leopard was a very fine old male; in the conflict, the unfortunate Alert was wounded, as usual, getting his face torn open; he was still going upon three legs, with all his breast laid bare by the first water-buck.

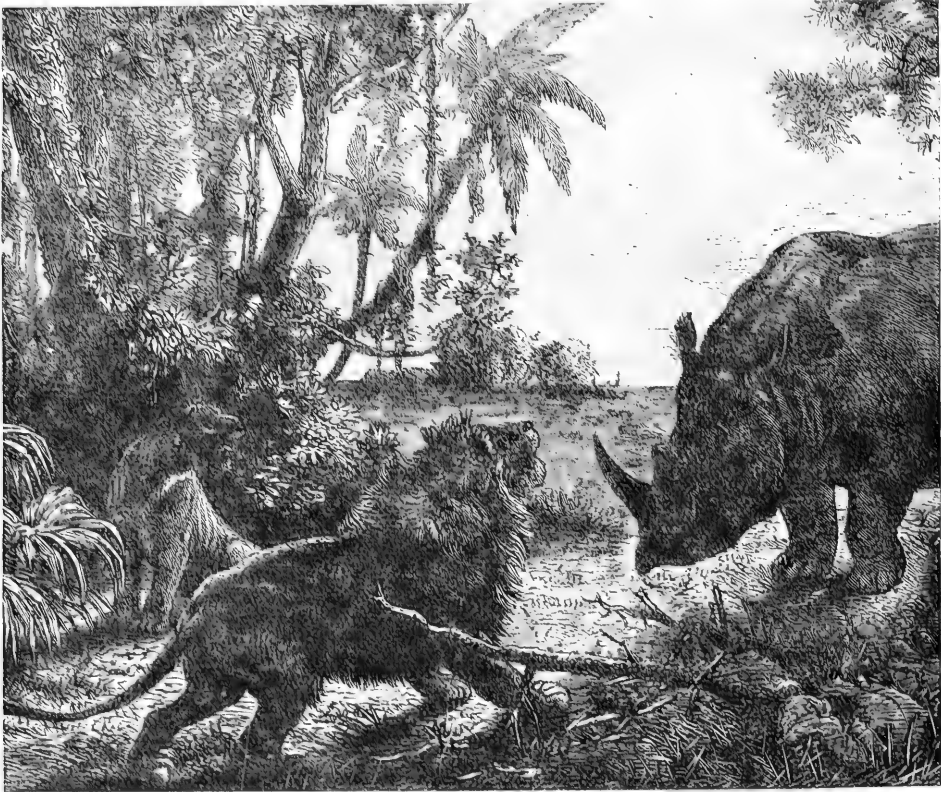
"In the evening I directed my Hottentots to watch a fine pool in

the river, and do their best, while I rode to a distant pool several miles up the Ngotwani, reported as very good for game, to lie all night and watch: my Totties, however, fearing 'Tao,' disobeyed me. On reaching the water I was bound for, I found it very promising, and, having fastened my two horses to a tree beneath the river's bank, I prepared a place of concealment close by, and laid down for the night.

"The river's banks on each side were clad with groves of shady thorn trees. After I had lain some time, squadrons of buffaloes were heard coming on, until the shady grove on the east bank of the water immediately above me was alive with them. After some time the leaders ventured down the river's bank to drink, and this was the signal for a general rush into the large pool of water: they came on like a regiment of cavalry at a gallop, making a mighty din, and obscuring the air with a dense cloud of dust. At length I sent a ball into one of them, when the most tremendous rush followed up the bank, where they all stood still, listening attentively. I knew that the buffalo was severely wounded, but did not hear him fall. Some time after, I fired at a second, as they stood on the bank above me; this buffalo was also hard hit, but did not then fall. A little after, I fired at a third on the same spot; he ran forty yards, and, falling, groaned fearfully: this at once brought on a number of the others to butt their dying comrade, according to their benevolent custom. I then crept in toward them, and, firing my fourth shot, a second buffalo ran forward a few yards, and, falling, groaned as the last; her comrades, coming up, served her in the same manner. A second time I crept in, and, firing a fifth shot, a third buffalo ran forward, and fell close to her dying comrades: in a few minutes all the other buffaloes made off, and the sound of teeth tearing at the flesh was heard immediately.

"I fancied it was the hyenas, and fired a shot to scare them from the flesh. All was still; and, being anxious to inspect the heads of the buffaloes, I went boldly forward, taking the native who accompanied me, along with me. We were within about five yards of the nearest buffalo, when I observed a yellow mass lying alongside of him, and at the same instant a lion gave a deep growl,—I thought it was all over with me. The native shouted 'Tao,' and, springing away, instantly commenced blowing shrilly through a charmed piece of bone

which he wore on his necklace. I retreated to the native, and we then knelt down. The lion continued his meal, tearing away at the buffalo, and growling at his wife and family, who, I found next day, by the spoor, had accompanied him. Knowing that he would not molest me if I left him alone, I proposed to the native to go to our hole and lie down, but he would not hear of it, and entreated me to fire at the lion.



JUNGLE INHABITANTS

I fired three different shots where I thought I saw him, but without any effect; he would not so much as for a moment cease munching my buffalo. I then proceeded to lie down, and was soon asleep, the native keeping watch over our destinies. Some time after midnight other lions were heard coming on from other airts, and my old friend commenced roaring so loudly that the native thought it proper to wake me.

“The first old lion now wanted to drink, and held right away for

the two unfortunate steeds, roaring terribly. I felt rather alarmed for their safety; but, trusting that the lion had had flesh enough for one night, I lay still, and listened with an attentive ear. In a few minutes, to my utter horror, I heard him spring upon one of the steeds with an angry growl, and dash him to the earth; the steed gave a slight groan, and all was still. I listened to hear the sound of teeth, but all continued still. Soon after this 'Tao,' was once more heard to be munching the buffalo. In a few minutes he came forward, and stood on the bank close above us, and roared most terribly, walking up and down, as if meditating some mischief. I now thought it high time to make a fire, and, quickly collecting some dry reeds and little sticks, in half a minute we had a cheerful blaze. The lion, which had not yet got our wind, came forward at once to find out what the deuce was up; but, not seeing to his entire satisfaction from the top of the bank he was proceeding to descend by a game-path into the river-bed within a few yards of us. I happened at the very moment to go to this spot to fetch more wood, and, being entirely concealed from the lion's view above by the intervening high reeds, we actually met face to face! The first notice I got was his sudden spring to one side, accompanied by repeated angry growls, while I involuntarily made a convulsive spring backward, at the same time giving a fearful shriek, such as I never before remember uttering. I fancied, just as he growled, he was coming upon me. We now heaped on more wood, and kept up a very strong fire until the day dawned, the lions feasting beside us all the time, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the little native, who, with a true Bechuana spirit, lamenting the loss of so much good flesh, kept continually shouting and pelting them with flaming brands.

"The next morning, when it was clear, I arose and inspected the buffaloes. The three that had fallen were fine old cows, and two of them were partly consumed by the lions. The ground all around was packed flat with their spoor; one particular spoor was nearly as large as that of a borèlé. I then proceeded to inspect the steeds; the sand around them was also covered with the lion's spoor. He had sprung upon the Old Gray but had done him no further injury than scratching his back through the skin: perhaps the lion had been scared by the rheims, or on discovering his spare condition, had preferred the buffalo."

Sparrman relates that a lion was once seen at the Cape to take a heifer in his mouth; and though the legs of the latter dragged along the ground, yet he seemed to carry her off with the same ease that a cat does a rat. He likewise leaped over a broad dike with her, without the least difficulty. According to the testimony of others, he can drag the heaviest ox with ease a considerable way; and a horse, or smaller prey, he finds no difficulty in throwing upon his shoulder and carrying off to any distance he may find convenient.

A very young lion was seen to carry off a horse about a mile from the spot where he killed it. In another instance a lion having borne off a heifer of two years old, was followed on the spoor or track, for full five hours, by a party on horseback, and throughout the distance, the carcass of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground.

It is singular that the lion, which, according to many, always kills his prey immediately, if it belongs to the brute creation, is said frequently, although provoked, to content himself with merely wounding the human species; or at least to wait some time before he gives the fatal blow to the unhappy victim he has got under him. A farmer, who had the misfortune to be a spectator of a lion's seizing two of his oxen, at the very instant he had taken them out of his wagon, stated that they immediately fell down dead upon the spot, close to each other; though, on examining the carcasses afterwards, it appeared that their backs only had been broken. In another instance, a father and his two sons, being on foot near a river on their estate, in search of a lion, the creature rushed out upon them, and threw one of them under his feet. The two others, however, had time enough to shoot the lion dead on the spot as it had lain across the youth so dearly related to them, without having done him any particular hurt.

"I myself saw," says Sparrman, "near the upper part of Duyrenhoek River, an elderly Hottentot, who, at that time (his wounds being still open), bore under one eye, and underneath his cheek-bone, the ghastly marks of the bite of a lion, which did not think it worth his while to give him any other chastisement for having, together with his master (whom I also knew), and several other Christians, hunted a lion with great intrepidity, though without success. The conversation

ran everywhere in this part of the country upon one Bota, a farmer, and captain in the militia, who had lain for some time under a lion, and had received several bruises from the beast, having been, at the same time, a good deal bitten by him in one arm, as a token to remember him by; but upon the whole, had, in a manner, his life given him by this noble animal!"

Mr. Smith, of Cape Town, went with about forty others to a neighboring hill to hunt wolves, which had committed various depredations among the sheep. While engaged in the chase, a lion sprang from a bush, and seized one of the Hottentots by the forehead. "I could not leave the man to be killed," he said, "I therefore went with my gun to shoot the lion. On observing me, he left the Hottentot and attacked me; my gun was useless, for, in a moment, he caught my arm in his mouth, having directed my elbow towards him to defend my face. I held his throat down with my other hand, with my knee on his belly, and called out to the Hottentots to come to my assistance. When they heard I was in danger, they ventured their lives to save mine;—they came running, and one of them shot him dead; and we brought home his skin." His teeth met to the very bone of Mr. Smith's arm, and it was a long time before he recovered. The Hottentot who was first attacked, carried the marks of the lion tusks in his forehead all his days.

The mode of Hottentot hunting has been described in terms of eulogy, from the earliest times. When the men of a kraal are out on the chase, and discover a wild beast of any considerable size, strength, and fierceness, they divide themselves into several parties, and endeavor to surround the beast, which, through their nimbleness of foot, they generally do very quickly; though, on the sight of such danger, "the beast, of whatsoever kind," says Kolben, "always betakes himself to all his shifts and to all his heels."

When a lion, tiger, or leopard, is thus encompassed, they attack him with spears and arrows. With flaming eyes and the wildest rage, the creature flies on the Hottentots who threw them. He is nimble; they are nimbler, and avoid him with astonishing dexterity, till they are relieved by others of the ring, who, plying him with fresh arrows and spears, bring him and all his fury on themselves.

He leaps towards one so quickly, and apparently so surely, that the looker-on shudders for the Hottentot, expecting to see him torn to pieces in an instant. But, instead of this, the Hottentot leaps out in the twinkling of an eye, and the beast spends his rage on the ground. He turns, and leaps towards another, and another, and another, but still in vain; he is avoided with the quickness of thought, and he fights only with the air. All this time the arrows and spears shower on him in the rear. He grows mad with pain; and leaping from one party to another of his foes, and tumbling from time to time on the ground, to break the arrows and spears that are fastened in him, he foams, yells, and roars most terribly. "If the beast is not quickly slain," says Kolben, "he is quickly convinced there is no dealing with so nimble an enemy; and then he makes off with all his heels, and having by this time a multitude, perhaps, of poisoned arrows and spears in his back, the Hottentots let him go freely and follow him at a little distance. The poison quickly seizes him, and he runs not far before he falls."

A Hottentot was out hunting, and perceiving an antelope feeding among some bushes, he approached in a creeping posture, and had rested his gun over an ant-hill to take a steady aim, when, observing that the creature's attention was suddenly and peculiarly excited by some object near him, he looked up and perceived with horror that a large lion was at that instant creeping forward and ready to spring on himself. Before he could change his posture, and direct his aim at this antagonist, the lion bounded forward, seized him with his talons, and crushed his left hand, as he endeavored to ward him off with it, between his savage jaws. In this extremity, the Hottentot had the presence of mind to turn the muzzle of his gun, which he still held in his right hand, into the lion's mouth, and then drawing the trigger, shot him dead through the brain. He lost his hand, but happily escaped any further injury.

A Boor, named Lucas, was riding across the open plains, near the Little Fish River, one morning, about daybreak, and, observing a lion at a distance, he endeavored to avoid him by making a wide circuit. There were thousands of spring-bucks scattered over the extensive flats; but the lion, from the open nature of the country, had probably been unsuccessful in hunting.

Lucas soon perceived, at least, that he was not disposed to let *him* pass without further parlançe, and that he was rapidly advancing to the encounter; and being without his rifle, and otherwise little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles, laid the whip freely to the horse's flank, and galloped for life. But it was too late. The horse was fagged and bore a heavy man on his back,—the lion was fresh and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunderbolt. In a few seconds he came up, and springing up behind Lucas, brought horse and man instantly to the ground. Happily the poor Boor was unhurt, and the lion was fully occupied in worrying the horse.

Hardly knowing how it was done, he contrived to scramble out of the fray, and hurried at the top of his speed to the nearest house. Lucas, when relating his adventure, did not describe it as in any way remarkable, except as to the lion's audacity in pursuing a "Christian-man" without provocation, in open day. His greatest vexation appeared to arise from the loss of his *saddle*. He returned next day, with a party of friends, to search for it, and to avenge himself on his foe, but they found only the horse's clean picked bones. Lucas remarked that he could excuse the *schelm* (the rascal) for killing his horse, as he had let himself escape; but then, as he said gravely, the saddle could be of no use to him, and he considered the depredator well deserved his most vehement invectives.

Two Boors, returning from hunting a species of antelope, fell in with a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to the creature. At first, he endeavored to escape by clambering up a precipice, but, being hotly pressed, and slightly wounded by a musket-ball, he turned on his pursuers, with that frantic ferocity which, on such emergencies, he so frequently displays, and, springing on the man who had fired at him, tore him from his horse to the ground, biting him, at the same time, very severely on the shoulder, and tearing his face and arms with his claws. The other hunter, seeing the danger of his comrade, sprang from his horse, and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head; but, whether owing to trepidation, the fear of wounding his friend, or the sudden motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed his aim.

The leopard, abandoning his prostrate enemy, darted, with redoubled fury, on his second antagonist; and so fierce and sudden was on his onset, that before the Boor could stab the leopard with his hunting-knife, the beast struck him in the eyes with his claws, and even tore the scarf over the forehead. In this frightful condition, the hunter grappled with the raging beast, and, struggling for life, they rolled together down a steep declivity. All this occurred so rapidly that the other man had scarcely time to recover from the confusion into which his feline foe had thrown him, to seize his gun, and rush forward to aid his comrade, when he beheld them in mortal conflict, rolling together down the steep bank. In a few moments he was at the bottom with them, but too late to save the life of his friend, who had so gallantly defended him. The leopard had torn open the jugular vein, and so dreadfully mangled the throat of the unfortunate man, that his death was inevitable; and his comrade had only the melancholy satisfaction of completing the destruction of the leopard, which was already much exhausted by several deep wounds in the breast, from the desperate knife of the expiring huntsman.

On one occasion, a pair of leopards, with three cubs, entered a sheep-fold at the Cape of Good Hope. The old ones killed nearly a hundred sheep, and regaled themselves with the blood. When they were satiated, they tore a carcass into three pieces, and gave a part to each of the cubs. They then took each a whole sheep, and thus laden, began to move off, but were discovered in their retreat; the female and the cubs were killed, while the male effected his escape.

The leopard resembles in its habits the lion and the panther, but he is not so powerful. In one respect, however, he is superior to them: that is the extreme pliability of his spine, which gives him a degree of velocity and agility surpassed by no other animal. With such astonishing rapidity does he climb trees, that few animals are safe from his ravages. Man alone seems to excite some respect; but if pressed hard in the pursuit by the hunter, he will turn upon him, and it requires both skill and prowess to guard against a leopard's attacks. Many instances have occurred of man becoming his victim, although generally he must be pressed to the onset; as when impelled by hunger.

Sometimes leopards are used in the pursuit of antelopes. On these

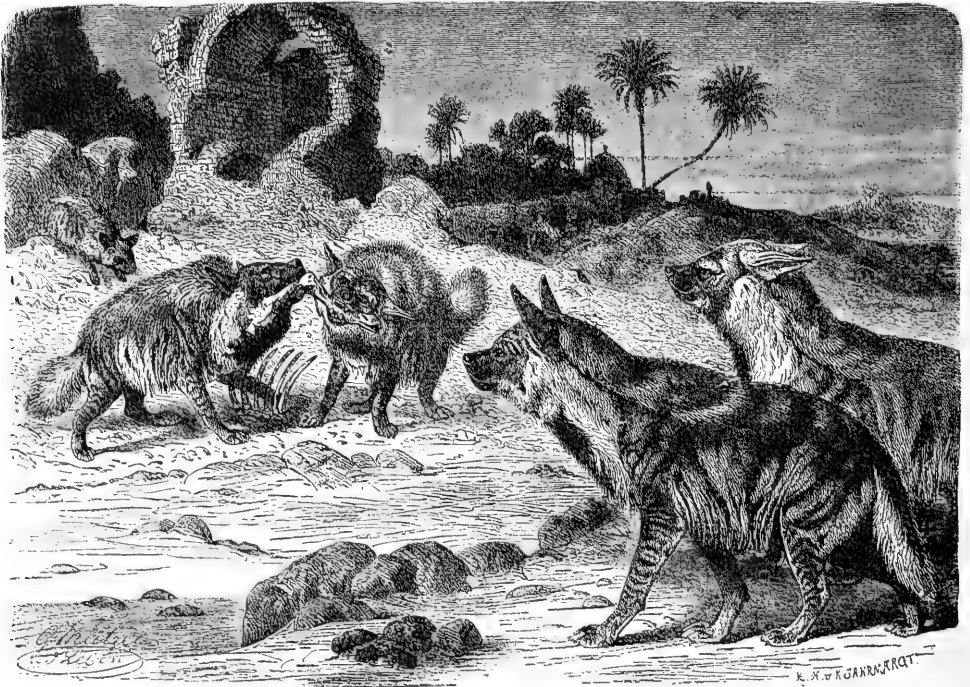
occasions the leopard is first hoodwinked, as falcons are; and as soon as the huntsman is near enough to the game the cap is taken off, the leader strokes his hands several times over the eyes of the animal, and turns his head towards the antelope. Scarcely does the leopard perceive it when he immediately springs forward; but if he does not succeed in overtaking the antelope in two or three leaps, he desists and quietly lies down. His leader again takes him up in his cart and gives him some meat and water to strengthen him. The attempt is then renewed; but, if he fails a second time, he is quite discouraged, and is unfit for the chase for some days. The antelope possesses such elasticity that it makes leaps from thirty to forty paces, and therefore easily escapes from the leopard, and hence it is indispensable to get as near the game as possible. But if the leopard succeeds in catching the antelope, he leaps upon its back, and clings to it with his paws; it falls down; he thrusts his fangs in the neck of his hapless victim and sucks the blood, and then quietly follows his leader.

The Hunting Leopard.—A rare species of leopard is the hunting leopard. The size of both sexes is about that of a greyhound, with a slender body and long legs. The belly and the insides of the legs are white, the rest pale-yellow, studded with small round black spots, larger on the back and outside of thighs. The hair of the upper part of the neck and withers is rather long, forming a small mane. There is a black stripe on the ears and another from the corners of the eyes to the angle of the mouth. The tail is ringed with black and white and tipped with white. It is only fair to state that this species is not at all common, and the sportsman who returns with a specimen is very lucky.

CHAPTER XXI

The Wild Dogs of Africa

The **Hyena**.—Externally, the hyenas have somewhat the appearance of extremely ugly and unattractive-looking dogs. They are somewhat larger than a shepherd's dog, and are covered with coarse bristly hair, short over the greater part of the



THE STRIPED HYÆNA

A repulsive animal, but useful for removing dead animals

body, but produced into a sort of mane along the ridge of the neck. The hyena walks stealthily on its toes rather than on the flat of its paw, its legs having much the same proportion as in an average dog, except for the fact that the hind legs are shorter than the fore legs, so that the

body slopes from the front shoulders to the rear haunches. The claws resemble those of the dog, in that they cannot be retracted in sheaths of skin; here, therefore, we have a great and marked difference from all the cat tribe.

The hyenas, both the striped and spotted varieties, form part of that large body of animals which act as scavengers, or, in other words, which remove decaying animals and vegetable matter from the face of the earth, and so prevent it from giving off evil vapors which might be the cause of disease. These animals, in fact, perform in the world just the same service as do the street cleaners in our towns and villages, and form our first examples of the servants of nature whose work is just the same as that of certain servants of our own.

Now, as there is so vast a quantity of refuse matter daily to be carried away, nature has divided her scavengers into several classes, to one of which is given the task of removing putrefying flesh, to another that of disposing of decaying vegetable matter, and so on. And the task of the hyenas is that of devouring the bones of animals killed by the cats, which you will recollect I told you they do not eat themselves, and also of those which may have died from other causes.

As many of the animals which they devour are of very large size, it is evident enough that the jaws of the hyenas must be immensely strong, in order to enable them to perform their work of breaking bones and tearing flesh; and no one who has ever seen a hyena engaged in feeding can doubt for a moment that nature has taken care to fulfil this requirement. With one bite of its powerful jaws it can crush the leg-bone of an ox to splinters, crunching it as easily as though it were a stick of celery, and seem to think no more of it than we should of a slice of bread and butter.

As the hyena lives during the day-time in burrows which it scoops out by means of its fore legs, these limbs are very powerful, and the claws are large and strong. The whole strength of the animal, indeed, seems to lie in the head, shoulders, and fore legs, the hinder parts of the body being so small and feeble in comparison, that they indeed scarcely seem to form part of the same creature.

The tail is bushy, the snout long, but blunt, giving the beast a snub-nosed appearance and a horribly vulgar expression, quite dif-

ferent to that of most of its relatives. The long-nosedness is partly, however, only a matter of external appearance, for the skull, although nothing like as short as a cat's, is yet very far from being as long as that of a dog or a civet, and it is still more cat-like in the immense width of the cheek-arches, and the great development of bony ridges for the attachment of muscles.

Like some other beasts of a similarly mean nature, the spotted hyena, in particular, prefers not to do its own killing, but likes better to live as a sort of humble messmate on those better provided than itself with the courage requisite to good hunters. When it does cater for itself, instead of subsisting on the leavings of its betters, it always makes its attack in a cowardly way, and trusts rather to stratagem than to any of the higher qualities of a sportsman.

The Wild Dog.—A curious species belonging to this family is the wild dog. These animals, while not large, their height being under two feet at the shoulder, are able to run down even the larger species of antelope, giraffes, etc., by their untiring persistence. They hunt in large packs and when once on the trail of an animal rarely leave it until the animal falls exhausted and unable to resist their vicious attack. In form the wild dog is slight, and capable of great speed. The general color is a sandy-bay or ochre-yellow, irregularly blotched and brindled with black and variegated spots of exceedingly irregular shape. The face, nose and muzzle are black and the latter sharp pointed. The tail bushy like that of a fox and divided about the middle by a black ring, above which the color is sandy and below white.

The Aard Wolf.—This is a remarkable animal, and inhabits the southern parts of Africa, where its home is almost the same as that of the brown variety of the hyena. It is an extremely interesting animal, as it forms a connecting link between the civet family and the hyenas; although more nearly allied to the latter than to the former, it is found to be impossible to assign it to one of these groups in preference to the other, and it is, in consequence, placed in a family by itself. It has the sloping back of a hyena, owing to the fore legs being longer than the hind legs; but its head is quite civet-like, the snout being long and pointed, and altogether unlike a hyena's. Its size is that of a full-grown fox, but it stands higher upon its legs, its ears are consid-

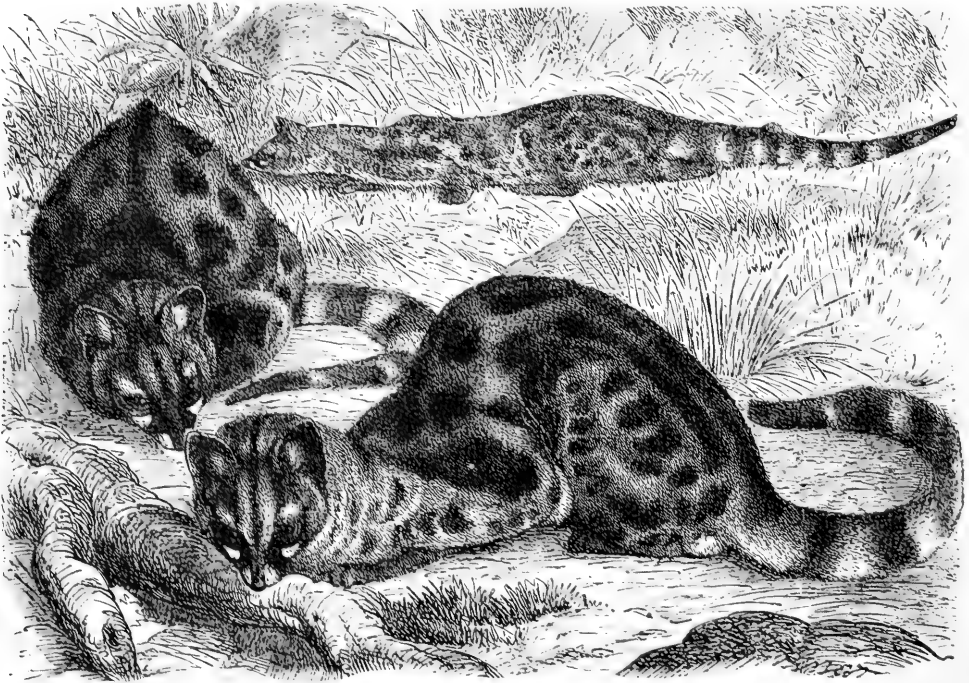
erably larger and more naked, and its tail shorter and not so bushy. At first sight it might be easily taken for a young striped hyena, so closely does it resemble that animal in the colors and peculiar markings of its fur, and in the mane of long stiff hair which runs along the neck and back; indeed, it is only to be distinguished by its more pointed head, and by the additional fifth toes of the fore feet. It is also quite hyena-like in color, being of a dull yellowish-gray tint, and marked with dark brown stripes and a black muzzle. One who has seen it says:

“In its habits and manners the aard wolf resembles the fox. Like that animal it is abroad at night, and constructs an underground burrow, at the bottom of which it lies concealed during the day time, and only ventures abroad on the approach of night to search for food, and satisfy the other calls of nature. It is fond of the society of its own species; at least many individuals have been found residing together in the same burrow; and, as they are of a timid and wary character, they have generally three or four entrances to this hole; so that, if attacked on one side, they may secure a retreat in an opposite direction. Notwithstanding the extra length of their forelegs, they are said to run very fast, and so strong is their disposition to burrow, that one of these animals, perceiving itself about to be run down or captured, immediately ceased its flight, and began to scratch up the ground, as if with the intention of making a new hole in the ground.” Its food consists very largely of carrion, but it also devours ants.

CHAPTER XXII

The Civet Family

THE Civet family occupies a position between the true cats and the hyenas. They have long, thin bodies, short limbs, a long tail, and a sharp-pointed snout; and are clothed with stiff, harsh fur. There are usually five digits or fingers on each limb, but those



THE CIVET CAT

Feeds upon birds and small quadrupeds

corresponding to our thumb and great toe may be wanting; and in walking the wrist and ankle are brought much nearer the ground than is the case with the cats. The claws in most species can be but partially drawn back. The skull is longer than that of the cats, and

its teeth are more numerous; the canine or sharp-pointed teeth are smaller, and the back-teeth less scissor-like, bearing, especially in the palm civets, little blunt projections, so as to crush or grind. There is a pouch under the tail, in which an odorous substance is secreted. These animals are confined to regions of Asia and Africa, with the exception of one species that is European.

The true civet cats, from which the musky substance called civet is obtained, are the representatives and chief members of the family. The fur is coarse, yellowish-gray in color, more or less spotted or striped with black, and forming an erect mane on the back. They feed chiefly upon flesh, but also on fruits and roots.

The African civet is a native of those parts of the Dark Continent lying between the tropics. It is somewhat larger than a common fox, and, like some other species, is kept in confinement for the sake of its strong-smelling secretion, which is used in the manufacture of perfumery. The odor is far too strong to be pleasant, unless the civet is diluted with oil or spirit. The Asiatic civet, about the same size as the African, has a wide range in the East, where the natives keep it in cages, and care for it that they may obtain from it the fatty substance from which the perfume is made. The tangalung, from Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and the Philippines, and the Burmese civet, are of smaller size, but similar in habits. The spots of the latter are large and distinct.

The Ichneumons are chiefly African, only the true ichneumons ranging into Asia and Europe. They are also known as the mongoose. They vary in size from that of a large cat to that of a weasel, which animal many of them resemble in form. They live mostly on the ground, and feed on small mammals, birds, reptiles and their eggs, and insects. Some are domesticated as mousers and snake-killers. The common ichneumon of North Africa, found also in Spain, was a sacred animal among the ancient Egyptians. It is commonly domesticated at the present day, and makes an affectionate pet, and a capital servant in killing rats, mice, serpents, and lizards. The Indian ichneumon, or mongoose, is much smaller, with pale-gray fur. It is noted as a snake-killer; and while some maintain that it is proof against snake-poison, others declare that when bitten the mongoose rushes

away to feed on some herb that acts as an antidote. An observer kept one as a pet for some time, and says: "It traveled with me on horseback in an empty holster, or in a pocket, or up my sleeve; and afterwards, when my duties as a settlement-officer took me out into camps, 'Pips' was my constant companion. He was excessively clean, and after eating would pick his teeth with his claws in a most absurd manner. I do not know whether a mongoose in a wild state will eat carrion, but he would not touch anything tainted; and, though very fond of freshly-cooked game, would turn up his nose at high partridge or grouse. He was very fond of eggs, and, holding them in his forepaws, would crack a little hole at the small end, out of which he would suck the contents. He was a very good ratter, and also killed many snakes against which I pitted him. His way seemed to be to tease the snake into darting at him, when, with inconceivable rapidity, he would pounce on the reptile's head. He seemed to know instinctively which were the poisonous ones, and acted with corresponding caution. I do not believe in the mongoose being proof against snake-poison, or in the antidote theory. Their extreme agility prevents their being bitten; and the stiff, rigid hair which is excited at such times, and a thick, loose skin, are an additional protection. I think it has been proved that if the poison of a snake is injected into the veins of a mongoose it proves fatal."

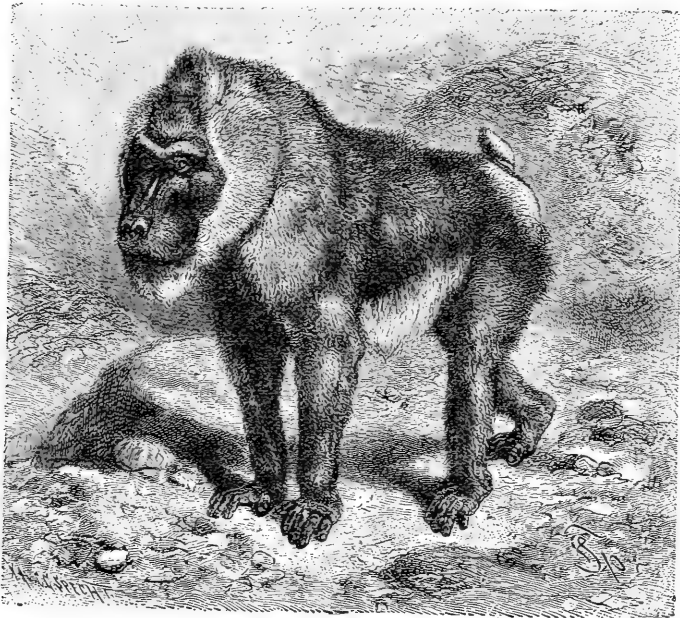
The Genettes are smaller than the civets, less stoutly built and with shorter limbs. They emit a musky odor, but there is no pouch in which the product of the scent-glands is stored up. The soft gray fur is spotted with brown or black. All the species are African, but one, the common genette, is also found in the South of France, Spain, and Southwestern Asia. It is often domesticated as a mouser.

The Linsangs are beautiful and graceful cat-like animals, with three species from Asia and one from Africa. The body is long and slender, the limbs short, the tail long and round, and ringed with black. In the Asiatic linsangs the ground color is rich buff or grayish-white, marked with oblong black patches. The African linsang, by far the largest, is marked with spots and small blotches. They are as much at home in trees as on the ground, and prey on small mammals and birds. They become gentle in confinement and are easily tamed.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Monkey Tribes

The **Monkey Family**.—It would be a curious sight indeed if one could see in a large Zoological Garden altogether, one of each kind of the apes and monkeys now living on the globe. There would be no end of fun, as they would run about grinning, chattering and pulling each other's tails. They would come from the forests and

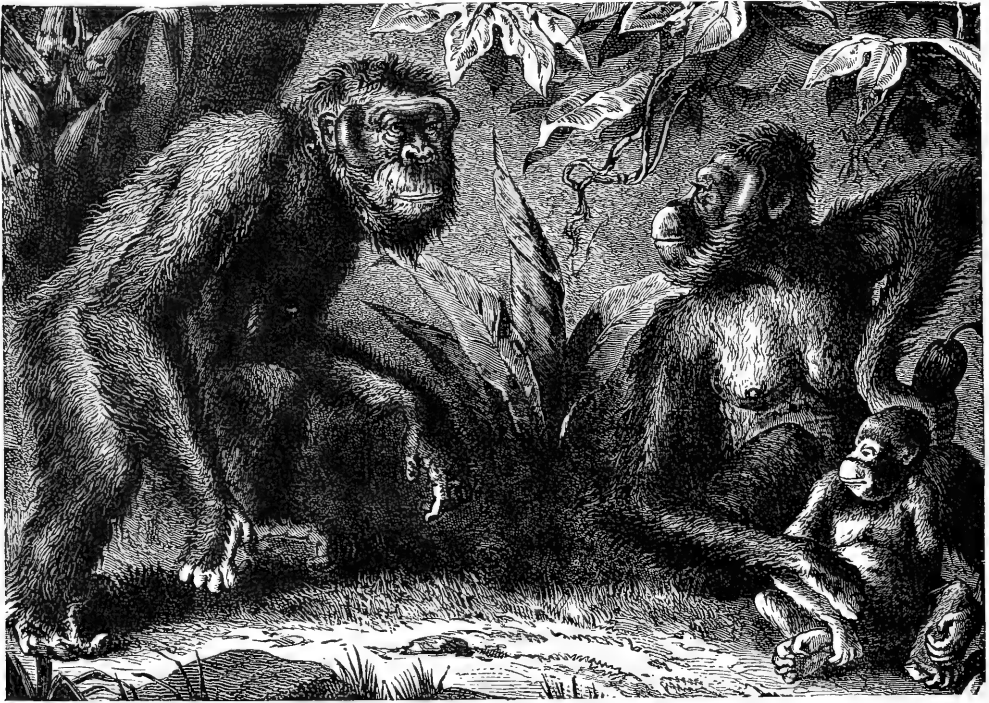


MANDRILL BABOON

Found in the deep forests of Africa

woods of Asia, and many adjacent islands, from Africa and South America. We imagine some of the monkeys would not know other monkeys, for they are peculiar in their habits. They have all kinds of temper and capacities, just like boys and girls. Gorillas are shy and cross, chimpanzees lively and kind, the baboon grumpy, spider monkeys

restless, and other monkeys impudent and cunning. They are of all shades of color, and all shapes and sizes. Many are without tails, some without stumps, and others with long tails of no great use, except to afford fun to the mischievous. Others have long tails which they use as another hand, to hang to the limb by; some have faces very human-like, others look more like dogs. Some can go almost erect, others go only on all fours; some swing from limb to limb by their tails, or holding together make bridges across streams for others to cross on.



THE GORILLA AND HIS FAMILY

Some like fruit and others eat vegetables. All of them seem to have a fondness for climbing, grasping, picking and stealing, for which they have good hands with fingers and thumbs with wrists in front, and hands, that is to say feet, with a great thumb-like toe behind. The monkeys of the old world do not have long tails which they can use. These seem to have been invented for the American monkeys, who have noses which are broad at the end, while the monkeys of the old

world have noses more like those of men and dogs. The large apes have long tails and no cheek pouches, but have very manlike features, including also what are known as chimpanzees and oranges belonging to the old world. Remember, that some monkeys are manlike, being able to walk on two legs, others are doglike, having doglike faces, and walking on all fours.

Monkeys have been placed at the head of the animal kingdom, because, of all living beings, they most nearly resemble man, who is the highest of all creatures. The likeness is not so striking as would at first appear, if we will but look at the monkey carefully. We notice that their heads are large, and they have heavy jaws suitable for cracking nuts, if necessary. Their arms are long in comparison with their bodies, and their legs are short, strong and curved, while their feet are replaced by paws, the same kind as those of their arms. So unlike true feet are their hind paws, that they cannot be placed flat upon the ground when the animal is standing on his legs alone, but rest painfully upon their side, so that the body can be balanced only with very great difficulty. No monkey living is able to stand perfectly erect, but leans more or less forward when he walks. There is good reason for this, because he is not often required to walk on level ground, for his home is in the trees, and he spends almost the whole of his life among the branches, and for such an existence he is most wonderfully fitted. His long arms and immense strength allow him to perform wonderful things, and permit him to travel from tree to tree for hours together without feeling fatigued. Because of these four hands the monkey tribe is called by a Latin name the *Quadrumana*.

KINDS OF MONKEYS.—The monkeys are divided into several varieties or kinds, of which the apes, including the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang, the sacred monkey, and the baboon are the best known. There are many interesting stories told of members of the monkey family. It is said that when Alexander the Great was on his tour of conquest, he marched through a country which was inhabited by the baboons, and encamped among them one night. On the following morning when he was about to proceed on his march, his troops saw the baboons drawn up like soldiers in line of battle, with so much regularity that Alexander's men at first thought it was the enemy

drawn up to give them battle. Of course, they soon discovered that they were only monkeys, and then they laughed at their fright.

Probably you have already noticed that what we commonly call a monkey has a long tail, which assists him in his movements in the trees, while many of the gorillas or apes have no tails.

The Baboon.—Of all the wild creatures that dwell amidst the dense forests or rocky fastnesses of tropical lands, none are more interesting than the species of monkeys known as the baboons. Nothing escapes the scrutiny of these most imitative animals; and they follow faithfully, with a ludicrous gravity that is exceedingly comical to witness, the actions of anyone who has attracted their attention. Baboons live together in small colonies of one or more families, generally presided over by some hoary-headed, grave old patriarch, who preserves order in his little community by the most summary methods, restraining the juvenile members from any unseemly tricks, and awing them into silence by the dignity of his presence, assisted in some degree by the infliction of sundry buffets and bites. They are bold and cunning, and frequently commit great ravages in the gardens and corn fields that may be in the vicinity of their accustomed abodes. The plundering parties are formed and led with great skill; sentinels keep watch to tell the busy thieves of the approach of unwelcome intruders, and the fields are stripped of their crops with great rapidity, and the booty carried away. Eatable articles are not the only things that they seize upon. An instance is recorded of a number of baboons having carried an infant off to some neighboring mountains. On being pursued, they were found seated gravely in a circle round the child, which was rescued without having sustained any injury. Doubtless they were having a serious consultation over the new acquisition to their numbers, and debating whether or not it would make a creditable addition to their family. The baboon is very bold, and fights desperately when attacked. The old males are very savage, and inflict terrible wounds with their long canine teeth, which project considerably beyond the jaws, and have the inner edges sharp as a knife. They strike these into any animal that provokes them, and grasping it with their arms, thrust it away from them, making a long deep gash. Some of the long-armed apes

and down before the rest, conspicuous for his exhibition of impotent rage, and occasionally seizes some of the smaller of his brethren, and, by a few savage bites that send them howling and disgusted away, shows what he would gladly do to his dangerous enemy below if he only dared. They generally, however, live rather peaceable lives, varied with a few predatory excursions into the inviting fields of the farmers, where, having eaten all they possibly can, they bear away as much more in their cheek-pouches and hands, to be attended to afterward at their leisure. This occupation, together with the enforcement of the discipline necessary for the welfare of every well-ordered family, occupies the time of the adults.

THE STORY OF A BABOON.—A great traveler in South Africa tells an interesting story of a baboon named Kees which he had captured and tamed. "He was an excellent sentinel, whether by day or night. By his cry, and the symptoms of fear which he exhibited, we were always apprised of the approach of an enemy, even though the dogs perceived nothing of it. The latter, at length, learned to rely upon him with such confidence that they slept on in perfect tranquillity. I often took Kees with me when I went hunting; and when he saw me preparing for sport, he exhibited the most lively demonstrations of joy. On the way, he would climb into the trees to look for gum, of which he was very fond. Sometimes he discovered to me honey, deposited in the clefts of rocks or hollow trees.

"Like all other animals, Kees was addicted to stealing. He understood admirably well how to loose the strings of a basket, in order to take victuals out of it, especially milk, of which he was very fond. My people chastised him for these thefts; but that did not make him amend his conduct. I myself sometimes whipped him, but then he ran away, and did not return again to the tent until it grew dark. Once, as I was about to dine, and had put the beans, which I had boiled for myself, upon a plate, I heard the voice of a bird with which I was not acquainted. I left my dinner standing, seized my gun, and ran out of the tent. After the space of about a quarter of an hour I returned, with the bird in my hand, and to my astonishment, I found not a single bean upon the plate. Kees had stolen them all, and taken himself out of the way.

“When any eatables were pilfered at my quarters, the fault was always laid to Kees; and rarely was the accusation unfounded. For a time the eggs, which a hen laid me, were constantly stolen, and I wished to ascertain whether I had to blame this loss also to him. For this purpose I went one morning to watch him, and waited till the hen announced, by her cackling, that she had laid an egg. Kees was sitting upon my vehicle; but the moment he heard the hen’s voice, he leaped down, and was running to fetch the egg. When he saw me, he suddenly stopped, and affected a careless posture, swaying himself backwards upon his hind legs, and assuming a very innocent look; in short, he



PIG-TAILED BABOON OR CHACHMA

employed all his art to deceive me with respect to his design. His hypocritical manoeuvres only confirmed my suspicions, and, in order, in my turn, to deceive him, I pretended not to attend to him, and turned my back to the bush where the hen was cackling, upon which he immediately sprang to the place. I ran after him, and came up to him, at the moment when he had broken the egg and was swallowing it. Having caught the thief in the act, I gave him a good beating upon the spot, but this severe chastisement did not prevent his soon stealing fresh-laid eggs again. As I was convinced that I should never be able to break Kees of his natural vices, and that, unless I chained him up

every morning, I should never get an egg, I endeavored to accomplish my purpose in another manner; I trained one of my dogs, as soon as the hen cackled, to run to the nest and bring me the egg without breaking it. In a few days the dog had learned his lesson; but Kees as soon as he heard the hen cackle, ran with him to the nest. A contest now took place between them, who should have the egg; often the dog was foiled, although he was the stronger of the two. If he gained the victory he ran joyfully to me with the egg and put it into my hand. Kees, nevertheless, followed him, and did not cease to grumble and make threatening grimaces at him till he saw me take the egg,—as if he was comforted for the loss of his booty by his adversary's not retaining it for himself. If Kees had got hold of the egg, he endeavored to run with it to a tree, where, having devoured it, he threw down the shells upon his adversary, as if to make game of him. Kees was always the first awake in the morning, and, when it was the proper time, he awoke the dogs, who were accustomed to his voice, and, in general, obeyed without hesitation, the slightest motions by which he communicated his orders to them, immediately taking their posts about the tent and carriage, as he directed them."

The Gorilla is an interesting member of the monkey family and is the largest of all the known apes, his appearance being repulsive in the extreme. The enormous head joined to the huge body by a thick, short neck, the immensely lengthened arms, and the feeble, crooked legs, together with a countenance in which the lowest animal passions are forcibly portrayed, unite in forming a creature of the most forbidding appearance. But little is known of the habits of this animal as yet; and although many stories are told of its ferocity and untamable disposition, and although it is said that the natives of the Western Equatorial Africa, where the gorilla is found, are afraid to enter the woods where he roams at large, yet we cannot but believe he will prove as harmless in character as the other large apes are known to be. He feeds upon roots and different vegetables that he easily finds growing wild in his native woods; and whenever molested, endeavors by all the means in his power to escape from his pursuers, only standing on the defensive when wounded, or when retreat has been made impossible. If angered, or in the act of protecting his young, the great strength

possessed by the gorilla would doubtless render him a formidable adversary. In stature the gorilla is considerably larger than his relative the chimpanzee, and, so far as can be judged from such slight knowledge as we have, he does not possess nearly as much intelligence as the latter has frequently shown.



A GROUP OF MONKEYS
"Brother and Sister"

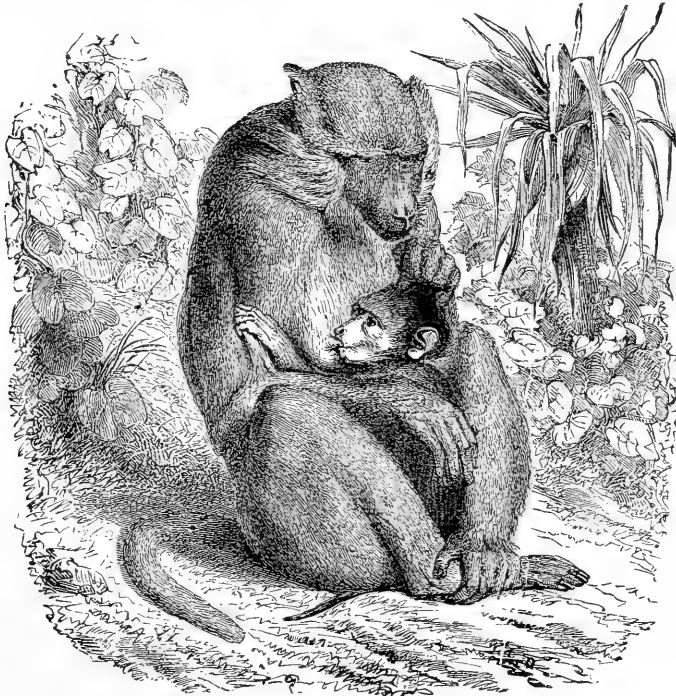
The Chimpanzee is very sociable and most affectionate in disposition, having a strong attachment for his keeper, and exhibiting every sign of uneasiness when separated from him. He is also exceedingly playful, and tries every variety of tricks with any other of his kind that may be confined in the same inclosure. Of course, there is sometimes a great difference between individuals; some being cross

and surly, and showing a disinclination to be handled much, although so far as it has been observed this character appears to be exceptional. These large apes do not generally go in troops; a few individuals only being found together. The old males are more savage than the females and resist all attempts to capture them by biting severely, and also by dealing heavy blows with their powerful arms. They move rapidly, though awkwardly, over the ground, going on fours and walking on the knuckles of their front hands, the hind ones being open and placed flat down like a foot. The females carry their young upon their backs or else clinging to their breast, their long fur enabling the little ones to hold on with a more tenacious grip, so as to make it almost impossible to tear them away even after the dam has been killed.

But it is upon the trees that the apes appear to greatest advantage, their long powerful arms enabling them to reach considerable distances, and they swing themselves from branch to branch with such strength and rapidity that it is impossible for a man to keep up with them in the forest. They pass the night in the trees; and several species are in the habit, after selecting a fork in the highest part near the trunk, of breaking off good-sized branches, and by laying them across each other in every direction, constructing a rude kind of nest in which they remain until dawn. Usually they fashion one of these every evening, not returning to any particular spot after roaming about all day, but pass the night wherever they happen to be. The large apes are only met with in those districts where the forests are of great extent; for being accustomed to pass over the trees when their tops interlace, by swinging themselves from branch to branch by means of their long arms, they cannot exist in open countries or where the trees stand widely apart. When passing along some long branch, these animals walk in a semi-erect attitude, steadying themselves at times by placing the knuckles of the hand of one of the long arms upon the bark. When the branches of an adjoining tree are reached they are seized with both hands, but before the animal is willing to trust himself to them he pulls with all his strength, and, satisfied that they will bear his weight, swings himself in an easy curve into the next tree, and in this way soon traverses a large extent of the forest.

The grimaces of these animals, and their mode of showing satis-

faction or aversion, especially when young, are very ludicrous and amusing—being in many instances the counterparts of the actions of spoiled children. One that Wallace had when in Borneo was particularly diverting, for whenever it received a morsel peculiarly to its liking, it licked its lips, drew in its cheeks, and turned up its eyes with an expression of the most supreme satisfaction. On the other hand, if its food was not palatable, it would roll the morsel around with its tongue for a moment, and then push it out between the lips. Should



FEMALE MONKEY AND HER YOUNG

the same food be continued, it immediately began to scream and kick, like a baby in a passion. On being brought to the house, it seemed to be always holding its hands in the air as if desirous of grasping something, and was greatly pleased whenever it could get hold of Wallace's beard, to which it clung so firmly that he could not free himself without assistance. In order to satisfy it, he had an artificial mother made of a piece of buffalo skin rolled up in a bundle and hung about a foot from the floor. This appeared to suit it exactly, and it sprawled about,

stretching its legs in every direction, always finding a tuft of hair to grasp. The resemblance to its mother must have been too striking, for, as it was quite a young animal, it soon began to try to suckle. The result was unfortunate, for only it got its mouth full of wool, upon which it became very much disgusted and screamed violently; and, having on one occasion been nearly choked, its owner was obliged to take the counterfeit parent away. Apes do not have many enemies besides man, particularly those species of such large size as the gorilla and its allies. In Borneo, where one of the largest species dwells, the orang-outang, Wallace states that the natives declare it is never attacked by any animal in the forest, with perhaps two rare exceptions, these being the crocodile and the python. The way in which he meets the former is explained as follows: When the fruits fail in the forests, he goes to the river-side to seek for young shoots of which he is fond, or for any such fruits as grow near the water. There the crocodile attempts to seize him, but according to native testimony the orang-outang gets upon the reptile, beats with his hands, tears it, and pulling open its jaws, rips up its throat and soon kills it. Should a python or boa constrictor attack him, the Mias, as he is called in Borneo, seizes the serpent in his hands, bites it, and kills it without difficulty. Such are the powerful though usually peaceful animals to whose family the one depicted in the illustration belongs.

The chimpanzee and the gorilla are often confused in the minds of some. Yet we must remember the gorilla is the largest of the apes. The difficulty in keeping these creatures alive when captured has been the chief reason why they have not, in common with other apes, been inmates of our menageries; for once deprived of the fruits to which they are accustomed in their native wilds, or exposed to the colder climates of northern lands, they soon droop and die. Should any one, therefore, be desirous of seeing this unamiable-looking creature enjoying his free life, he must go to the interior of Africa, in those regions where civilization is unknown, and where but few Europeans have ever penetrated. In the pathless tracts of those ancient woods, distant even from the primitive abodes of hardly less savage men, in company with the fierce inmates of the jungle, the gorilla dwells surrounded by his family. Peacefully they pass the day, seeking the

various fruits that in many a brilliant cluster hang from the lofty trees, paying generally but little attention to what is passing below them. But if any unusual sound breaks the stillness of the woods, or a strange form be seen approaching their vicinity, then the female, bearing their young clinging fast to them, flee away into the still deeper recesses of the forest; while the father and protector of the small community, swinging rapidly from tree to tree, tearing loose the vines that stretch across his passing form, advances toward the object of their fears, and before imitating the rest in their speedy flight, satisfies himself in regard to its presence, and then with many a hideous grimace, and short hoarse call, demands to know in impatient tone, who comes here?

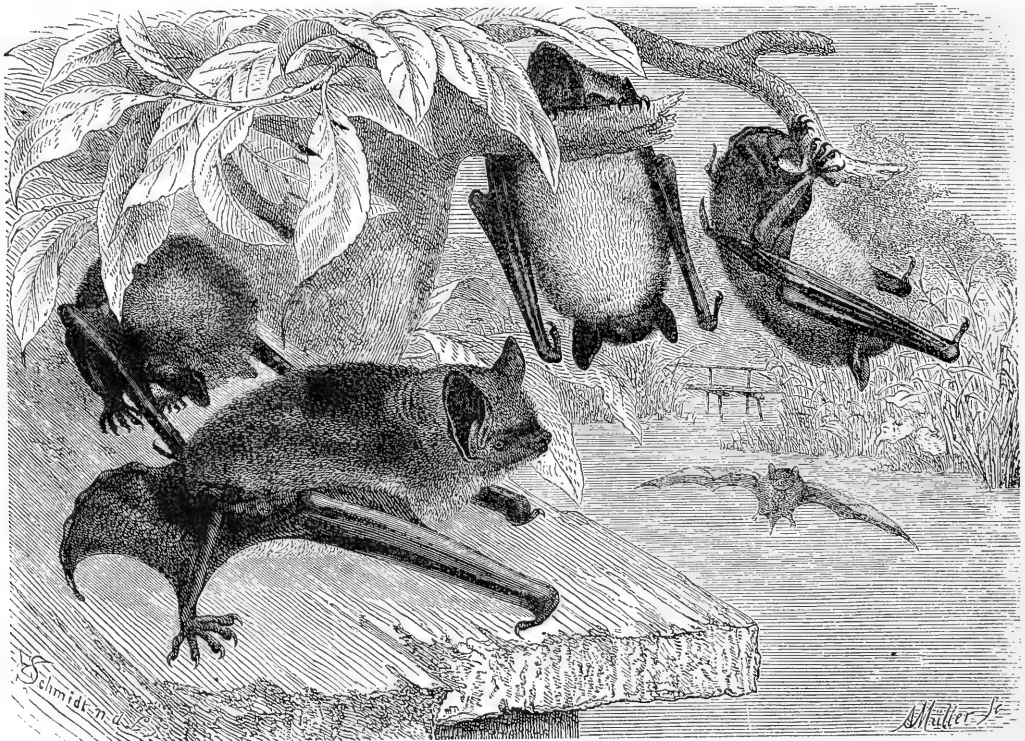
A MONKEY'S WIT.—One of the drollest instances of the monkey's keenness of observation and power of mimicry that we have met with is the following: A retired admiral and his wife living at Cheltenham had a favorite monkey. One day the lady, hearing a strange noise in the dining-room, looked in to see what it was. The sight which met her eyes was a ludicrous one. Seated in the armchair, with the admiral's smoking-cap on his head, and the admiral's spectacles on his nose, was the monkey; and in his hand was the open newspaper, which he shook and patted, whilst he jabbered and gesticulated with great emphasis at the cat which lay blinking on the hearth-rug. It was a clever and carefully-studied imitation of the testy old admiral's tone and manner when reading to his wife some passage from the newspaper which excited his wrath or indignation.

CHAPTER XXIV

Bats or Hand-Winged Animals

The Bat.—As we have already learned, the monkeys have four hands, and for that reason they are given a particular name, *Quadrumana*. There are other interesting animals with mouse-like bodies and faces, which appear to have four hands, but two of them look like wings. These animals we call *Cheiroptera*, or animals with winged hands. They are commonly known as Bats.

This is one of the creatures which prey upon flying insects, and must therefore be able to pursue and capture its victims as they wing



THE BAT

Its fore paws or hands are developed into wings—Lives on insects—Found in all parts of the world

their way through the air. So we find that it also is furnished with organs of flight, and those of so useful a character that the animal is really able to fly as well as many birds.

A peculiarity in the bat's structure is that the fore limbs take the form of wings, and are connected with the body by means of a delicate skin-like membrane. This membrane, indeed, is nothing more than the skin of the flanks, which is greatly widened, and is stretched between the bones of the hand, running along the body as far as the tail. Like the body itself, it has its upper and lower surfaces, which, with a little care, may be separated from one another, even though in some parts of the wing the membrane is so extremely thin that, with the aid of a good microscope, the blood may be clearly seen as it courses rapidly through the threadlike vessels which run to all parts of the organ.

Now, this membrane, to be of service, must, of course, be stretched upon a framework, and this framework is supplied by the bones of the hand and arm. The entire wing, indeed, is very much like a boy's kite, if we imagine the shape to be a little altered, for the wooden cross pieces are represented by the bones of the arm and fingers, and the linen or paper which is stretched across, by the skin-like membrane.

If you were to take a dead bat and to carefully strip the skin from the wing you would find that the bones are most curiously altered in form, being not only extremely light and slender, but also of really wonderful length. The middle finger alone, for instance, is fully as long as the entire body.

Nature has taken away the second bone of the lower arm of the bat, or, to speak more strictly, has left it in a small and imperfect form, so that the limb cannot revolve from side to side. The stroke of the wing, therefore, is firm and regular, and flight is rendered quite easy so that the bat can remain for hours in the air without feeling the least signs of fatigue.

The fingers, again, which are not intended to be used for grasping purposes, are perfectly rigid, and cannot be bent downwards toward the palm of the hand. Their only motion, indeed, is a side one, so that the wings, when not in use, can be closed just like a lady's fan, and folded neatly away by the sides of the body.

Upon examining the skeleton of the bat's wing, however, you would see that there is one portion of the hand which does not form part of the framework of the wing at all, and that is the thumb. Although the fingers are so wonderfully lengthened, the thumb is quite small and short, and is armed with a strong, sharp and curved claw of some little size. It is by means of this claw that the bat travels on level ground, for it cannot walk at all, but moves merely by making use of every little crevice by which it can hitch itself, so to speak, along. The reader may wonder why it is that a bat's wings are so large and wide.

The fact is, that the broader the wings the more buoyant is the animal which bears them. If we look at any bird which is remarkable for its powers of flight, we shall always find that its wings are very large in proportion to the size of its body, while in those which do not fly for very great distances they are quite small in comparison. And so it is with the bat, which, being obliged to pursue and capture swiftly-flying insects, must, of course, be able to skim through the air with even greater speed himself.

Thus, you will see, nature has been most careful to suit the structure of the bat in every possible way to the life which she intended the animal to lead. She has given him wings which will bear him swiftly through the air, and has also lightened his frame to such a degree that he can continue his flight hour after hour without feeling in any way fatigued. But, more than this, she has also gifted him with a most wonderful power of avoiding the various objects against which he might injure himself when flying after dark.

And this she has done in a very singular manner indeed, and which for many years was a great mystery to those who attempted to discover it. All sorts of experiments were made without success, some of them of a most cruel character; but it was not until quite of late years that the true key to the secret was detected.

The fact is, that the entire surface of the bat's wing is covered with a vast number of the most delicate nerves, which can at once feel the presence of any object, even though they have not come into contact with it, and so warn the animal to change the direction of its flight. So perfectly do these nerves perform their office, that a bat may be

turned into a perfectly dark room, across which a number of strings have been stretched, and will yet fly freely backwards and forwards without brushing against a single string, even with the very tips of its wings.

Wonderfully adapted as the bat is to a life in the air, he is a terribly awkward and clumsy animal when he attempts to crawl upon the ground. He is quite unable to walk in the ordinary manner, and can only crawl painfully along by hitching the long claws with which the thumbs are furnished into the various crevices in the soil, and so dragging himself forward by slow degrees.

Strange to say, however, he can ascend a rough wall very easily, and does so in the following manner :

Placing himself closely against the wall, with his head away from it, the animal rests upon the fore parts of his body, and raises his hind feet into the air. With the curved claws upon his toes, he then feels about for a little cranny, or a projecting piece of stone, to which it clings, while the rest of the body is lifted from the ground. One of the hinder feet is next raised again, and is quickly followed by the other, the animal thus ascending, not "hand over hand," but paw over paw, and keeping his head directed towards the ground during the entire process.

Even when at rest the bat hangs suspended in this curious position, clinging with the hind feet to a beam or a similar object, and allowing himself to swing head downward. And the reason of this singular attitude is clearly that he may be able to take to flight at the least alarm. If he should be frightened in any way, all he has to do is to loosen the hold of the hind feet, when he at once falls into the air and makes use of his wings in his escape, which he could not do were he to rest in any other position.

Even when taking to the air for his evening flight, a bat always prefers to allow himself to fall in this manner, and will never rise from a level surface unless he is actually obliged to do so.

The Great Bats are found in eastern countries and live on fruit, and look so much like small foxes that they are sometimes called "flying foxes." They live in large numbers in the trees, hanging from the trees fast asleep in the day time, but at night they hunt for their food, often doing much damage to the orchards and farms.

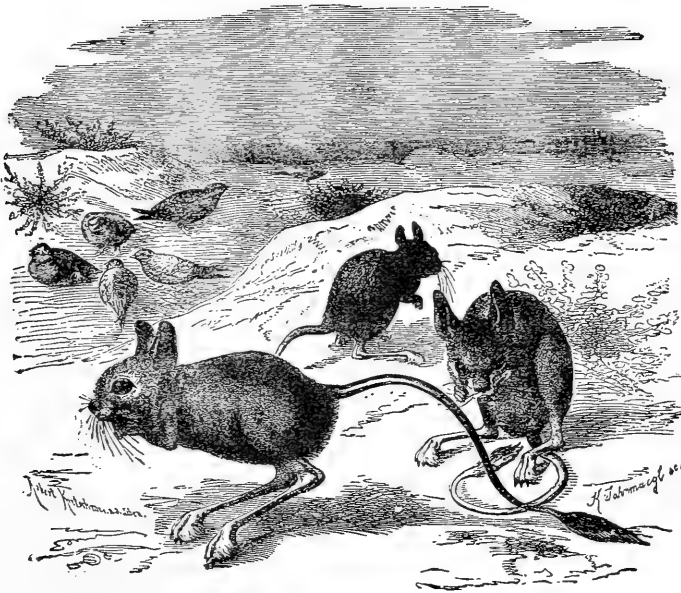
CHAPTER XXV

African Gnawers

RATS become numerous in certain localities and give much trouble. At times they become very bold and will invade the home of man. The following is an experience of a lady in Africa with the brown rat: "When living in Cape Coast Castle, I used to see the rats come in troops past my door, walking over my black boys as they lay there, and who only turned themselves over to present the other sides of their faces and bodies when the rats returned, and thought it a good joke. The fiercest encounter which I ever had with them was during one of those terrific storms which are more furious between the tropics than elsewhere. I was then, however, under the Equator, in a native hut, and heard an exceeding rustling and movement all around me. To my horror I perceived that these proceeded from a number of rats running up and down the sides of the room in which I was to pass the night, and who shortly began to run over me, they being disturbed by the torrents of rain which were then falling. The only weapon I could find was a shoe, and curling myself into a large armchair taken out of a French vessel, and covered with blue satin damask, I sat prepared for my enemies, whom I dreaded much more than the lightning, which was flashing across the iron bars laid upon the floor. I felt that the silk of my place of refuge was some sort of protection against this; but my own arm could alone save me from my four-footed foes. Presently my husband came in, and saluted me with a shout of laughter, which, however, abated when he saw my antagonists. The storm lulled for a while, and the rats retreated. We then crept within the curtains of bamboo cloth which encircled a rude imitation of a four-post bedstead, but I kept possession of my shoe. Weary with watching, I closed my eyes, but was awakened by a tremendous flash of lightning, immediately followed by awful thunder and a tumultuous rush of rats. Some of them scrambled up the outside of the curtains; but, arms in

hand, I sat up, and directed by the noise, I hurled the invaders to the ground, till at length resistance and the passing away of the storm allowed me to sleep in peace."

The Jerboa is a most lively little creature which lives in North-eastern Africa, on the plains where it is so dry that only a few grasses and shrubs will grow. They live in little societies, and dig their homes beneath the ground, where they have long halls branching in every direction. When going along quickly, the jerboa walks and runs by touching first one of its hind feet to the ground and then the other,



JERBOAS OR JUMPING MICE

but when in a hurry, it springs from both feet at the same time, covering such long distances at a bound, and touching the ground so quickly, that it seems much like a bird skimming along close to the ground. The jerboa is about six inches long, with tail about eight inches in length. It is of grayish color, with a white tufted tail. There is a species of jerboa in America, called jumping mouse.

The Hamsters are very nearly related to the true mice and rats. They are stoutly built, rat-like animals, generally with short tails. The hamsters are confined to the Old World, and chiefly inhabit the tem-

perate parts of Europe and Asia; two or three species occur in Africa. They live generally in cornfields, where they dig deep burrows with numerous chambers, into which they can retreat to take their repose, and in which they pass the winter, previously, however, taking care to lay up a good store of provisions in some of the chambers of their domicile.

They are rather pretty little beasts, about ten inches long, with bright, prominent, black eyes, short thin ears, and tapering hairy tail, about two inches and a half in length. The fur, which is thick and somewhat lustrous, is usually of a light yellowish-brown color above, with the snout, the neighborhood of the eyes, and a band on the neck reddish-brown, and a yellow spot on each cheek; the lower surface, the greater part of the legs, and a band on the forehead are black, and the feet white. Many varieties occur. The hamster is widely distributed, ranging from the Rhine through Europe and Siberia, to Obi; and in most localities where it occurs it appears in great numbers, and causes great injury to the crops. Its burrows are exceedingly spacious, and consist of numerous passages and chambers. It is stubborn and easily angered, and at the same time very courageous, defending itself bravely against its enemies, and standing boldly on the defensive the moment any danger appears to threaten it. Its diet is by no means of a purely vegetable nature, for it will destroy and devour all sorts of small animals that come in its way. Besides the corn, which forms its chief winter provender, green herbage, peas and beans and roots and fruits of various kinds are welcome articles of diet, and in confinement it will eat almost anything.

The hamsters pass the winter in their burrows in a torpid or sleeping state, but waken up very early in the spring, generally in March, but frequently in February. At first they do not open the mouths of their burrows, but remain for a time subsisting on stores laid up during the preceding autumn. The old males make their appearance first, the females about a fortnight after them, the latter about the beginning of April. They then set about making their summer burrows which are not so deep or so complicated as the winter dwellings.

The Porcupine.—There are many animals which have been provided by nature with some means of defence against their enemies,

but few which are furnished with so singular a structure as the well-known porcupine, whose wonderful array of spear-like quills has earned for it world-wide renown. But for this prickly coat the porcupine would have no chance of beating off its foes, for it is neither a strong nor a swift animal, and so would be unable either to fight with or to escape from an antagonist larger than itself.

There is one very great mistake, however, which people often make with regard to this curious spiny covering, and that is to suppose that the porcupine can use its quills in the manner of spears, and hurl them at any foe who is foolish enough to come within distance. This power, however, the animal does not possess. All that it can do when attacked is to spread its quills and run backwards towards its foe, for it is quite unable even to loosen its spines in their sockets, much less to hurl them through the air and so strike its enemy at a distance. It is true enough that animals are sometimes found with one or more quills piercing their bodies, but these are such as have attacked a porcupine and have borne away with them evident signs of the encounter. For the quills of the porcupine are set quite loosely in the skin, and are furnished with saw-like edges, so that, when they enter the flesh of an animal, they not only remain in the wounds, but constantly penetrate deeper and deeper. Even so powerful an animal as the tiger has been found to have his head and paws filled with the spines of a porcupine, which he had attacked, but had failed to conquer.

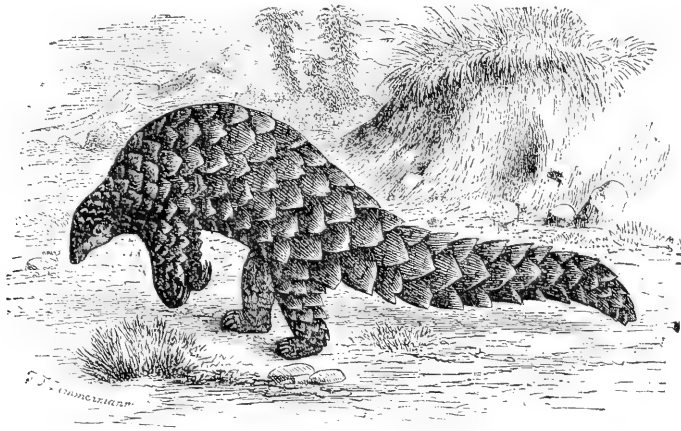
These terrible spines are nothing more nor less than hair. If one is split up very carefully, it is found that it is formed of a number of hair-like threads pressed very closely together, and these threads if placed under a microscope, would be found to possess just the same structure as real hair. The same is the case with the horn of the rhinoceros, which, very different though it appears, is really formed of nothing more than hair.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Toothless Ant-Eaters

NOW let us look at a most curious group of animals, which are called *Edentates*,—*i. e.*, “toothless,”—from the fact that they possess no front teeth.

The Long-tailed Manis.—One of these mail-covered animals is the long-tailed manis, of Africa, which is covered with a number of sharply-pointed horny plates, which almost exactly resemble the scale armor of olden times. These plates overlap one another just like the slates upon the roof of a house, and lie with their points



LONG-TAILED MANIS

directed towards the tail, each projecting for some little distance over those beneath it. Unlike the scale armor, they can be used as weapons of offense as well as defense, for, if menaced by a powerful foe, the manis rolls himself into a ball, just like the hedgehog, so that the sharp and keen-edged plates project from the body, and severely wound any animal which is foolish enough to meddle with them. Indeed, when thus rolled up, the manis is safe from the attacks

of any foe excepting those of man himself, for the head, which is the only undefended part of the frame, is tucked away beneath the body, so that a fatal wound cannot be inflicted.

Like the hedgehog, the manis curls himself up by means of the curious and powerful muscle which surrounds the body, and which, in the whale, is so useful in diminishing the bulk when the animal wishes to dive.

The fore paws of the manis are armed with most wonderfully large and strong claws, or rather talons, and for a very good reason, for the animal feeds upon the curious insect which is called the white ant (or, more properly, the termite), and which is in the habit of making huge nests of clay something like those of the wood ant in shape. Now, the clay of which these nests are formed quickly becomes baked by the intense heat of the tropical sun, so that the walls are hard enough to resist the attacks of almost any foe. But they cannot bid defiance to those of the manis, whose powerful limbs and long, sharp claws quickly break their way into the interior of the nest, the inmates of which are eaten in thousands by the successful animal.

The manner in which these termites are devoured is very curious. The manis has no teeth, and one might well think that it would find great difficulty in capturing enough of the active little insects for its needs, more especially as the paws are formed for the one great purpose of digging alone, and cannot be of the slightest use in capturing prey. The tongue, however, is far more useful than the paws could possibly be, for not only is it very long and slender, so that it can be passed into every little passage or aperture, but it is moistened with a very sticky spittle, or saliva, which causes the termites to adhere to it as soon as they are touched. When the animal is feeding, it sweeps the insects into its mouth by hundreds, the gummy tongue moving rapidly to and fro, and licking up the little creatures much as that of a cat or dog licks up water.

Owing to the peculiar structure of the claws, this animal is not at all swift of foot, for its paws can with difficulty be used for the purpose of walking, so that its progress is very slow. We thus see how necessary it is that armor of some kind should be given to it, for it

has neither the strength nor the weapons with which to fight its enemies, and is not sufficiently swift in its movements to escape from them by taking to flight. But, clothed in its horny coat, it is perfectly safe from the strongest foe, and there are, indeed, very few animals which would care to meddle with it as it lies curled up, with its sharp plates projecting from its body.

The Cape Ant-Eater—the Aard-Vark.—It is very pig-like in the look of its skin, which is light colored and has a few hairs on it. Moreover, the snout is somewhat like that of a pig, but the mouth has a small opening only, and to make the difference between the animals more noticeable, out comes a worm-shaped long tongue covered with mucus or a sticky fluid.

In Southern Africa, whence this animal came, it is rarely seen by ordinary observers, for it burrows into the earth with its claws and makes an underground place to live in, and is nocturnal in its habits, sleeping by day. Wherever ant hills are found, there is a good chance to find one of the aard-varks, or innagus, or ant-bears, as the Dutch and natives call them, leading a sort of mole-like life. But it is not easy to catch, if the stories told be true. It is stated that the long, strong, flattened claws and short limbs, worked by their strong muscles, enable the animal to burrow in the soft soil as quickly as the hunters can dig, and that in a few minutes it will get out of the way; moreover, its strength is sufficient to resist the efforts of two or three men to drag it out of the hole. But, when fairly caught, the ant-eater does not resist much; it has no front teeth or eye-teeth to do any harm with, and it can be killed easily by a blow on the head. The ant-eater runs slowly, and never moves far from the entrance of its burrow, being seen to do so only at night-time. The burrows are often two feet in diameter and three or four feet deep before they branch off. Night is the time for ant-eating, for the active and industrious insects are then all at home and within their solid nests. Then the ant-eater sallies forth, finds a fresh nest, sprawls over it, and scratches a hole in its side, using his strong claws, and then introduces his long snout. Having satisfied himself that there is no danger at hand, the animal protrudes its long slimy tongue into the galleries and body of the nest, and it is at once covered with enraged ants,

which stick to it, and are finally returned with it into the mouth. This goes on over and over again, until the appetite is satisfied; and apparently the diet is excellent, for the ant-eater is generally fat, and indeed his hams are appreciated as a delicacy for their peculiar flavor, into which that of formic acid obtained from the ant is said to enter.

The Elephant Shrews.—The elephant shrews are found in Africa. The snout is prolonged into a kind of proboscis, which accounts for the popular name. The hind-legs are more developed than the fore-limbs, and they advance by a succession of leaps, just resembling the jerboas, and causing some writers to call them jumping shrews. The common elephant shrew, from South Africa, is about eight inches long, of which the tail takes up three inches. The color is tawny-brown, becoming whitish on the limbs. It is active by day, and lives in burrows, to which it retreats on being disturbed. There are several other species.

The shrews constitute a numerous family of mouse-like or rat-like creatures, spread over the Old World and North America. The snout is long and pointed, the body mouse-like, and the tail thick and tapering, and more or less densely set with hairs. Many of them are furnished with glands which secrete a strong-smelling fluid.

The Common Shrew is about two and three-quarter inches long, with a tail rather more than one and one-half inches. It feeds on insects, worms, small snails and slugs; and it is preyed upon by barn owls and weasels. It is said a cat will kill but not eat them, owing to their strong-smelling glands. In the autumn great numbers of these little creatures are found dead, without apparent injury, on roads and footpaths in the country—probably starved.

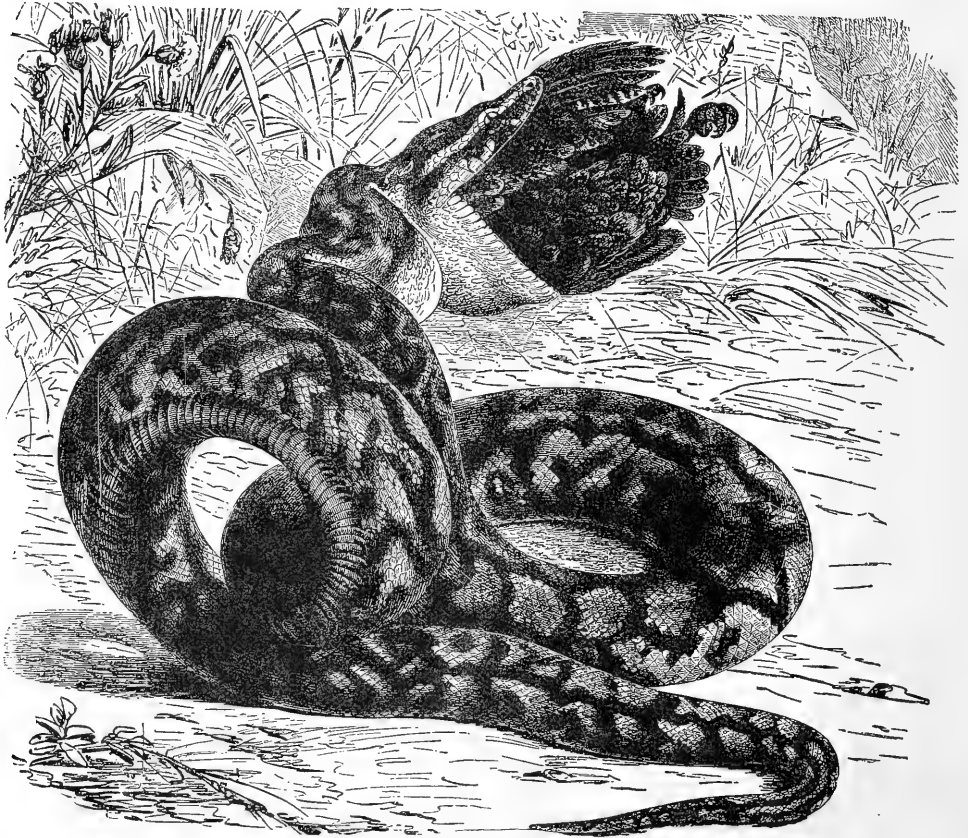
Some old superstitions still linger around the shrew, which is, or was till very recently, credited with causing cattle to fall lame if it ran over their backs, while its bite made them “swell at the heart and die.” The only cure was to stroke the part affected or bitten with a twig from a shrew-ash—that is, an ash-tree, into which a hole had been bored with an auger, and a shrew plugged up alive in the hole.

CHAPTER XXVII

Crocodiles and Snakes

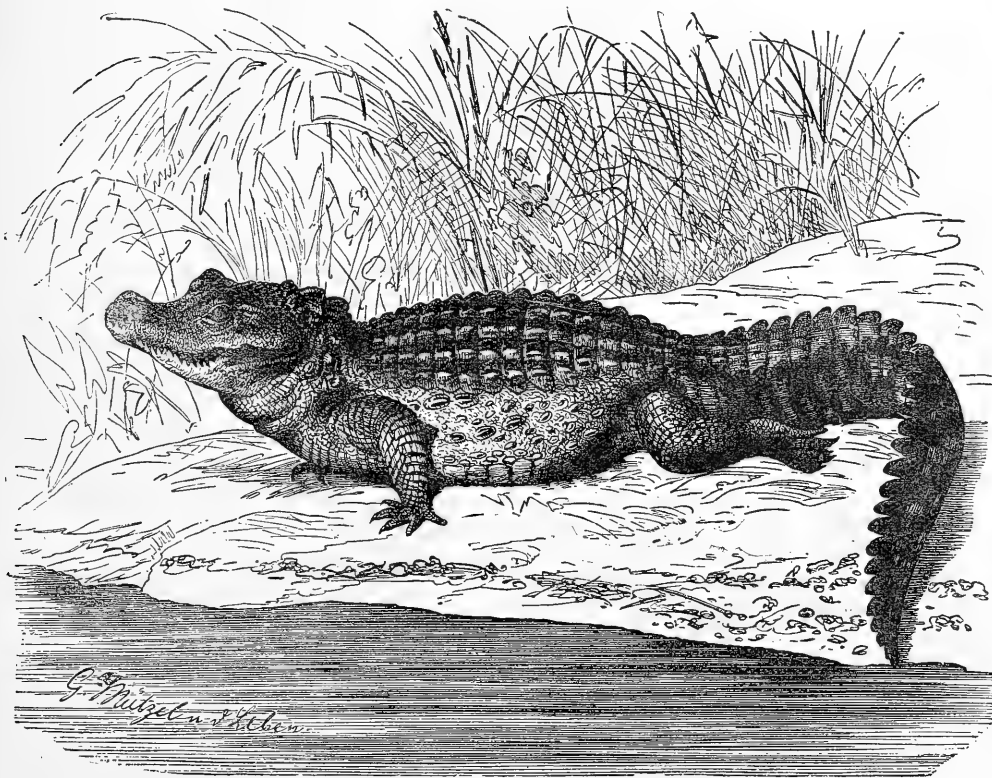
NEXT succeeding in the order of nature come the Reptiles, a very large and important group of animals indeed, of which members are found in almost every part of the world.

Now, it is a curious fact that, although we all know a reptile when we see it, and could in no case mistake it for a mammal or a bird, it is yet very difficult for us to write a description of these animals



A FULL MEAL

which shall apply to all alike. We have already seen what a wonderful difference there is between such mammals as the bat and the lion, the monkey and the whale, or the elephant and the mouse; but even between creatures so very unlike one another as these, there is still a great resemblance in many important ways. They all, for instance,



BLACK CROCODILE

possess four limbs, and their young, with one single exception, are all born alive, while they always breathe air itself, and never respire water by means of gills.

But in the case of the Reptiles we find no such rules as these. Some have four legs, and others none. Some lay eggs, and some produce living young. Some breathe air, and some breathe water, so that it is really almost impossible to draw up a description which shall be

equally true of every member of the group. But there are, nevertheless, certain rules with regard to these animals to which there is no exception. They are all, for instance, what we call "cold-blooded;" that is, their blood is not so thoroughly mingled with air in its passage through the lungs as is that of the mammals and the birds. Much of it, indeed, passes through the body more than once without entering the lungs at all, the heart sending only a part to be purified, and allowing the remainder to circulate as before without being freshened by contact with the air. And as the heat of the body depends almost entirely upon the manner in which the blood is purified, the faster it travels through the body, and the more often it passes through the lungs, the greater becomes the bodily warmth.

The heart and other blood vessels of the reptiles are formed in a different manner from our own, and the blood flows through them quite slowly, so that it never becomes very warm, and causes the body to feel quite cold to the touch. And, in consequence, nearly all reptiles are dull and sluggish in their movements, unless they are aroused by passion.

No reptile of any kind is provided with either fur or feathers; and the reason of this is evident enough, for, as its blood is cold, there is no need for the body to be clothed in the warm garments which are so necessary to mammals and birds. Some protection, however, the body *must* have, and so it is covered with either plates or scales, according to the character of the life which it is intended to lead.

The now existing reptiles are divided into four orders. These are the crocodiles, the tortoises or turtles, the lizards and the snakes. To these we have here, for the sake of convenience, added the frogs, although these are now properly considered as a family by themselves, differing from the reptiles in several important ways.

The crocodiles and alligators are the very lions and tigers of the reptile world. The animals pass much of their time in the water, and are never found very far from the rivers in which they dwell. Upon dry land they are slow, awkward, and even clumsy creatures, for their short limbs are scarcely strong enough to support their bodies, and they waddle along in consequence, very much as do the over-fed lap-dogs which we sometimes see in the streets. But in

the water they seem almost like different creatures, so swiftly and easily do they pass along, and so active and even graceful are their movements.

The crocodile swims, not like the otter, by means of its legs, but, like the whale, by the aid of its tail. The tail of the crocodile is very large and can be used with terrible effect as a weapon, when it is lashed fiercely from side to side by the angry animal. But this very same movement, which is useful in one way upon dry ground, is useful in another in the water, serving to drive the animal rapidly along.

But speed is not enough. The crocodile is a beast of prey and feeds upon many creatures which are even faster and more active than itself. How is it to catch these? It cannot overtake them, and if it merely floats upon the surface of the water, they are far too wary to venture within its reach. How is it, then, to manage?

This question we may answer easily enough, by merely looking at the structure of its nostrils. Instead of being placed in the usual position, they are situated upon a kind of prominence at the end of the snout, so that the animal can sink its body wholly beneath the water, and yet be able to breathe without difficulty. All that is then visible is the extreme tip of the nostrils, and even this projects so slightly above the surface that it cannot be seen without great difficulty. And so a dog or a bird might come to drink within a foot of its terrible enemy, and yet know nothing of its presence until safely enclosed in the murderous jaws. Then, again, supposing that the crocodile sees an animal some distance away, it can swim closely up to its unsuspecting victim without showing even its head above the water, and so, often succeeds by craft when open attack would fail.

There is another way, also, in which its elevated nostrils are of service to the crocodile. When it has seized a large animal which might struggle for a long time and perhaps even break free if merely held in the mouth, the crocodile immediately sinks beneath the surface of the stream and holds its prey there until it is drowned. Meanwhile, however, the crocodile itself can breathe quite freely, as long as its nostrils are not under water, although its mouth be quite submerged.

Fighting Crocodiles.—Among themselves the crocodiles are usually quite peaceful. But at the pairing season there are often

violent battles between the males. The huge tails beat the water so violently at such times that it shoots up into the air like a fountain and all animals flee from the neighborhood. The female crocodile lays from forty to sixty eggs the size and shape of a goose egg, covered with a rough chalky shell, and then covers them with sand. She then stays near them and watches them with great care. When the young ones are ready to creep out of their shells, she breaks them open since the young crocodile cannot do this itself. Until very recently no one has been able to explain how the mother crocodile knew just the right moment in which to break open the shell. A naturalist has noticed that the young animals make a peculiar noise which serves as a signal to the watchful mother. The crocodile is of little use to the European. The natives, however, regard the crocodile meat, fat and eggs as a delicate food. The natives kill the crocodile with an iron-tipped spear. The modern fire-arm is much more effective, the bullets of which always pierce through their tough coats.

Tortoises.—What the advantage of the strong coat is to the tortoise is not very difficult to see, for it acts, of course, as a protection against the many creatures which would be only too glad to prey upon so dainty a morsel if they were able to do so. Many of the tortoises have no offensive weapons of any kind, and, but for their hard shells, would be quite at the mercy of their enemies, while even those which are gifted with sharply-edged and powerful jaws are not sufficiently active to make very much use of them, and a foe approaching them from the rear would easily be able to overcome them. But, secure in their armor-like garments, the tortoises can bid defiance to almost any foe excepting man himself, and so afford us another instance of the perfect manner in which nature has formed every part of the bodies of her servants.

There are many kinds of tortoises found in different parts of the world, some of which live upon land and others in the water. Several of these are very curious.

The land tortoises possess large and powerful claws, which, when urged by the mighty muscles of the limbs, will tear up the soil at a really wonderful pace. Those which live in the water, have their toes connected with one another by broad and strong webbing, so that here,

in the reptiles, we have another example of the webbed and paddle-like feet, which are met with so often in the mammals and the birds.

Turtles.—None of the tortoises, however, are such strictly water-loving animals as the turtles, which very seldom come upon shore, excepting for the purpose of laying their eggs. Their limbs, therefore, are very large and broad, and, as you may see by the illustrations, form most excellent paddles, by which the body can be driven through the water.

All the turtles, nevertheless, even though their limbs are so greatly altered in form, have the toes armed with strong claws, which tear up the ground if required just as do those of the tortoise. But for these claws turtles would altogether vanish from the earth in the course of a few years, for their eggs are very delicate in flavor, and are a favorite food of many animals. Nature, however, has given to the mother turtle an instinct which warns her of this danger to her family, and so she buries her eggs deeply beneath the sand, in order that the enemies may not be able to find them.

But, in digging, the claws are not her only tools. They serve to loosen and tear up the sand, it is true, but they cannot, of course, lift it up out of the hole, and so would not be of very much use by themselves. After loosening the sand the turtle passes her hind flippers beneath it, and then, resting upon the fore parts of her body, raises them with a sudden jerk. The consequence is that the loose sand is thrown out of the hole to a distance of several feet, and the process is repeated until she has dug to the depth of about eighteen inches. At the bottom are placed the eggs, arranged upon one another in regular rows, and lastly the loose sand is replaced with such care by the flippers, that the surface is again made so flat and smooth that no one who had not seen the turtle at work would know that she had been digging at all.

Among the turtles we will mention only the green or edible turtle which is very good for food and for that reason is eagerly hunted. They are caught on the shore by being upset and turned over on their backs, and this is usually done with stout poles, as well as with the help of the shoulder, and several men may have to join in doing this to a large individual. The turtles are rarely able to turn back again,

and are secured by the legs in the meanwhile. Sometimes nets are used to catch the smaller ones, and harpooning is also resorted to. But the prime object is to capture the turtle alive for the markets of the great towns of the world.

The Geckos are very numerous in warmer countries, and such is their familiarity with man that they do not hesitate to introduce themselves into his habitations, where they render an all-important service by devouring flies, spiders and other insects. They themselves are kept within limits by the birds of prey, such as the owl and the hawk, which feed upon them greedily.

These lizards are enabled to glide along ceilings or steep walls, owing to the construction of the soles of their broad feet. All the toes are considerably broadened at the edges, and their under surface is divided into a number of scales or layers, from which exudes a sticky fluid. They are also provided with sharp, crooked, retractile claws, like those of a cat, and these assist them greatly in climbing trees. During the day the geckos generally lurk in some dark corner or crevice; but at dusk they sally forth in search of prey, running along the steepest walls with wonderful swiftness, and venting a shrill, quick noise by smacking their tongue against the palate.

The Snakes are a very large and important order of reptiles. They may be divided into two groups, the one consisting of those which are poisonous, and the other of those which are not. By far the greater number of snakes have no limbs at all, while those members are so small in the few which possess them that they are not of the least use in enabling their owner either to glide or to climb. And so snakes move principally by means of their *scales*, which overlap one another, and which can be raised at will so as to take a firm hold of the ground.

The first necessity for a poisonous snake is the poison. This is always found in two glands in the head, corresponding to the saliva glands in higher animals. Fatal though it is in its effects when introduced into the blood of the victim, this poison is quite harmless if swallowed, and you might drink the poison of a viper without being injured by it at all.

Many people think that the forked tongue of a snake is poisonous,

and so imagine, whenever they see a snake darting its tongue out of its mouth, that it must belong to one of the venomous kinds. This is a great mistake, however, for it is the fangs alone which are to be dreaded, and even if a man could be bitten by the teeth of a poisonous snake, and not by the fangs, the injury would be no greater than that caused by the bite of a serpent of a similar size which was not venomous at all.



THE COBRA

The Cobra.—One of the most deadly of all the poisonous snakes is the cobra di capello, or eye-glass snake, so called from the markings resembling spectacles on its neck. As is always the case with snakes of this class, its character may be at once known by the shape of the head, which is much widened owing to the presence of the poison glands upon either side.

Non-poisonous snakes have to overcome their prey in a very different manner. They cannot give their victim one quick bite, and

so cause its death in a few short minutes, but must either secure it by strength of jaw alone, or must overcome it by means of sheer bodily strength. Snakes feed upon animals of different kinds, whose bodies would seem far too large to be swallowed whole. But the jawbones are so loosely fastened together that they can be separated to some distance from one another, being then only held together by ligaments. The skin and flesh of the neck, too, can be greatly stretched, and so the snake manages to get the head of its victim fairly into its mouth. By slow degrees it is then worked down the throat by the alternate action of the upper and lower tooth-rows, the jaws separating more and more widely, and the skin of the neck stretching to such a degree that one would think that it must certainly burst. At length, after great exertions, the prey is swallowed, the jaws close, and the neck returns to its normal size.

The Frogs.—There is a group of animals which previously was classed among reptiles, but which, owing to certain differences in their life and structure, are now more properly considered to belong to another class, altogether, under the name of Batrachians. Some of these are familiar to all of us, the toad and the frog, for instance, being very well-known members of the group.

Now, there is one very important way in which these animals differ from all the reptiles. Crocodiles, turtles, lizards, and snakes are all of exactly the same form when just born as they are when fully mature, the chief difference between the parents and their young being in point of size. But this is not the case with the frogs, for, when they are first hatched from the egg, they are not like their parents at all, and do not become so until they have lived for some little time in the world. There is, in fact, quite as much difference between the young and the mature frog as there is between a caterpillar and a perfect butterfly.

During the first part of their lives they live in the water just as fishes do, breathing water instead of air, but in course of time the greater number change their habits altogether, and breathe air itself by means of lungs, just as do all the animals about which we have hitherto read.

We all of us know the large jelly-like masses which are to be

found floating in ponds during the months of early spring. If we take one of these masses from the water, we find that it consists of a number of small round eggs, each with a black spot in the center, touch. These are the eggs of the frog, which shortly hatch, and pro-which are fastened to one another, and feel slimy and slippery to the duce the little creatures called tadpoles.

No one who was not acquainted with them would ever suppose that these tadpoles bore any relationship to the frog at all, for they are as unlike their parents as they can possibly be, having no limbs at all, and being, in fact, very little more than round heads furnished with rather flat, wavy tails. By means of these tails they wriggle their way along through the water. As the tadpoles live entirely under water, and cannot breathe air, they are furnished with gills instead of lungs, which extract air from the water just as do those of a fish.

Before very long, however, the gills begin to diminish in size, and finally they disappear altogether into the chest, where they are protected by what are called *gill-covers*. Meanwhile other alterations are taking place in the body, and two small organs break through the skin at the hind part of the body, near the tail. In a short time these organs develop into legs, which, however, are not as yet employed for any particular purpose. Shortly another pair of limbs appears in front of the first pair, and the tail falls off in pieces, gradually, one piece after another. Lastly the gills disappear altogether, after lungs have been developed, and the tadpole becomes a frog, breathing air now instead of water, and swimming by the aid of its legs instead of that of its tail.

The life of the perfect frog, of course, is now quite different, and its mission is to keep down the numbers of the various insects, instead of to purify the waters of the pond. It must, however, be able to swim and dive in the water as well as to live upon dry land, and so must have a structure equally suited to either mode of life.

For swimming in the water it is very well adapted, for its long webbed feet make capital oars, and it can hold its breath for a very long time, so that it can remain below the surface, if need be, for pretty well two hours without requiring a fresh supply of air. But for a life upon land it is quite as well suited. It is able to travel with some little

speed by means of a series of leaps, very like those of the kangaroo upon a smaller scale. The tongue of the frog also is very curiously formed, in order to enable it to capture the insects upon which its owner feeds.

When an insect is seen, the frog darts out its tongue, which it does with almost the rapidity of lightning, touches it with the tip, which is moistened by the very sticky saliva, and draws it back again as rapidly as it was thrust out. The fly, of course, adheres to the tip, and is carried at once into the throat, owing to the structure of the tongue, when it is swallowed without difficulty. The tongue of the toad is formed in just the same manner, and is used in exactly the same way.

It is rather a curious fact that the frog always seems to calculate the exact distance to which the tongue must be thrust out, the tip reaching to just the required spot, and picking off the victim in the neatest possible manner. The whole action is so extremely rapid that the movement of the tongue can hardly be seen, and the fly appears to a spectator to vanish almost as if by magic.

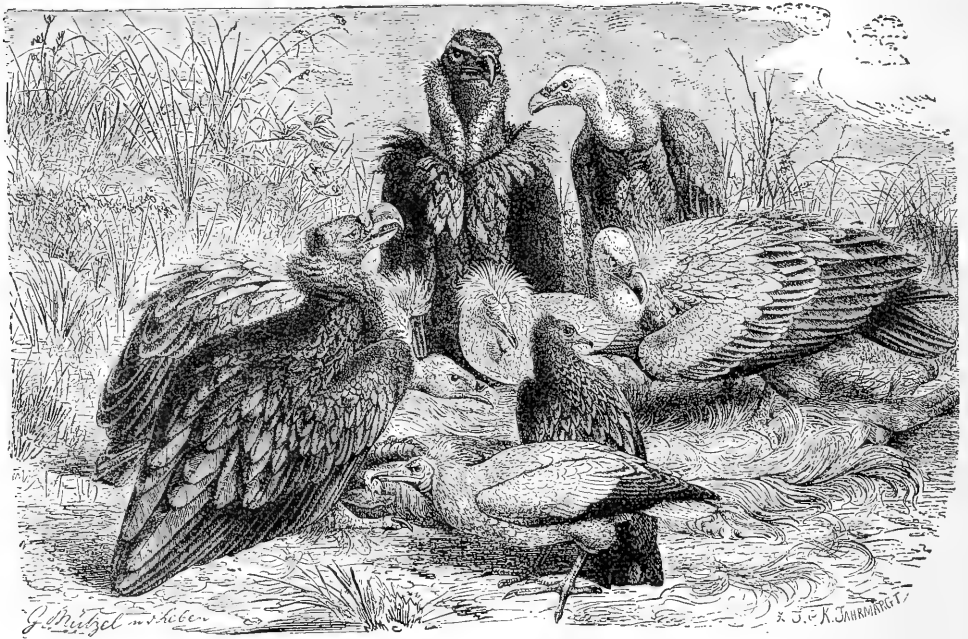
The Tree Frog.—There are some of the frogs which are great climbers as well as swimmers, and which are able to cling without difficulty to the lower surfaces of leaves and branches. The feet of these frogs, which are known as tree frogs, are formed very much like those of the gecko, the toes being furnished with sucker-like pads, which adhere tightly to any surface against which they are pressed. One of the commonest of the tree frogs is of a bright green color, and so is almost invisible when sitting upon a leaf unless it is looked for very carefully indeed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Birds of Prey

THE great woods and mountains of Europe, Asia and Africa are the home of the golden eagle. He is considered the noblest in all the family of birds, both on account of his size and of his proud upright bearing and the fiery light in his big, bright eyes. Even when at rest he appears the king of birds, but his superior powers are seen at their best when he is soaring in vast circles high up in the blue sky. He spends hours there, apparently in idle sport, and with no visible movement of his wings. The golden eagle is a handsome bird, large, strong and remarkably sharp-sighted, and surpassed by no other bird in his power of scenting out his prey. He can adjust his eyes to any distance, the muscles about them allowing him to move the lens forward and backward so that he can see with equal distinctness objects near at hand as well as those at an incredible distance. By this arrangement the "eagle eye" of this king of birds can spy out the tiniest prey when he is circling through the air or perched on the mountain tops. He shows his great strength in times of assault when he is seemingly not frightened by any resistance. Nothing from a fawn to a hare or a rabbit is secure from his claws. Bustard, swan, and wild goose fall as his prey as well as much smaller birds. At the very gate of the sheepfold he carries off goats and lambs, even the biting marten as well as the sly fox is caught. Dogs, cats, tiny rodents, rats and mice all fear him. Neither the fleetest among the quadrupeds nor the swiftest winged among the birds can escape him, if he has caught sight of them. The right of the strongest allows him often to snatch away the hawk's latest prey, or tear away a dove from the claws of a falcon. In March the golden eagle begins his courting. He builds his eyrie on some unapproachable rock or crag in the mountains or on the topmost branch of a tree. The foundation of the nest is of branches, the inner walls are of hair, heather and grass. The

eggs are, like those of the buzzard, a whitish ground with brown specks or dots. The care of these eggs is left entirely to the mother bird. After five weeks the little ones are hatched, and are as homely as their parents are stately and beautiful. Very often only one egg is hatched, but the parent birds give as much love and care to this one little descendant as if it were a whole nest full. Sometimes the old birds will travel for hours through the air carrying some hare or heathcock or a young heron captured from a distant eyrie. The animal is torn to pieces before the ever-hungry young eaglet and the



GROUP OF VULTURES

best bits offered him. His nursery on this account does not present a very inviting appearance. Legs of rabbits, skulls of birds, hair, feathers, bones and wool are strewn all about. Sometimes there is a very bright and pleasing side to this place of skulls; little birds, especially sparrows, build their nests between the twigs and branches of the eyrie and live there quite undisturbed. With this exception the eagle lives alone; one pair never permitting another pair of their kind within their hunting ground. The fact makes their indulgence

to the little birds seem all the more wonderful. The sparrows seem to know that they are safe from the claws of the eagle, even though they are living in his eyrie, and they know equally well that while they are there, they are safe from pursuit by the swift sailing sparrow-hawk and falcon. Therefore they choose an eyrie for their nesting place. In one eyrie not less than fifty-two sparrow nests were found, which shows at the same time the friendliness of the eagle and the size of his fortress.

The Kite is common in Africa, and it is, like the hawk, a bird of prey, resembling the latter in its forked tail and its manner of flying. It builds its nest on sticks in a large tree, and occasionally on rocks. It feeds on moles, frogs, rabbits, snakes, and fish. The length of the bird is about two feet.

The Vulture.—Even those birds, it is found, which, like the vultures, feed upon putrid flesh, and seldom kill prey for themselves, find their food far more by sight than by sense of smell. In order to prove this fact a gentleman placed a large piece of carrion upon the ground, and covered it over with grass; the odor was most offensive, and yet not a vulture noticed it, although several were not very far away. He then removed a part of the grass, whereupon the birds caught sight of the carrion at once, and flocked to the spot as soon as he retired, thus showing that their sight, and not their scent, had warned them of the presence of their food.

It seems almost certain, too, that these birds not only search for food themselves, but also watch one another meanwhile, so that if one more fortunate than his fellows should espy a dead animal, all those within sight of him notice him descend to the feast, and hurry to the spot in order to obtain a share in the banquet. These, in their turn, again, are being watched by others, which follow them; so a constant succession of vultures is attracted to the carcass, until it is completely devoured. In this manner during the Crimean War, when the battlefields were strewn with the bodies of men and horses, almost every vulture for hundreds of miles around was attracted so that the usual haunts of the birds were almost entirely deserted. This could hardly have happened had they depended upon their sense of scent and not upon their keenness of sight; and we can only account for it

by supposing that each was watching the movements of its neighbors, and followed them, as, in their turn, they obtained knowledge of the banquet which awaited them.

As these vultures feed so little upon living prey, their feet have not nearly so great a power of grasp as have those of other hawks, and are formed more for walking than for clutching a victim.

These birds are nature's scavengers and disgusting as they are, nevertheless are more useful perhaps than any other variety.

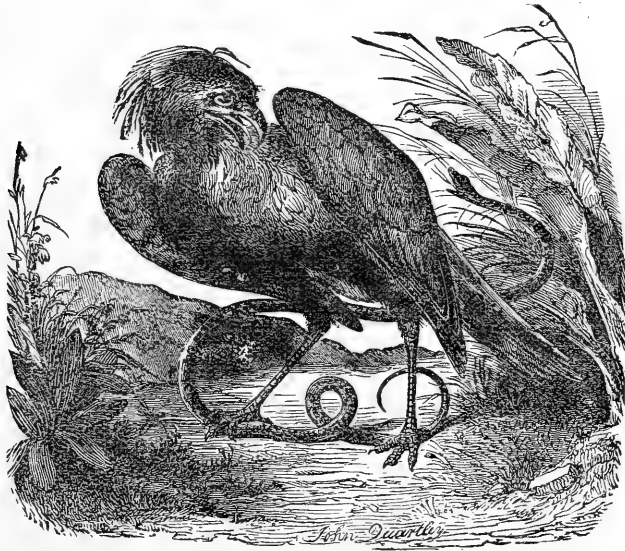


THE SACRED VULTURE

I dare say you have noticed that the work of vultures, like that of hyenas, is to perform the duties of scavengers. Like the street cleaners in the cities, who take away the rubbish from our houses, they remove the rubbish or waste matter from the surface of the earth, and, by doing so, prevent it from daily becoming more and more putrid, and giving off odors which would carry disease and even death.

Owls.—The second great group of the birds of prey are the owls, which hunt principally by night. During the day-time they hide

themselves away in hollow trees or old ruins, into which the unwelcome light cannot penetrate; and it is not until some little time after sunset that they make their appearance. Then through the hours of night they hunt for prey, and can see their victims as clearly in the darkness as hawks can in broad day-light. Now, it is evident enough that the eyes of the owls must be very differently formed from those of the hawks, for otherwise they would be of no use at all after nightfall. And, when we come to examine them, we find at once that such is the case. Not only are their eyes very large themselves, but, as you must have noticed, they are surrounded by a kind of circular ring, sometimes composed of white feathers and sometimes of brown.



THE SECRETARY BIRD

If the thick plumage of the owl's head were all set in the usual manner, the feathers would project so far in front of the eyes that the bird would have scarcely any range of sight. But the curious feathery circle which surrounds the owl's eyes serves as a narrow slit in a deep window casing, and enables it to see in all directions; so that, without moving its head, it is able to keep watch over a very large extent of country.

In other parts of their structure the owls are not at all unlike the

hawks, having the same powerful muscles and the same sharp and terrible talons. How useful these claws are you may judge from the fact that, even in so small a bird as the common barn owl, they can be used with such force and address as to keep at bay even a well-trained dog. At least one case has been known, indeed, in which a dog, coming up to look at an owl, was struck so sharply and quickly by the angry bird that both its eyes were blinded, one of the terrible talons having entered each and quite destroyed the sight. When fighting, the owl mostly rolls over upon its back, so that it may be able to use its claws with greater freedom.

Several varieties of owls are found in Africa, but the classification is not complete.

The Secretary Bird, from South Africa, has crane-like legs, about three feet long, and slate-gray plumage, marked with black, derives its name from its erectile crest, which the early Dutch settlers compared to pens stuck behind the ear of a clerk. It is extremely serviceable in destroying snakes, which constitute its principal food. It is often tamed and kept in poultry yards, but it has a bad habit of snapping up young chickens; and there is a story that the whereabouts of a missing kitten was discovered by hearing a faint mew as the pet secretary bird stalked to and fro, looking as innocent as if it knew nothing at all about the matter.

CHAPTER XXIX

Poisonous Insects

THE Insect World makes itself known very quickly upon the traveler's arrival in Africa, and from that moment until the last of the Dark Continent sinks below the horizon on the return journey he is never allowed to forget the insects and the perils they carry with them like loaded bombs.

The Tsetse-fly.—Most prominent and deadly of all African



THE PREY OF THE TSETSE-FLY

insects is the dread tsetse-fly. This insect resembles a large horsefly, and is death to horses and some other varieties of stock. In fact, it is impossible to use cattle, horses or dogs in the badly infested districts.

But the ravages of the tsetse-fly do not stop here, bad as they are. It is known as the *Glossina palpalis* to the naturalist and as the bearer of the dread "sleeping disease." Carrying this deadly sickness from one person to another by means of its bite, it is responsible for the deaths of more than a hundred thousand natives in Uganda alone, and even Europeans cannot consider themselves immune. The disease is confined to the fly-infested belts, which extend over wide areas. In the interior of Usoga, on the banks of many rivers, in swamps on the shores of numerous lakes, great swarms of these emissaries of death are to be found. One person afflicted with the disease can in this way communicate it to countless thousands. Whole villages have been completely exterminated and the lake shores and river banks bid fair to be entirely depopulated. Great tracts in Usoga which had formerly been famed for their high state of cultivation relapsed into forests. The weakness of the victims and the terror of the survivors permitted a sudden and great increase in the number of leopards and added another scourge to the stricken people. By the end of 1905 *more than two hundred thousand persons out of a population in those regions, which could not have exceeded three hundred thousand, had perished.*

But hope is now being extended by the scientists that this death-dealing scourge may be exterminated. The disease may be curable or the isolation of patients may prevent its being carried to those in health. Whenever possible, the fly is being banished by cutting down trees and clearing away the brush. All the powers of the government are exerted toward putting an end to this horror and the reign of terror. Scientists bend over their microscopes, international boards of great physicians discuss the subject about long tables. Some day, somehow, the tsetse-fly and the sleeping sickness will be banished forever.

The Mosquito.—With the approach of twilight comes the mosquito, strident-voiced and fever-bearing; and the most thorough precautions must be taken against him and other insect dangers. The traveler and sportsman lives in a large mosquito-house made entirely

of fine gauze. His bedding should be packed in tin boxes, unrolled during the day and carefully protected by mosquito nets well tucked in, against all forms of vermin. Mosquito boots or long, soft, leather leggings reaching to the hip, must be worn, and it is most unwise to sit in a cane-bottomed chair without first putting a newspaper or cushion in it. Also it is best to wear a cap, a scarf or veil and gloves and carry a swishing mosquito trap. It is only by adopting all these precautions that it is possible to feel secure. In addition one must never walk barefooted on the floor, no matter how clean it may seem, or a jigger, a worm pest, will enter the foot and fester there. Shoes must always be shaken out before putting on, no matter what the hurry, lest a scorpion, a small snake or a dreadful poisonous centipede might be lying in ambush. Clothes should never be allowed to lie around, but should be put in tin boxes proof against ants, or a horde of fierce-biting creatures will infest them.

Ants.—Various kinds of ants are found in Africa, but there are very few which the unwary traveler does not regret not having given plenty of room. For instance, there are the soldier ants. In traveling through the jungle, perhaps the path is crossed four times in a hundred yards by fierce armies of these powerful and savage brown ants. They move in regular array with seemingly firmly fixed purposes, in a brown band about two inches wide and an inch and a half *deep*, drawn across your track with both ends lost in the jungle. It moves unceasingly and with a multiplied rapidity, for each ant runs swiftly forward, whether upon the ground or upon the backs of his ever-moving comrades. On either side of the main army about a yard away from the line of march are flanking columns which examine the ground on both sides and attack any enemy found, in ever-increasing numbers, sinking their strong jaws, or mandibles, into the flesh, never to let go even when the head is pulled from the shoulders.

A ghastly and horrible method of executing criminals has been used by the natives. The unfortunate wretch was taken close to a hill of soldier ants and left with his feet and hands tied to pegs in the ground. The ants, needless to say, immediately attacked him, and a day at most saw the end.

There are many other species.

Among insects there are few, if any, whose habits are more interesting than those of ants. They live in large communities; build houses; they make roads; some of them keep other insects, just as we keep cows; and some of them even have slaves.

No two species of ants have the same habits; and on various accounts their mode of life is far from easy to unravel. Most of their time is passed underground; all the tending of the young, for instance, is carried on in the dark.

The life of an ant falls into four well-marked periods—those of the egg, of the larva or grub, of the pupa or chrysalis and of the perfect insect or imago. The eggs are white or yellowish, and somewhat elongated. They are generally said to be hatched about fifteen days after being laid.

The larvæ or grubs of ants, like those of bees and wasps, are small, white, legless creatures, somewhat conical in form, narrowing towards the head.

In the case of ants, as with other insects which pass through similar changes of form—such as bees, wasps, moths, butterflies, flies, beetles, etc.—the larval stage is the period of growth. During the chrysalis stage though immense changes take place, and the organs of the insect are more or less rapidly developed, no food is taken, and there is no addition to size or weight.

The imago or perfect insect again takes food, but does not grow. The ant, like all the insects above named, is as large when it emerges from the pupa as it ever will be, though the abdomen of the female sometimes increases in size from the development of the eggs.

Some ants have a sting; some bite with their jaws, and then squirt poison into the wound. Indeed, in some cases, the poison is sufficiently strong itself to cause a wound. Moreover, some species have the power of ejecting their poison to a considerable distance.

Under ordinary circumstances an ants' nest, like a beehive, contains three kinds of individuals, workers or imperfect females (which constitute the great majority), males and perfect females. There are often, however, several queens in an ants' nest; while, as we all know, there is never more than one queen mother in a hive. The queens of ants are provided with wings, but after a single flight they tear them

off, and do not again quit the nest. In addition to the ordinary workers, there is in some species a second, or rather a third, form of female. In almost any ants' nest we may see that the workers differ more or less in size.

The food of ants consists of insects, great numbers of which they destroy; of honey, honey-dew, and fruit—indeed, scarcely any animal or sweet substances comes amiss to them. Some species—such, for instance, as the small brown garden ant—ascend bushes in search of aphids, which are called the ants' cows. The ant then taps the aphid gently with her antennæ, and the aphid emits a drop of sweet fluid which the ant drinks. Sometimes the ants even build covered ways up to and over the cows, which they protect from other insects.

It is a curious fact that in some parts of the world ants are eaten and regarded as great delicacies. The Siamese particularly are noted as placing ants eaten with red pepper or curried on their ménus. They also serve them rolled in green leaves with shreds of pork.

Another curious fact is that *formic acid* was first made from ants. They were either placed on a cloth and hot water poured over them, this water afterward containing the acid, or the ants were placed in a retort of glass with water and the retort heated. The vapor distilled over contained formic acid.

Locusts.—While they do not attack mankind, yet the locusts are perhaps the most serious pest that the African farmer has to contend with. This insect, shaped much like the familiar grasshopper, often appears in great swarms, devouring every twig, green shoot, leaf and bud, in addition to whole fields of grain. They cover the ground so thickly that it is said that the footprints made by a horse among them are filled up in a few seconds. In 1798 South Africa for a space of two thousand square miles was completely covered with them.

It is only fair to the locust to state, however, that the native reciprocates for the destruction of his crops by eating the locust in turn. Their method is to gather great quantities of live locusts, place them in ovens previously heated by a very hot fire, cover them up and leave them to bake. The next process is to spread them out in the sun to dry, taking care that the other locusts do not eat them. When thoroughly dried, the process taking two or three days, the locusts are ground up into a powder with which a sort of pudding is made.

Spiders.—It should be stated that spiders are not true insects, as very many people think they are. They really are an order by themselves, but we shall speak of them here. They have eight legs, for instance, whereas no insect possesses more than six legs. Then, their bodies are divided only into two parts, whereas those of the insects are divided into three. And, even more important, they are perfect when they emerge from the egg, instead of first passing through any distinct stages of growth or development.

All the spiders are creatures of prey. Their legs are furnished with strong curved claws; the jaws very much resemble the fangs of a venomous serpent. Each of these jaws is hollow, and communicates at the base with a gland, in which a very poisonous fluid is stored up. This poison is so potent that even a large insect succumbs almost instantly to its effects. There have been many cases indeed, in which even our common spiders have bitten human beings, and injured them so severely as to cause great pain and swelling.

All spiders, however, do not capture their prey in like manner, for some are very swift of foot, and overtake their victims by means of their own activity, while others spin the curious nets which we call webs, and lie in wait in readiness to pounce upon any insect which is unfortunate to fly into them.

The Water Spider.—Many spiders, also, carry their eggs about with them in a silken bag; but there is one which forms a far more singular home for its young, and that is the well-known water spider, which is so common in weedy ponds of the country.

The principal requirements of the water spider are rather singular. Although it breathes air, it is yet intended to live chiefly beneath the surface of the water; and there, also, its eggs are to be laid and its young ones brought up. It possesses means of breathing during its long dives, and also of enabling its young to do the same until they are old enough to leave the protecting nest.

Scorpions.—Belonging to the same group as the spiders is the curious animal known as the scorpion, which is very common in the warmer countries of almost all parts of the world. Like the spider, the scorpion is venomous, but in quite a different manner, its poison-bearing weapon lying at the end of the tail, and not in the mouth.

It has a pair of pincer-like claws, four pairs of walking legs and lives under stones and in holes.

The poison of the scorpion is far more powerful than that of the spiders, for even a strong man suffers most severely from its sting, while a wound from it has more than once been known to result in the death of the sufferer. But the oftener a man is stung by a scorpion the less pain he suffers, and in time he will not feel its effects at all.

Besides the insects we have given here there are countless others, some poisonous, some not, very many totally unclassified and unknown to naturalists. However, we have given the most important, best known species which are likely to be met with in actual hunting in the Dark Continent and which are within the scope of this work.

BOOK FOUR

THRILLING ADVENTURES
OF OTHER GREAT
EXPLORERS

Strange Peoples and Countries Discovered by Pioneers
Who Preceded Roosevelt



CHAPTER XXX

Early Explorers of Africa

AFRICA, as it appears to the traveler of to-day, is not the same that centuries ago stood at the head of the world's civilization. When Greece was under the tumultuary sway of a number of petty chieftains, Homer already celebrates the hundred gates of Thebes, and the mighty hosts which in warlike array issued from them to battle. While other nations dwelt in ignorance, the valley of the Nile became the abode of learning; and here might be found works of sculpture, painting, and architecture, which were without equals. And while Egypt was thus pre-eminent in knowledge and art, Carthage equally excelled in commerce, and in the wealth produced by it; and rose to a degree of power that enabled her to hold long suspended between herself and Rome the scales of universal empire. Amid the abundance of her wealth, and the splendor of her glory, Carthage sunk in her struggle with Rome; while Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, whose grandeur and power had for ages won the admiration and provoked the envy of surrounding nations, passed under the rule of the Cæsars. At a later period, when the din of war had ceased, and the tumult of contending armies had died away, the fires were again kindled, and northern Africa boasted of its sages, its saints, its heads and fathers of the church, and exhibited Alexandria and Carthage on a footing with the greatest cities which owned the imperial sway.

But although the northern shores of Africa, and the valley of the Nile, were renowned for their progress in civilization, the glory of it did not extend beyond a narrow strip of land which bordered upon the Mediterranean, and skirted the shores of the Nile. Beyond this was the dark and bloody ground, inhabited by savage tribes, to whose inhuman appetites many an adventurer fell a victim. Those who sought to penetrate the wilds which lay beyond, were suddenly confronted by a desert, wide and bare—a barrier vast and appalling—

endless plains of moving sand, waste and wild, without a shrub, a blade of grass, a single cheering or life-sustaining object.

Such was the wide Sahara, earth's greatest desert, which protected tropical Africa from the inhabitants of its northern belt. Not until the Saracens had conquered the Moorish realms was the Sahara practically invaded. The natives of the Arabian desert did not hesitate to venture upon its leagues of sand, upon the "ships of the desert" brought from the sands of Arabia. The interior was reached, and in the territory now known as the Soudan several kingdoms were founded.

Among these were Ghana, now bearing the name of Kano, whose splendor is said to have been unrivalled, and whose ruler rode upon elephants and camelopards; which obeyed his commands as readily as the horse had been known to do; Timbuctoo, Kashna, Sakatoo and Tocrur, which our geographers call Sackatoo, Kuku, and Bornou. Lying still farther to the south was the city of Kangha, celebrated for its industries and arts, and which modern explorers have found to be none other than the city of Loggun, which Major Denham said was celebrated for its manufactures, its great ingenuities, and "its witty women." On the southern borders of Soudan lay Wangara and Ungara, where traders are said to have obtained large quantities of gold. But they went not beyond the point where the mountains separate Soudan from Guinea; of the country which lay beyond the mountains they were ignorant, and the land beyond the Niger was equally unknown and mysterious.

About the end of the fifteenth century the maritime nations of Europe began that work of geographical discovery of which the most signal feat was the discovery of America by Columbus. Portugal devoted itself to African research and before the century ended had traversed most of its coast line, and made settlements at various places upon its shores. In pride at the work of his mariners, the King of Portugal assumed the title of "Lord of Guinea." Other nations made settlements along the coast, but the interior was not penetrated, and it remained for the daring explorers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries to begin the unfoldment of the secrets of the "dark continent," as it was called down to our own days.

There were many of these daring explorers, but we must confine

ourselves here to the exploits and discoveries of the most famous of them. Chief among these were two sons of Scotland, James Bruce and Mungo Park. James Bruce, born in 1730, began his career as a traveler in Asia, and in 1768 entered upon his famous journey in search of the sources of the Nile. In February, 1770, he reached the capital of Abyssinia, where he gained the favor of the sovereign, and in November succeeded in discovering the great object of his journey, what he thought to be the source of the Nile. It was really the source of the Blue Nile, one of the branches of the parent of that stream.

Mungo Park, born at Fowlshiels, near Selkirk, Scotland, on the 10th of September, 1771, began his career as a discoverer in 1795, when he arrived at Jillifree, near the mouth of the Gambia. He explored a considerable portion of the course of the Niger, and reached London on Christmas morning, 1797. Great interest was excited by the narrative of his expedition, and the profits on its publication, together with the liberal compensation made him by the African Association, placed him for a time in easy circumstances. Being offered the command of another expedition to the Niger and the central parts of Africa, he accepted it, and sailed from Portsmouth on the 30th of January, 1805. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Anderson, surgeon, Mr. George Scott, draughtsman, and others. The object of the expedition was to cross from the Gambia to the Niger, and then to sail down the latter stream to the ocean; but it proved in every way unfortunate. Mr. Anderson and others fell victims to the climate. Park's last dispatches are dated from Sandsanding, and he says, "I am sorry to say that of forty-four Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive, viz., three soldiers (one deranged in his mind), Lieutenant Martyn, and myself. . . . We had no contest with the natives, nor was any of us killed by wild animals or any other accident." He left Sandsanding on the 19th of November, and, from information afterwards obtained, he seems to have proceeded down as far as Boussa, 650 miles below Timbuctoo, where, having been attacked by the natives, he and his companions attempted to save themselves by swimming, but were drowned. In such explorations, the treatment which one receives is varied, but Park found the disposition of the women uniformly benevolent, and in proof he relates his own experience.

When he was prohibited by the King of Bambarra from crossing the Niger, and ordered to pass the night in a distant village, none of the inhabitants would receive him into their houses, and he was preparing to lodge in the branches of a tree. Exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and unprotected from a storm, he was relieved by a woman returning from the labors of the field. He was kindly invited to her hut, and was most carefully tended. The other women lightened their labor by songs, one of which, at least, must have been extempore, for Park himself was the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the others joining in the chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive; and the words, literally translated, were: "The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.*—Let us pity the white man; no mother has he, etc., etc."

John Louis Burckhardt, born in Switzerland in 1794, prepared himself for African travel by studying the language and manners of the Arabs, and in 1812 journeyed up the Nile almost to Dongola, and afterwards, taking the part of a poor Turkish trader of Syria, traversed the deserts of Nubia as far as Suakim on the Red Sea. So thorough had been his studies, that when his Islamism was questioned he passed an examination in the Mohammedan faith before two learned jurists, who pronounced him to be a very faithful and very learned Musselman. Unfortunately, when he was about to set out to join a caravan for Fezzan with the purpose of exploring the source of the Niger, he died at Cairo, April 15, 1817. He was the first modern traveler to penetrate to Shendy in the Soudan, the Meroë of ancient times, where he gained exact information about the slave trade in that quarter. The Mohammedans performed his obsequies with great splendor, as a distinguished follower of their faith.

Among other notable travelers was Colonel Dixon Denham, born in London in 1786, who took part in 1823 with Captain Clapperton and Doctor Oudney in an expedition to Central Africa. He was a man well adapted in every way for such labors, and it was mainly due to him that permission was obtained from the Sultan of Fezzan for the expedition to cross the desert to Lake Tsad. He explored the region around this lake, and afterwards joined an Arab military expe-



HENRY M. STANLEY

The reporter sent out to find Livingstone became the greatest explorer of Africa



CECIL J. RHODES

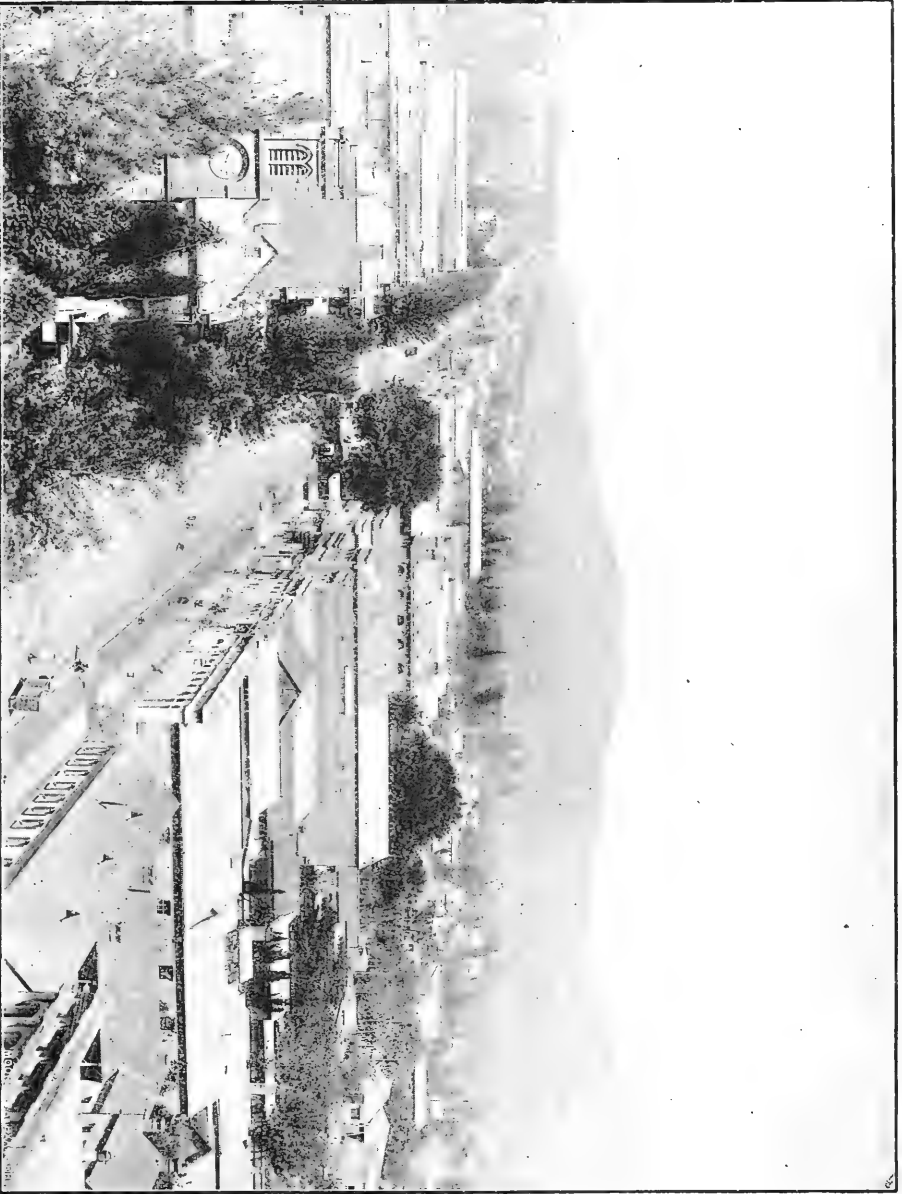
The Diamond King and Promoter of the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad,
South Africa, Founder of the Rhodes Scholarships at
Oxford University



LORD ROBERTS, V.C., G.C.B. G.C.I.E.

Commander-in-Chief British Forces, South Africa, during the
British-Boer War

TWO MOULDERS OF AFRICA'S DESTINY



PRINCIPAL STREET OF PIETERMARTZBURG, CAPITAL OF NATAL



RAILROAD NEAR LADYSMITH VICINITY OF GENERAL WHITE'S BATTLE WITH THE BOERS

dition against the natives of the interior. In the fight that followed he was wounded, and it was only after great peril and suffering that he rejoined his command at Kuka. He afterwards continued his explorations in the interior and returned to England in 1826.

While Denham was engaged as above stated, Clapperton and Oudney set out on an expedition to Soccatoo, the capital of Houssa. Oudney died on the way and Clapperton found his journey's purpose prevented by the Arabs. In a subsequent journey, in which he was accompanied only by his faithful servant, Richard Lander, he reached Katunga, within thirty miles of the Niger, but was not permitted to visit that river. His explorations in other directions met with similar hindrance, and, depressed by his disappointment, he died of dysentery in 1827 at a village near Soccatoo.

It is to Richard Lander, the servant of Captain Clapperton, whom he attended faithfully until his death, that we owe the important discovery of the source of the Niger. On his return to England after the death of his master, he suggested a plan for this exploration which was accepted by the government and he appointed to attempt it.

In company with his youngest brother, John, he set out from Badagry in 1830, intending to reach Lake Tsad. They encountered many dangers, and were finally taken prisoners at Eboe; and only after the promise of a high ransom succeeded in getting arrangements made for conveying them to the sea. This they reached by the Niger; and thus was solved one of the greatest problems in African geography. This important discovery, opening a water communication into the interior of Africa, made a great impression upon the mercantile world; and soon after the brothers arrived in England an association was formed for the purpose of establishing a settlement upon the Upper Niger. But the expedition fitted out for this purpose unfortunately proved a failure; and the Landers, together with nearly all who joined it, fell victims either to the unhealthiness of the climate, or in combats with the natives. Richard died on February 2, 1834, at Fernando Po, from the wounds which he had received. The British government granted a pension of £70 a year to his widow, and of £50 a year to his infant daughter.

The last of the explorers of early date whom we need here mention was Alexander Gordon Laing, an army lieutenant, who was born

at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1794. Being sent in 1822 on an embassy to Gambia and the Mandingo country, to study the conditions existing in those regions, he gained a deep interest in Africa and its people. His mission being well performed, he was sent on another embassy with the purpose of procuring the liberation of a chief in friendly relations with the British, who was held a prisoner by Yarradee, a warrior of the king of Soolima. On arriving at the camp of the Soolima army, he was informed that Sannasee had been set at liberty, after his town had been burnt, and that his life had been spared only from the fear of offending the British governor. While upon this mission he had observed that many of the men who accompanied the Soolima army possessed considerable quantities of gold; and having learned that ivory abounded in Soolima, he suggested to the governor the advantages which would result to the colony from the opening up of intercourse with these people, intimating his opinion that the effort would not be attended with much hazard or expense, and that a great object would be attained in the knowledge of many countries to the eastward of the colony, of which, like that of the Soolimas, little was known besides the name. This suggestion was submitted to the council, who approved of the undertaking, and left it to Laing's own judgment to carry out his plan.

His third mission, upon which he started from Sierra Leone on the 16th of April, 1822, led him to penetrate through a far more extensive tract of country than before, much of it previously unexplored. During his absence he was promoted to the rank of captain. It was immediately after his return that he was ordered to join his regiment on the Gold Coast, where he was employed in the command of a considerable native force on the frontier of the Ashantee country, and was frequently engaged with detachments of the Ashantee army. In October, 1824, an opportunity presented itself, which he had long desired, of proceeding, under the auspices of government, on an expedition to discover the termination and course of the Niger. He was promoted to the rank of major, and left London on that enterprise early in February, 1825, intending to leave Tripoli for Timbuctoo in the course of the summer. He reached that city, but soon after, while engaged in a further exploration, he was treacherously murdered by an Arab sheikh.

CHAPTER XXXI

David Livingstone, the Beloved Missionary

AS with so many of that assemblage of uncrowned monarchs, who stand head and shoulders above us by right of their achievements or their character, and whose willing subjects are bound to them by ties of admiration and love rather than of loyalty or habit, David Livingstone sprang from an humble race, and personally knew in his youth what it was to go "forth to his work and to his labor until the evening," in order to earn his daily bread. Born on the 19th of March, 1813, at Blantyre, the hum of the busy cotton factory was the most familiar sound of his early years. His father, a small tea-dealer, his mother a hard-working housewife, and neither with any time to educate their merry lad, it is not surprising that David should have reached the age of ten without giving any special sign of future greatness, or affording any reason to his parents for not gaining his living by his hands. And so the boy was put to work in this cotton factory as a "piecer," and began to contribute his share to the support of the family.

A change in one's life not infrequently brings new possibilities and other hopes before us. This daily life of manual labor would seem to have enlarged the horizon of David's outlook, for he has himself recorded that with a portion of his first week's wages he purchased a Latin grammar! This he placed upon the loom; and, as



DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE

he passed to and fro at his work, he would catch, now a word, and now a sentence from its open page. With learning came the appetite for learning; and every evening, after the factory work was done, the lad would pore over his books till midnight, and even later. Here we see the strength and tenacity of the Scottish character, for he had to be at work in the factory by six o'clock next morning, and he did not leave it before eight o'clock at night. Fourteen hours of labor, with but two intervals for meals, might well have taken all the strength and sapped all the determination of a lad of ten; and it is, indeed, a pleasant reflection that the humane legislation of later years has rendered such a state of things impossible, or at any rate illegal.

Livingstone was about nineteen years of age when he determined to prepare for the life of a medical missionary, and it is again characteristic of his nationality that he should have set about this task, infinitely more difficult then than now, without seeking aid or influence from any person or society. He was by this time a "spinner," and the wages he earned in summer sufficed to support him in winter at the neighboring city of Glasgow, whither he went to get the benefit of the Greek divinity and medical lectures of its university. His first session was in the winter of 1836-37, and on its conclusion he returned to his labor at the Blantyre mill.

During the two years at Glasgow, Livingstone largely developed the scientific side of his nature. His very liberality in theology was owing to his perfectly impartial method of testing every question. Had he been more of a theologian, it is quite conceivable he might have lost much of that primitive Christian spirit which marked his whole life, and without doubt contributed largely to his success in dealing with the raw African. He has told us himself that, when he was advised to join the London Missionary Society, he was attracted by its "perfectly unsectarian character." "It sends," he wrote, "neither episcopacy, nor presbyterianism, nor independency, but the Gospel of Christ, to the heathen. This," he adds, "exactly agreed with my ideas of what a missionary society ought to do."

During his second season at Glasgow, Livingstone forwarded an application to this Society, and, his offer being provisionally accepted, he went to London in 1838 to further his interests. He was sent by the

heads of the Society to the Rev. Richard Cecil, who examined him in common with several other candidates, and gave an unfavorable report, especially in regard to the young applicant's powers as a preacher. It was, in consequence, by the merest chance that he was accepted. Some one pleaded in his favor; he was given another opportunity, and finally his services were engaged. It had been the young applicant's desire to make China his field of labor, and he had studied medicine with that end in view. But the opium war which had broken out with that country closed it for the time to the Europeans, and a meeting with Robert Moffat, who had lately returned to England from his mission in South Africa, led Livingstone to determine on that almost unknown region as the scene of his future labors. Dr. Moffat has left an account of this meeting, which has a special interest in the light of the lifelong connection which was to unite the two men, and a portion of it may be quoted here.

"He asked me whether I thought he would do for Africa. I said I believed he would, if he would not go to an old station, but would advance to unoccupied ground, specifying the vast plain to the north, where I had sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages, where no missionary had ever been. At last Livingstone said: 'What is the use of my waiting for the end of this abominable opium war? I will go at once to Africa!' The Directors concurred, and Africa became his sphere."

Livingstone had been studying both theology and medicine in London for some time, and toward the end of 1840 he returned to Glasgow, and obtained that medical diploma to which reference has already been made. He was now therefore equipped for the fight, and with the ardor of his nature was willing and anxious for service. He had not long to wait. Within a few days he received the summons, and on the 17th of November bade farewell to his relatives and friends, and returned to London. His father, for whom he had both affection and respect, he was never to see again. Sixteen years later, when Livingstone was winning glory in the heart of Africa, the old man died, but not before he had heard with pride and thankfulness of his son's achievements. In simple language the son has written a beautiful elegy upon him, closing with these pregnant words: "I revere his memory."

On the 20th of November, in Albion Street Chapel, London, Livingstone received his formal commission to preach the Word. Less than a month afterwards, he was sailing southward on the Atlantic, bound for the Cape of Good Hope.

At this time Kuruman, about 700 miles northeast of Capetown, was the most northerly missionary station in South Africa. Kuruman, in fact, was the only place for a hundred miles round where Europeans could settle and exist. And even at Kuruman the excessive droughts which are the curse of the greater part of South Africa were not unknown. Bechuanaland was essentially a dry country—so dry, indeed, that Livingstone has told us that needles could be left for months exposed to the outer air without rusting. To grow crops with success irrigation was necessary, and Moffat had won the confidence of the natives by his active exertions to procure by this means security for the harvest.

When Livingstone arrived at Kuruman, he found affairs in a prosperous condition. From a few Hottentot servants the Christian congregation had increased to about a thousand, the mission-house and church had been rebuilt on a larger scale and of stone, the schools had become flourishing institutions, and the advance of civilization was marked by those of the natives who could afford it purchasing wagons and using oxen for labor in the place of women. "The gardens," wrote Livingstone, "irrigated by the Kuruman rivulet, are well stocked with fruit trees and vines, and yield European vegetables and grain readily. The pleasantness of the place is enhanced by the contrast it presents to the surrounding scenery, and the fact that it owes all its beauty to the manual labor of the missionaries. Externally it presents a picture of civilized comfort to the adjacent tribes; and by its printing-press . . . the light of Christianity is gradually diffused in the surrounding region."

While awaiting the permission of the Society to erect a mission-station north of Kuruman, Livingstone was journeying up and down the whole Bechuana country. He visited the Bakwains—whose chief, Sechéle, became a great friend—the Bamangwato, the Bakaa, and the Bakhatla in succession, studying their language and customs, and in every way equipping himself for useful effort among them. In the

meanwhile he was taking careful notes of the adaptability of the country to agriculture, inquiring into the causes of its intense dryness, and making up his mind even at this early date as to the right method of evangelizing Africa.

It was not until late in the year 1843 that Livingstone was able to move northward, and establish his first station in Africa in a pleasant valley leading from a mountain range, which the Bakhatla called Mabotsa. By this name also the station came to be known.

Shortly after his arrival, he met with that encounter with a lion which is perhaps one of the most familiar events of his life. Struck to the ground by the beast in his spring, his flesh torn and the upper bone of his arm crunched in the lion's mouth, Livingstone was only saved from death by the courageous conduct of a faithful servant, who was also a native deacon. In his attempt to rescue his master, Mebalwe nearly lost his own life; for the lion quitted his hold of Livingstone's arm, dashed blindly at Mebalwe, biting him on the thigh, and then, while in the act of attacking another native, fell dead from the bullets he had received. Livingstone's comment on this is characteristic: "But for the importunities of friends, I meant to have kept (this story) in store to tell my children when in my dotage."

As soon as his arm was healed, he set about building the mission-house and school-house, and in converting the ground adjacent into a garden. Before long he found cause for enlarging his house, for in one of his visits to Kuruman he capped a fond attachment to Mary, the eldest child of the Moffats, by proposing marriage and being accepted. Mary Moffat soon afterwards became Mary Livingstone, and the two settled down to a busy life among the Bakhatla.

The life before the Doctor appeared to him to be projected on similar lines to that which the veteran Moffat had been leading for so many years, though somewhat extended in usefulness and influence, perhaps, by his greater medical skill. He was, moreover, determined to put into practice his cherished theory of training natives for the ministry, for on this point he was always very decided; and it is not surprising, considering the havoc fever had played with the Europeans, and the difficulty of procuring them in sufficient numbers to grapple with the vast population of the interior. But neither this nor

the settled life of Moffat was to fall to his lot. He was reserved for a greater and more difficult work.

Passing over some of the events of his life in Africa, we will only say here that after three years' probation and instruction his friend, the chief Sechéle, received baptism. But his people held back, for a severe drought had visited the country, which the tribal "rain makers" said was due to the fact that the white man had bewitched the rain, so that it would not yield to their incantations.

Livingstone decided that the only chance for success in his labors and prosperity for the tribe amongst whom he had cast his lot was to move to a more favored region; and Sechéle and his people being nothing loath, the whole community moved westward to the river Kolobeng, about forty miles distant. Under Livingstone's direction canals and trenches were cut in connection with the river, and a complete system of irrigation introduced. Sechéle built the school-house at his own expense, and Livingstone once more had to make a home.

"Our house," he says, "at the river Kolobeng, which gave a name to the settlement, was the third which I had reared with my own hands. A native smith taught me to weld iron; and, having improved by scraps of information in that line from Mr. Moffat, and also in carpentering and gardening, I was becoming handy at almost any trade, besides doctoring and preaching; and, as my wife could make candles, soap and clothes, we came nearly up to what may be considered as indispensable in the accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa, namely, the husband to be a jack-of-all-trades without doors, and the wife a maid-of-all-work within."

It is pleasing to look at Livingstone in his daily life and labor. He has left us a vivid picture, too full of detail for insertion here. Everything he required he had to make from the raw material; there were no manufacturers or "middlemen" at Kolobeng. "You want bricks to build a house," he tells us, "and must forthwith proceed to the field, cut down a tree, and saw it into planks to make the brick moulds; the materials for doors and windows, too, are standing in the forest; and, if you want to be respected by the natives, a house of decent dimensions, costing an immense amount of human labor, must be built." He tells us further on that every brick and stick of the three large houses he had built had to be put square by his own hand.

The bread was almost always baked in an oven which was a hole in the ground; butter was churned in a jar; candles made in wooden moulds; and soap procured from the ashes of a plant. Livingstone does not forget to pay a tribute to his wife—a valuable helpmeet. He wrote in his first published book: “Married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty, striving housewife’s hands.”

The first season had passed away successfully at Kolobeng, owing to the irrigation works, but the drought proved too much for their slender source in the second year, and the river Kolobeng shrank to a mere rivulet. During the whole of the second and third years but ten inches of rain fell, and the fourth year was but little better. The river entirely disappeared, and its bed had to be literally mined in order to procure moisture for the more precious fruit-trees. Pasturage for cattle failed, and the cows gave no milk; the tribe was in a bad way, and became restless again. The restlessness seemed infectious; for Livingstone, whose eyes looked ever northward, and who longed for power to disseminate native deacons and schoolmasters among the people of the interior, made up his mind that Kolobeng, too, must be left behind, and that pastures new and more desirable must be sought. If the natives could not live at Kolobeng, it was very evident that Europeans could not either, and the sooner a new station was selected the better for the tribe among which he was living, and the better also for the prosperity of his Gospel preaching.

In all his plans not one thought occurred of retreating, as he easily might have done, to the colony, and living in comparative ease and perfect security. No; his eyes were looking fearlessly northward and his whole soul breathed the one word “Onward!”

CHAPTER XXXII

Livingstone's Missionary Travels

LITTLE did Livingstone think that when he left Kolobeng to seek a more suitable settlement for himself and his friends the Bakwains, he was really entering on a career of travel and exploration which was to place his name on the highest pinnacle of fame and only end with his death.

Yet such was the case, and therefore it cannot but be appropriate to consider here, as briefly as possible, the twofold position of Livingstone as a missionary and an explorer.

It is evident enough that, when he left his wife and three children at Kolobeng, his sole purpose was to seek the country of Sebituane, and ascertain if the regions of the "great lake" of which he had so often heard were healthful and suitable to missionary enterprise. In his efforts to preach the Gospel to the various tribes he encountered he found it after a while impossible to take his family with him, and reluctantly he consented to their departure to England. At once set free from all family responsibility, he entered into those wider labors which ultimately led him across the continent of Africa. This was no mere effort of geographical enterprise, but undertaken in a purely humanitarian spirit. He had by that time discovered the growing enormity of the slave trade, which prospered wherever the Arabs, coast tribes, and Portuguese had access; and to stamp this out became one of the ruling passions of his life. With a statesmanlike appreciation of the case, he saw that if he could foster legitimate trade that in human flesh would probably subside. If the tribes of the interior had nothing to exchange for those cottons and guns, bright tinsel ornaments, beads and wire, which were displayed so temptingly before their eyes, and which they naturally coveted, but the men, women, and children they had captured in their tribal wars, or, failing these, even their own kith and kin, then, as Livingstone saw plainly, their uncon-

trolled greed would lead them to trade in slaves. In his anxiety to suppress this growing traffic, he sought an outlet for such raw material as the natives could be induced to gather. His search for some great natural highway to the ocean led him, after years of strenuous endeavor, first to Loanda on the west coast, and then from there to Quilimane on the shores of the Indian Ocean and won him world-wide fame as a traveler.

Yet all the while he hungered for the soul of the African. He became convinced—and to be convinced with Livingstone was to be enthusiastic as well—that the evangelizing of Africa was not to be achieved in its earliest stage by building stations and settling permanently among one people; but rather by staying a few years with each tribe, preaching the Gospel, specially instructing such as would receive it, and then moving on to new tribes.

And so it happened that, whenever and wherever he traveled, he sowed the seed as he went. Far and wide he flung it; and far and wide, even to this day, his name is remembered with respect. The principle which actuated him through it all is contained in those well-known words of his, “The end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the missionary enterprise.”

On the 1st of June, 1849, in company with two Englishmen bent on sporting adventure—Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray—Livingstone set out on his northward march. Right in his track lay the great Kalahari desert. From the Orange River in the south to Lake Ngami in the north, from the Transvaal on the east to Great Namaqualand on the west, this vast tract of country extends—in its southern portions open and grassy, and in its northern wooded as well. It is flat and sandy, and in many parts grass grows luxuriantly, and bushes and trees are not uncommon. Here and there are distinctly traceable the beds of ancient rivers, but no water ever flows along them now. It is a region of few wells and no streams, a country of complete drought; and to the natives and Boers who dwelt east of it, the Kalahari Desert conveys the idea of utter desolation.

And yet this idea is in many respects erroneous. Large numbers of Bushmen lead a nomadic life upon this sandy plain. From place to place they follow the antelope—a beast which resembles the camel in

his ability to dispense with water—as he roams, one of enormous herds, across the “desert.” The natives eat of the scarlet cucumbers and the succulent watermelons which in many districts carpet the ground; and they drink of the water-bearing tubers which, found a foot or so below the surface of the soil, produce a liquor of surprising coolness. In short, despite the monotony of the vegetation and the absolute want of surface water, the Kalahari Desert supports a large population, numerous animals, fruits of several kinds in great quantity, and in many parts an abundance of grass. Hostile in aspect, it has a not unkindly heart: yet its character is such that the stranger may die where the native would find enough and to spare.

After traveling for about a month, suffering at times a good deal from thirst, and being deceived at others by the glittering salt-pans which appeared through mirage to be lakes or rivers, Livingstone and his party reached the Zouga River. From this point to the Ngami Lake the route was comparatively easy; the river ran a southeasterly course from the lake, and they had but to follow the river.

It was while ascending the Zouga that Livingstone first discovered the nature of the region which is generally called South Central Africa. That vast plateau of sand, which “arm-chair geographers” had decided was the true character of this region, disappeared forever when Livingstone inquired into the source of the Tamanakle, an affluent of the Zouga, and asked from what sort of land it came. The answer that was given him was this: “From a country full of rivers—so many no one can tell their number—and full of large trees!” That answer opened up such a vista before him that Livingstone declared, on at last sighting the much-talked-of lake, that its discovery seemed of little importance. He was already, in spirit, traveling upon the waterways and reposing under the umbrageous forest trees of the Zambesi basin.

On the 1st of August the lake was sighted at its northeast end. It has proved to have, usually, an area of three hundred square miles; but, like some other African lakes, it largely expands and contracts in accordance with the wet or the dry season. When the lake is full, the water is fresh; when low, it is brackish. To-day it may be deep in almost every part; three months hence a canoe might be punted over its bosom for miles at a time.

Livingstone's chief object in coming north was to visit Sebituane, the powerful chief of a great people—the Makololo. This individual had been very kind in former years to Sechéle, Livingstone's old ally, and it was with the idea of migrating to the country of the Makololo that the missionary had left Kolobeng for the court of Sebituane. He was, however, prevented from advancing beyond Ngami by the jealousy of Lechulatebe, the most important chief on the shores of the lake. He refused to transport the party across the Zouga, and the determination of Livingstone nearly cost him his life. "Trying hard," he wrote in his journal, "to form a raft at a narrow part, I worked many hours in the water; but the dry wood was so worm-eaten it would not bear the weight of a single person. I was not then aware of the number of alligators which exist in the Zouga, and never think of my labor in the water without feeling thankful that I escaped their jaws."

Finding farther advance impossible, Livingstone returned to Kolobeng, taking careful notes of the animal and vegetable life as he went. In the following year (1850) he made a second attempt to reach the Makololo country, but without success. He set out a third time in April, 1851, and this time succeeded. The route lay across the worst part of the Kalahari Desert, and more than once death from thirst appeared imminent. When water became more frequent, another danger appeared. The children were so savagely attacked by mosquitoes, that for a long time they were in a highly feverish state. When they seemed improving, a new cause for alarm arose in the appearance of the tsetse-fly, which threatened to destroy the cattle, their sole means of transport. So great a part has this fly played in African exploration, that a brief description of it may well be given here.

This dangerous insect, in size about that of the common house fly, owes its fatality to its power of carrying the germs of infection from one person or animal to another, as the mosquito transmits the yellow fever and malaria germs. Fortunately its bite, while fatal to the horse, ox and dog, has little effect upon man. The mule, goat and wild animals generally are also immune. It has, however, been recently discovered, as narrated in a former chapter, that the terrible

disease known as sleeping sickness is transmitted by a species of the tsetse-fly.

At the end of this third journey Livingstone reached the court of Sebituane, and looked on the face of the man whose name was the most widely known and feared throughout the region between Cape Colony and the Zambesi. He was a man in the prime of life, tall and strong, of an olive color, and "more frank in his answers than any other chief I ever met." His career had been a checkered one, and it was due to his great courage and ability that he had won for himself the position he held as chief of the warlike Makololo. He received Livingstone most warmly, and it was a keen sorrow to the latter and a great blow to his hopes when Sebituane died within a month of his arrival.

Sebituane was succeeded by Mamochisane, his daughter, and she gave Livingstone and Oswell permission to go anywhere they pleased throughout her country. They at once marched northward to find the great river of which the natives had spoken, and at the end of June, 1851, their search was rewarded at Sesheke by the discovery of the Zambesi in the heart of Africa.

This was a discovery of great geographical importance, besides bearing directly on Livingstone's cherished scheme of finding and opening routes to the oceans on either hand. Though it was then the dry season the stream was of evident importance. Livingstone says of it: "The river was at its lowest, and yet there was a breadth of from three hundred to six hundred yards of deep flowing water. At the period of its annual inundation it rises fully twenty feet in perpendicular height, and floods fifteen or twenty miles of land adjacent to its banks."

The idea which now arose in the traveler's mind was to follow this large stream from its source to its outlet on the coast. But this he could not do without parting from his family, and he accordingly resolved to send them to England, to remain there while his explorations continued. He accordingly took them to Cape Town, which he had last seen eleven years before. Their absence was to be for two years, but the exigencies of African travel were such that five years passed before he saw them again. And when they met he had sprung

from the position of an obscure missionary into that of the most famous of modern travelers.

On the 11th of November, 1853, Livingstone set out on a journey which was to end at Loanda on the Atlantic coast of Africa. He had sent his companions back to Kuruman and the Cape, and took with him instead twenty-seven men whom Sekeletu, then the Makololo chief, provided. These men, Livingstone said, might have been called Zambesians, for there were only two true Makololo among them.

In these latter days of exploring Africa with elaborate equipments and large armed forces, Livingstone's outfit is worth noting. For food he took "only a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty pounds of coffee." Of clothing he had some in a small tin box for use on reaching the civilized towns on the coast; of books he had three—a Bible, a nautical almanac and Thomson's Logarithm Tables. Of course he had his journal with him—a toughly bound book of more than eight hundred pages. His stock of medicines was enclosed in a tin box, and the precious sextant, thermometer, and compasses were carried separately. For his followers he had three muskets, for himself a rifle and double-barrelled gun, these to be used only in the obtaining of food; and, failing the presence of game, about twenty pounds of beads were taken to purchase food from the natives. Livingstone's bed was a horse-rug, his blanket a sheep-skin. The sole protection he afforded himself from tempestuous weather was represented by a small gipsy tent. One more item remains to be noticed. He had been given by Mr. Murray a magic-lantern with slides of Scripture scenes, and this always afforded entertainment to the various audiences he met in his journey. "It was," he wrote, "the only mode of instruction I was ever pressed to repeat."

The journey now before him was one of six months of toil and hardship, during which he followed the Zambesi until it branched off to the northeast, away from his chosen route. The Leeba, which here joined it, led him to Lake Ditolo, whence he made his way over the hill country of the Basouge. Finally, on the 31st of May, 1854, he reached the Atlantic coast at Loanda, the chief town in Portuguese West Africa. He had achieved a feat which no former white man had ever attempted and the tidings of which roused the world's attention to the utmost. Here are a few extracts from his journal:

"The forests became more dense as we went north. We traveled much more in the deep gloom of the forest than in open sunlight. Large climbing plants entwined themselves around the trunks and branches of gigantic trees like boa-constrictors; and they often do constrict the trees by which they rise, and, killing them, stand erect themselves. There were other trees quite new to my companions; many of them ran up to a height of fifty feet of one thickness and without branches.

"The number of little villages seemed about equal to the number of valleys. . . . Every village had its idols near it. This is the case all through the country of the Balonda; so that, when we came to an idol in the woods, we always knew that we were within a quarter of an hour of human habitations.

"We came to a most lovely valley about a mile and a half wide. A small stream meanders down the center of this pleasant green glen; and on a little rill which flows into it from the western side stands the town of Kabompo—or, as he likes best to be called, Shinte. We found the town embowered in banana and other tropical trees having great expansion of leaf. . . . Here we first saw native huts with square walls and round roofs. The fences or walls of the courts which surround the huts are wonderfully straight, and made of upright poles a few inches apart, with strong grass or leafy bushes neatly woven between. In the courts were small plantations of tobacco and a little solanaceous plant which these Balonda use as a relish; also sugar and bananas."

Throughout this journey Livingstone suffered greatly from fever, and he arrived at Loanda a mere "bag of bones," so reduced was his frame by the constant recurrence of the malaria. Here is a remark which shows that he suffered from more than the actual disease: "On Sunday, the 19th, both I and several of our party were seized with fever, and I could do nothing but toss about in my little tent, with the thermometer above 90 degrees, though this was the beginning of winter, and my men made as much shade as possible by planting branches of trees all round and over it. We have, for the first time in my experience in Africa, had a cold wind from the north. All the winds from that quarter are hot, and those from the south are cold; but they seldom blow from either direction."



THE TREACHERY OF A WOUNDED DERVISH

An incident in the Soudan War, 1893

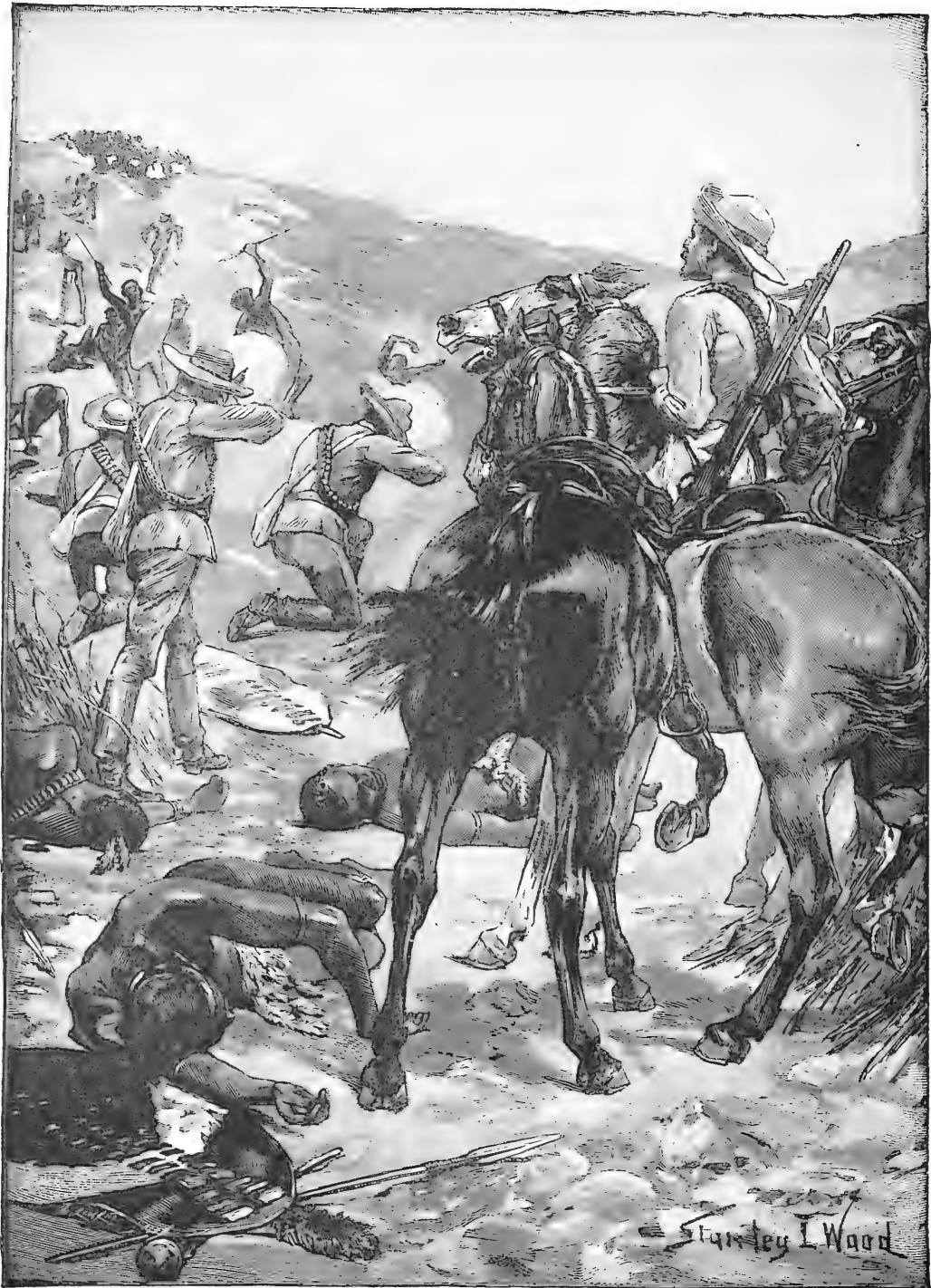


THE LAST STAND OF THE KHALIFA'S STANDARD BEARER

A thrilling incident in the late Soudan war. "That one man, alone, was standing alive, holding his flag upright, a storm of lead sweeping past him—his comrades dead around him"



CAMEL RACE AT AMORA, GYMKHANA



BATTLE BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND THE ZULUS, SOUTH AFRICA, 1879

No wonder was it that Livingstone rejoiced at reaching Loanda at last! His mind worn and depressed by disease and care, his body wasted with fever and chronic dysentery, he was in a position to receive with all the gratitude of a grateful nature the kindness of the one Englishman living in Loanda at that time. This was Mr. Gabriel, the British commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade. "Seeing me ill," wrote Livingstone, "he benevolently offered me his bed. Never shall I forget the luxuriant pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

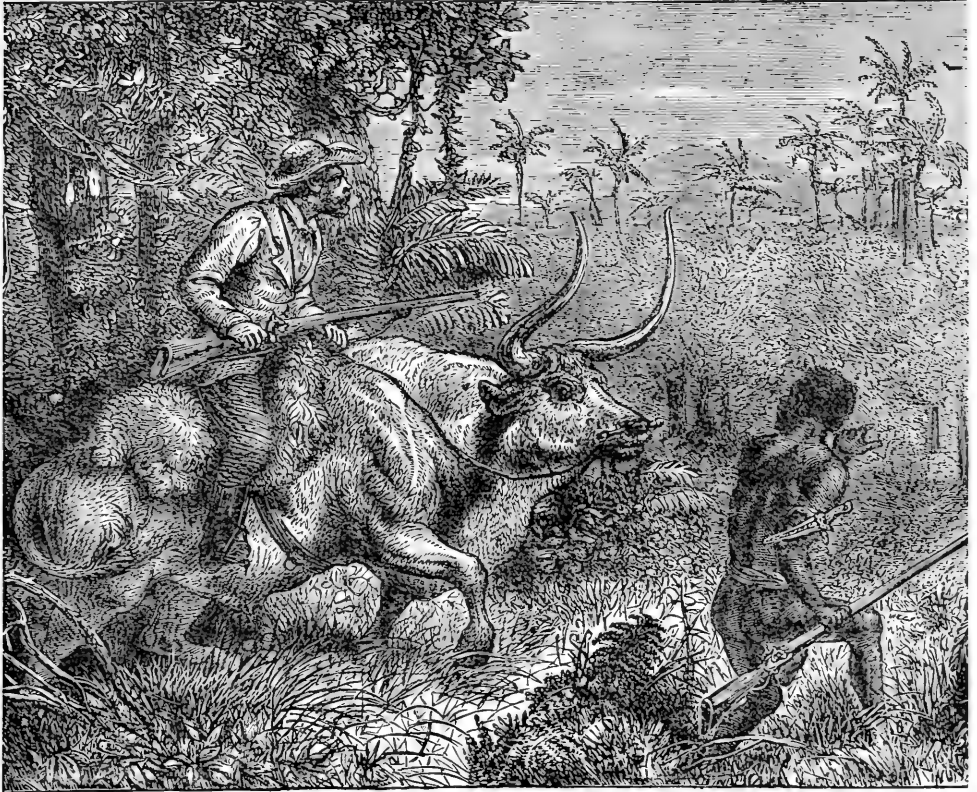
Livingstone's Journey Across Africa

THE journey which had ended successfully at Loanda, in spite of numerous physical difficulties and the extortion and hostility of certain chiefs, had not fulfilled all Livingstone had hoped. The country he had discovered was highly injurious to the health of Europeans, and could not therefore be regarded as suitable for the great mission center ever before his eyes; and the difficulties of the route precluded its proving an easy and safe highroad from the interior of the continent to the sea. He had still before him the discovery of these two necessities for the development and evangelization of the natives, and to a man of Livingstone's intense conscientiousness this discovery appeared in the light of an immediate duty. Moreover, his faithful Makololo, who had accompanied him for so many hundreds of miles to the shores of the great sea, and who had looked upon the white man's "canoe" in the shape of a British war-vessel, and had declared it to be "no canoe, but a town"—these men could not be allowed to find their way back to Linyanti. Their leader must take them himself.

In the meanwhile, however, that leader was prostrated by a severe attack of fever, lying for long weeks on a bed of sickness, though carefully tended by his fellow-countryman, Mr. Gabriel. On his recovery, Livingstone set about acknowledging the many kindnesses that had been shown him by the Portuguese authorities, and investigating the state of affairs in Loanda and Angola, and the real policy of the government.

The trade in slaves, of which, as he had drawn nearer and nearer to the coast, he had met increasing traces as well as proofs, was the uppermost idea in his mind. Despite the hospitality and personal courtesy of the Portuguese he encountered at Loanda, he could not but see that the attitude of hostility to the slave trade which they had

recently announced was a mere political form, and that the material as well as the personal interests of the officials led them to foster secretly, if not openly, traffic in flesh and blood. Nothing could exceed his gratitude for their kindness to him, but nothing could weaken his firm conviction that many of them had at heart the prosperity of the slave trade.



LIVINGSTONE AND "SINBAD" HUNTING AN ELEPHANT

Although Livingstone was not content with the discoveries he had made on his way from Linyanti, there were not wanting others who viewed his work with the very highest appreciation. The Royal Geographical Society regarded it so favorably, that it awarded him the Patron's Gold Medal. Livingstone, indeed, was not unknown to the society, for it had already made him a grant on his discovery of Lake Ngami.

This last achievement was of great importance; for he had not only passed through entirely new country, taking most elaborate and careful notes of the geographical facts which everywhere presented themselves to him, and entering most fully into considerations of the social fabric of the inhabitants and the capabilities of their environment, but he had also made very many astronomical calculations, determining his exact route, and adding greatly to the value of his maps. His care and exactness in this direction were afterwards highly commended by Sir Thomas Maclear, astronomer-royal at the Cape.

On the 20th of September, 1854, he turned his back upon Loanda and set out on his return journey to Linyanti. He had been six months on the road to Loanda, he was to be twice that long on his return, while six months more were to be spent in travel before he would reach Quilimane, on the Pacific, and complete his signal feat of crossing Africa, a journey which was to bring him the unbounded plaudits of the world.

We have already dealt with his journey between Linyanti and the ocean, and need only say that on his return he added greatly to his store of geographical facts, especially gaining much information about the affluents of the Congo River.

On arriving at Lake Dilolo, Livingstone discovered that this comparatively small body of water emptied its waters both into the Zambesi and the Kasai; and that, consequently, it distributed its contents as far as the Indian Ocean on the one side, and the Atlantic on the other. It was through this circumstance that the continental structure of Africa became clear to him. The rivers, in the western portion, flowed from elevated ridges into the center, and he had learnt from the Arabs that much the same occurred in the eastern portion. But that while one drainage system had a southerly declivity, the other pursued a northerly course. In other words, the two great drains of Central Africa are the Congo and the Zambesi.

During his return he met with many of the native chiefs who had been kind to him on his westward journey and rewarded some of them with valued presents. With one of these, Sambanza, he performed the ceremony of blood-brotherhood, which is so curious that it is worth describing in his words.

“The hands of the parties are joined; small incisions are made on the clasped hands, on the pits of the stomach of each, and on the right cheeks and foreheads. A small quantity of blood is taken off from these points in both parties by means of a stalk of grass. The blood from one person is put into one pot of native beer, and that of the second into another; each then drinks the other's blood, and they are supposed to become perpetual friends or relations. During the drinking of the beer, some of the party continue beating the ground with short clubs, and utter sentences by way of ratifying the treaty. The men belonging to each then finish the beer. The principals in the performance of ‘kasendi’ are henceforth considered blood-relations, and are bound to disclose to each other any impending evil.” The new-made brothers clench the compact by presenting to each other the most valuable things they have about them.

Malarious fever and native hostility were not the only dangers that Livingstone had to face. The wild animals which abound in the Zambesi basin often proved formidable obstacles in the path. Livingstone, however, never feared the lion much, and in his writings he did his best to dethrone that “lord of the desert” from his place in public estimation. Both the elephant and buffalo he considered more dangerous to the unoffending traveler, and on one occasion in this journey he narrowly escaped from death through the malicious attack of a buffalo.

In September, 1855, the party marched into Sesheke, a Makololo town on the Zambesi, and Livingstone found some goods and letters, which had been lying there for twelve months, awaiting his return. Not only had nothing been taken, but a hut had been built over them for protection from the weather. Similarly, on reaching Linyanti he found everything just as he had left it. This was a striking example of honesty, for the Makololo were feared through a wide region for their marauding spirit and fondness for raiding among their neighbors' cattle.

The return of the travelers was a time of great rejoicing. All the wonderful things which the Makololo had seen and met with were rehearsed a hundred times to an audience whose appreciation never waned, and whose appetite seemed only whetted by the tales of the marvelous adventures their kinsmen had gone through. The pres-

ents that the Portuguese officials and merchants had sent to Sekeletu were duly delivered; and "on Sunday," says Livingstone, "when Sekeletu made his appearance at church in his uniform, it attracted more attention than the sermon."

On the 3d of November, 1855, Livingstone left Linyanti and resumed his long march across Africa. Sekeletu and a large number of followers accompanied him for some distance, and then bade him an affectionate farewell.

A day or so after parting from Sekeletu, Livingstone came in sight of the great falls of the Zambesi, and which were known to the natives as "Mosi-oa-tunya"—"smoke does sound there." The noble river, a mile in width, sweeps down a broad and wooded valley, which, sloping gently back from the banks, culminates in swelling hills some three or four hundred feet in height. Trees of many kinds, from the massive baobab to the slender palm, grow in clumps or singly upon this grassy slope. From the bosom of the river arise palm-fostering islands, and on its banks the silver cedar spreads its branches, the clustering fruit of the wild date-palm gleams like gold, and the scarlet-fruited cypress lifts its dark head above the surrounding foliage. The vegetation is tropical, but the scene has a repose which is rare indeed in a region where all forms of life are exuberant and aggressive.

These are some of the beauties of the most remarkable scene in the Zambesi basin. But the traveler passes them by almost unheeded; for right in front of him, and riveting his gaze, there rise into the heavens five lofty columns of vapor. These five great towers of Nature's building curl and bend to the faintest breeze, and yet never cease to soar till they are dissipated in the rarified atmosphere of greater elevation, or, mingling with the clouds of a spent storm, are lost from view. They are the sentinels over the most wonderful sight Nature has prepared for man in Africa—a physical phenomenon of a pre-eminence which induced Livingstone to baptize them with a name of equal pre-eminence in his own country, and reveal to an astounded world that unrivalled plunge of waters as the Victoria Falls.

Livingstone cautiously paddled to an island in mid-stream and on the very brink of the falls, and this is what met his view: "Creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had

been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi. . . . In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapor exactly like steam, and it mounted two or three hundred feet high; there, condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower. . . . On the left of the island we see the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass moving away to the prolongation of the fissure, which branches off near the left bank of the river. . . . The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. . . . The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock."

These falls are about three hundred feet high and eighteen hundred yards in width. The fissure into which they plunge is so narrow as to be invisible till the verge is reached. Livingstone was so impressed with this splendid creation that he retraced his steps and persuaded Sekeletu to visit the falls with him. The effect on the native mind was one of intense awe.

The country through which they passed after leaving the falls was exceedingly beautiful. At first furrowed by wide fertile glens, and afterwards opening out into a luxuriant plain, abounding with animal life and vegetation, and possessing the inestimable advantage of salubrity, the Doctor felt that he had at last reached the land of promise for the missionary cause. Many of the hills were of pure white marble, and pink marble formed the bed of more than one of the contributory streams. Upon the plains enormous herds of zebras, buffaloes and elephants grazed between the patches of dense forest which here and there studded the grassy level. Through this country the Zambesi rolled toward the coast at the rate of about four miles an hour, while flocks of water-fowl swarmed upon its banks or took their flight across its waters.

So plentiful was game, that the leading men had frequently to shout to the elephants or buffaloes which stood in their path. Sometimes an elephant would charge right through the little party; at

another time it would be a buffalo. Upon one occasion several buffaloes suddenly charged at full gallop into their midst, one of them tossing a Makololo high into the air. Wonderful to relate, he fell upon the ground uninjured! He had been carried some distance on the horns of the buffalo, and then tossed; yet not only was no bone broken, but even the skin was uninjured. The man was carefully "shampooed"—or, to use a phrase more in vogue just now, *massaged*—and in a few days was actively engaged in hunting buffaloes for food.

In March Livingstone arrived at Tete, the furthest outpost of the Portuguese, and was most kindly received by the governor. Fever again prostrated him, and it was not till the end of April that he could set out once more for Quilimane. He left his Makololo men at Tete. Nearly three years elapsed before he rejoined them, but he had promised to return and take them home, and, believing in him implicitly, they had remained.

Livingstone went from Tete to Sena, and, though suffering greatly from fever, he pushed on as soon as he could move, and passing the important affluence of the Shiré River, finally reached Quilimane, and gazed on the gleaming waters of the Indian Ocean on the 20th of May, 1856.

Though the welcome which awaited the great traveler on his return to England is of high interest, we must pass it by with a few words, as having no immediate relation to our main topic. He reached home on December 9, 1856, to meet his wife and children, from whom he had parted more than five years before. The fame of his exploits had preceded him and his welcome to England was as warm as welcome could be. The Royal Geographical and the London Missionary Societies called special meetings to greet him, and on all sides he was sought and honored in every suitable way, the Queen being among those who asked for the honor of an interview. His work, "Missionary Travels," proved of intense interest, and the first edition of twelve thousand copies, published at a guinea each, was immediately exhausted. That he should return and continue his work was everywhere desired, and in February, 1858, he was appointed British Consul for East Africa and offered the leadership of an expedition to explore Central and Eastern Africa. With this object in view he set sail again for his chosen field of labor.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Livingstone on the Zambesi

LEAVING England on the 10th of March, the Zambesi Expedition reached the mouth of the river in May, Mrs. Livingstone, who was in poor health, being left at Cape Town on the route, to rejoin her husband later. The reception given the great traveler at Cape Town was remarkably different from that which he had formerly received, and at an enthusiastic public meeting Sir George Grey, the governor, presented him with eight hundred guineas in a silver casket, which had been raised by public subscription as a testimonial to the value of his services to Cape Colony.

Among the members of the expedition were Charles Livingstone, the missionary's brother, and Dr. John Kirk, the naturalist and physician of the expedition, and the party brought with them, packed in sections, a small steam launch for use on the Zambesi, which was named "Ma-Robert," after his wife, who had been given that name by the Bakwains in accordance with their custom of naming the mother (Ma) after her first born.

The Zambesi is the great drain of the pastoral belt of South Africa, and its basin has an area of some eight hundred thousand square miles—or, in other words, is more than four times the size of France. The importance of the river and its fertile basin is great, and the recent labors of the English and Scotch in various parts of the country which lie within its drainage system have revealed with emphasis the value of the discoveries and pioneering of Livingstone a generation ago.

The shores of the delta are low, closely embraced by a mangrove jungle, and pierced on all sides by those stagnant lagoons which the dense and spreading roots of the mangrove invariably create or foster. For some twenty miles inland from the Kongone mouth, up which the "Ma-Robert" steamed, the mangrove jungle was found to be very dense; and Livingstone, making every effort to reach a more healthy

region, passed through a belt of wide level plains of rich, alluvial soil, covered with grass which grew to a height of over ten feet. The natives of this belt of country live in houses raised on piles above the reach of flood, and entered by ladders.

Passing Sena, which is built on the level bank of the Zambesi, the Doctor pressed forward to Tete. Here he was received by the Makololo—whom he had left there nearly three years before—with the greatest affection and enthusiasm. Some of them had died, but the survivors philosophically remarked that “men die in any country.” Tete stands upon some low ridges on the right bank of the Zambesi, and in Livingstone’s time it was surrounded by a stone and mud wall, the huts of the natives being outside this line of defence. The Doctor found many tons of indigo growing, not only in the vicinity, but even in the streets of the town. Indeed, the indigo plant was the chief weed of the place, and regarded as such a nuisance that it was annually burned off, exactly in the same way as the natives burned off the tall jungle grass.

A short distance above Tete, the navigation of the Zambesi is interrupted by the Kebrabasa Rapids. Livingstone and Kirk examined these falls with the greatest care no less than three times, and they came to the conclusion that, while impossible of navigation at ordinary times, it might be possible to do so at the flood season, when the river rose to a great height in the rocky canyon which formed its bed, and buried the rocks and rapids below. But the force of the stream at this time was too great for the “Ma-Robert” to stem, and accordingly Livingstone sent a report back to the Government, pointing out the difficulties, and asking for a more powerful steamer.

In the meanwhile, he turned his attention to the Shiré, a large affluent of the Zambesi, which it enters above the delta. Of this river the Portuguese could tell him nothing but what was erroneous. An expedition, it was said, had attempted to ascend it in former years, but the impenetrable mass of aquatic vegetation had made advance impossible. Upon entering the Shiré, in January, 1859, a good deal of duckweed was met with, but never in sufficient mass to stem the progress of canoes or boats, and after a few miles it almost disappeared. The natives, however, were very much in evidence, and at first assumed an

attitude of marked hostility. But on being told that the white men were English, and that statement receiving some support from the entirely novel boat in which they traveled, the natives became friendly, and Tingane, a notorious chief, and a known foe to the Portuguese, extended his hospitality and protection toward them.

A hundred miles "as the crow flies" from the confluence of the Shiré and Zambesi—or, if the meanderings of the river are taken into account, some two hundred miles from that point—further navigation was prevented by the lowest of those large cataracts which Livingstone afterwards called the Murchison Cataracts. As the natives were too suspicious—they kept watch over the little party night and day—for it to be prudent to advance along the bank, the Doctor sent friendly messages to the neighboring chiefs, with a view to future relations, and returned to Tete.

A month later, he and Kirk again arrived at the foot of the falls, and, traveling in a northeasterly direction across country, they came to the shores of Lake Shirwa on the 19th of April, 1859. This lake had never been heard of before, and consequently it was a genuine, an absolute discovery. Some seventy miles in length and twenty in breadth, Lake Shirwa lies amid beautiful scenery. The lofty ridge of Zomba, nine thousand feet in height, which separates the lake from the Shiré, is its western boundary; and on the east rises the Malanje chain, a ridge of equal magnitude. But the importance of this discovery was enhanced tenfold when Livingstone learnt from the natives around its shores that there was another lake to the north, only separated from the Shirwa by a narrow belt of land, and compared with which the Shirwa "was nothing in size."

In August the Shiré was ascended for the third time. The people on this occasion were in nearly every case peaceably inclined, and Livingstone had ample opportunity to study their customs and inquire into their beliefs. It was here he first met with the *pelele* contrivance, which in the opinion of the native women so greatly adorns them. When told it was ugly, they replied much as their European sisters might—"Really! It is the fashion." The *pelele* consists of a ring so inserted in the upper lip as to draw it out in a horizontal line at least two inches beyond the nose. The ring may be of metal or ivory, and is inserted at an early age.

On the 16th of September, 1859, the great Lake Nyassa was discovered. This lake is more than three hundred miles in length, and about forty miles in width. It fills a long trench, which is some six hundred feet deep below the level of the lake, and is walled in on the east by a lofty range of mountains, reaching in the northeast an elevation of ten thousand feet. The lake was found to be right in the track of a great inland trade. From the country of Katanga and Cazembe, from those densely peopled districts lying west of the Nyasa, came Arab caravans bringing the products of the country—ivory, malachite, copper ornaments, and too often, even then, gangs of slaves—down to the east coast, to the ports of the Portuguese and the Arabs, to Iboe, Mozambique and Kilwa.

One of the results of Livingstone's many letters home, urging the necessity and pointing out the advantages of opening up the Shiré valley and the shores of Lake Nyassa by missionary labor and the founding of a colony, was evidenced early in 1861 by the arrival of several members of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Africa. At their head, to guide and control, was Bishop Mackenzie, a hard-working and patient man. With them arrived the "Pioneer," a steamer sent by the Government in reply to Livingstone's request, and which was to be utilized now for work on the Shiré. The "Ma-Robert" had succumbed to her many ailments by making a final exit on a sandbank near Sena. Livingstone in the meanwhile had written home to his friend, Mr. James Young, asking him to purchase another steamer out of the ample funds which "Missionary Travels" had raised for him, and consequently good days appeared to be in store for those who had been exhausting time and strength in their heavily handicapped struggle for the regeneration of Africa.

Up to this point a good deal had been done in spite of all difficulties. The Kongone arm of the Zambesi and an important entrance from the sea had been discovered, navigated, and laid down in charts; the navigability of the Zambesi as far as the Kebrabasa Falls was demonstrated; the great river Shiré had been practically discovered and navigated for the first time. Lake Shirwa was another discovery; and, to cap the whole, there had been found, lying amid the lofty ridges which some four hundred miles inland run parallel with the coast of

Eastern Africa, a lake of such extent and character as to alone justify the existence and work of the expedition.

On his arrival at Kongone, Bishop Mackenzie was all anxiety to proceed at once to the Shiré. But as the "Pioneer" was under orders to explore the Rovuma River, with a view to ascertaining whether an alternative water route to the Nyassa existed, and there being no other boat available, his immediate departure was impossible. The Bishop finally agreed to accompany Livingstone in his trip up the Rovuma.

While on the Rovuma the "Pioneer" proved to draw too much water for the tortuous and frequently shallow reaches of African rivers. On the Shiré, to which it afterwards proceeded, this defect came out in startling prominence. Many a time she grounded where a vessel drawing but a few inches less would have passed with ease. On one occasion a whole fortnight was employed in getting her off a bank of drifting sand, which she had only just grazed.

In ascending the Shiré, Livingstone realized a truth of which, both then and ever since, the exploration of Africa has yielded abundant proof. Too often, if not invariably, the pluck and suffering of the traveler in opening up new routes and discovering contented if ignorant races have been ill rewarded by the immediate result. For in his steps have come the Arab and half-caste traders, and guided by his discoveries they have laid waste the smiling fields, burnt the villages and towns, and carried off the people in chains to be sold as slaves. Throughout Central Africa this rule has obtained. The advance of the Arabs from the coast has practically depopulated vast tracts of the interior, and even the development of the Congo Free State has not been an unmixed blessing. The Arabs, taking advantage of European philanthropy, have actually been helped in their trade in slaves by the advantages which the great commercial highway has placed in their hands.

With deep disappointment Livingstone piloted the combined forces of the expedition and mission up the Shiré. When near the Murchison Cataracts they met, Livingstone says, "a long line of manacled men, women, and children. The black owners, armed with muskets and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and rear of the line; some of them blowing exul-

tant notes out of long tin horns. They seemed to feel that they were doing a very noble thing, and might proudly march with an air of triumph. But the instant the fellows caught a glimpse of the English they darted off like mad into the forest." This was certainly a compliment to the nation which Livingstone represented, and one which would never have been paid to the Portuguese. The slaves were released from their chains, and taken charge of by the mission.

A few days afterwards the mission fixed their first station at Magomero, the town of the chief Chigunda, and which lay on the eastern slope of the Zomba range; and the members of the expedition bade them farewell. By way of parting advice, and in answer to an inquiry of the Bishop's as to his protecting *vi et armis* the Manganjas from the marauding Ajawa, Livingstone declared most emphatically that such a policy would lead to mischief. "You will be oppressed by their importunities, but do not interfere with native quarrels." Had such advice been heeded, the troubles which subsequently beset the mission would probably have been avoided.

On leaving the mission at Magomero, the Doctor with Charles Livingstone and John Kirk started for Nyassa. The "Pioneer" was left at Chibisa's, at the foot of the Murchison Cataracts, and a small boat was carried along the banks for some forty miles until they could put it on the upper Shiré. Thence they proceeded to the Nyassa, arriving at the lake on the 2d of September. The months of September and October which Livingstone spent on the lake were stormy, and these mountain ranges drew down upon its surface fierce and sudden gusts of wind. The squalls would come with a sudden rush, only discernible by the white line of leaping breakers before they swooped down upon the small boat with a roar, and often was Livingstone caught and detained on his *détour* of the lake by these dangerous storms.

"Never before in Africa," he writes, "have we seen anything like the dense population on the shores of Lake Nyassa. In the southern part there was an almost unbroken chain of villages. On the beach of well-nigh every little bay dark crowds were standing, gazing at the novel sight of a boat under sail; and wherever we landed we were surrounded in a few seconds by hundreds of men, women, and children,

who hastened to have a stare at the 'chirombo'—wild animals. To see the animals feed was the greatest attraction; never did the Zoological Society's lions or monkeys draw more sightseers than we did. The wondering multitude crowded round us at meal-times and formed a thicket of dark bodies, all looking on, apparently, with the deepest interest; but they good-naturedly kept each other to a line we made on the sand, and left us room to dine. Twice they went the length of lifting up the edge of our sail, which we used as a tent, as boys do the curtains of traveling menageries at home. . . . At one village only were they impudent, but *they* were 'elevated' by beer. . . . They cultivate the soil pretty extensively, and grow large quantities of rice and sweet potatoes, as well as maize, mapira, and millet. In the north, however, cassava is the staple product, which, with fish kept till the flavor is high, constitutes the main support of the inhabitants."

While Livingstone struck inland for a short trip, the boat with his brother and Dr. Kirk proceeded northward some distance; and where the mountainous coasts seemed, owing to a haze, to draw together, they placed the northern extremity of the lake—that is, about eleven degrees south. As a matter of fact a more careful survey, undertaken later on by Mr. E. D. Young, established the limit as being about nine and one-half degrees south—a clear gain in length to this inland sea of a degree and a half, or rather over a hundred miles.

The 30th of January, 1862, was a great day for the Doctor. H. M. S. "Gorgon" appeared off the mouth of the Kongone, and Livingstone, steaming out in the "Pioneer," went on board, to find his wife, and a steamer which he had ordered through James Young, and which was intended for work on the Nyassa. Mrs. Livingstone had been in England since parting with her husband at Cape Town, but had now come out to join him in his work. She was not to help him for long.

The unhealthy season was its height, and the party were delayed at Shupanga by the slow process of conveying the many sections of the "Lady Nyassa" to that place and there fitting them together. The surrounding low land, rank with vegetation, and reeking from the late rainy season, exhaled the malarious poison in enormous quantities. On the 21st of April, Mrs. Livingstone fell ill—on the 27th she died.

Although Livingstone touches on this grief but slightly in his journal—and which is consistent with his almost complete suppression of personal and religious feelings in that book—the death of his wife was a great blow. In his private journal we find evidence of his sorrowing, though not as one without hope.

CHAPTER XXXV

Livingstone's Last Journey

WHILE Livingstone was busy in the explorations described in former chapters, other explorers were seeking to solve various parts of the African problem. Among these was Captain Richard F. Burton, who in 1858 discovered the great Lake Tanganyika, northeast of Lake Nyassa and out of the range of Livingstone's former journeys. This lake was the scene of the great Scotchman's final enterprise.

Having raised the necessary funds with great difficulty, he set out from Zanzibar in March, 1866, for the exploration of this important inland sea, the southern end of which he reached after a march of great hardship. In this locality he remained for the succeeding three years, discovering the large lakes Moero and Bangweolo, his main purpose being to trace the course of a noble stream of this region, the Lualaba River, which he hoped to identify as the head stream of the Nile. As later explorers have discovered, it forms really the head waters of the Congo, its outlet being in the Atlantic instead of the Mediterranean.

More than twenty years of persistent African travel had weakened the powers of the stalwart traveler, he having been a score and more of times prostrated by the severe African fevers. During this, his last venture, these fevers again frequently attacked him, and lack of medicines unfitted him to combat them. Early in 1869 he set out for Ujiji, the principal place on the eastern side of Lake Tanganyika, but was so debilitated that he had to be carried by his faithful followers. As soon as he felt able to walk, he set out for the Manyuema country, on the northwestern side of the lake. He reached Bambarré, a town in this country, on September 21, 1869.

Manyuema was at that time quite unknown, though rumor had given its people a bad name. But this did not deter Livingstone, whose

earnest desire was to explore the course of the Lualaba and ascertain if it could be identified with the Nile. Reaching this stream he made an attempt to navigate it for some distance, but ill-health and the sullen obstinacy of the natives sent him back to Bamarré. In June, 1870, he started again, accompanied only by three "faithfuls"—Susi, Chuma, and Gardner; but again failing health drove him back. For nearly three months he was laid up with ulcers on the feet, and this may help to explain the following remark in his journal: "I read the whole Bible through four times whilst I was in Manyema."

The first of January, 1871, found him still weak and waiting at Bamarré. Then ten men out of a much larger number arrived, sent from Zanzibar by Dr. Kirk, the consul, and Livingstone's old friend. They left Zanzibar with over forty letters for the doctor; they arrived with one! They were worthless scoundrels, who mutinied as soon as he started westward, and threatened to return to their comrades, whom they had left at Ujiji with the stores for the doctor, and who were meanwhile living on them. By dint of great persistence, however, Livingstone managed to reach the Lualaba by the end of March, and to his deep disappointment he found that the river had a somewhat westerly course, and was more probably the Congo than the Nile.

Five years had now passed since he left Zanzibar, years of continual disappointment and ill-health. His efforts to continue his work were now prevented by the mutinous behavior of his escort, who said that they had orders to return to Ujiji after finding him. He was obliged to accompany them and on reaching this place, 600 miles away, he found that the rascal who had charge of his stores had stolen the whole of them.

His body racked by pain and disease, his mind tormented by a series of bitter disappointments, his efforts thwarted and hopes blasted by the conduct of his very servants, and then on returning at last to Ujiji only to find that the means he required to buy even his daily bread had been dissipated by a scoundrel who had added to the crime of theft the vice of hypocrisy (the fellow had divined on the Koran, and found that the doctor was dead),—surely at this hour Livingstone was passing through a trial fiery enough to have consumed all his patience and resignation! But just at this moment, when his spirits were at their lowest ebb, help of the most unexpected kind was at hand.

On the 10th of November, 1871, a well-equipped caravan entered Ujiji to the usual accompaniment of gun-firing, shouting and singing. Tents, saddles, kettles, and a large bath figured prominently on the heads of the *pagazis* or carriers. In front of the advancing company the American flag was carried, proclaiming to Livingstone the nationality of the new arrival. The caravan was that which was fitted out by Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, and the white man in command, who came forward with such emotion to grasp the doctor's hands, was Henry M. Stanley, Welsh by birth and American by adoption, and the traveling correspondent of that enterprising paper. He came with unlimited resources at his back, not only to find Livingstone, but to relieve him as well.

Owing to a native war which had closed the ordinary caravan route, Stanley had been obliged to leave most of his stores at Unyanyembe, the great Arab settlement between Ujiji and the east coast, and reach the lake by a circuitous path. It was arranged therefore that he and Livingstone should return together to Unyanyembe, and that the doctor, who in spite of his many sufferings was determined not to go home till he had finished his work, should there receive a sufficient quantity of cloth, beads and stores for his further explorations. While waiting at Ujiji, however, Stanley and he proceeded to the north end of the lake to ascertain, once and for all, if the river Lusizi drained the Tanganyika or merely flowed into it. The latter was found to be the case and the long-disputed question of the connection of the Tanganyika with the Victoria Nyanza or the Albert Nyanza was decided in the negative.

On returning from this discovery Mr. Stanley was prostrated by fever; and, indeed, throughout the journey to Unyanyembe, which had been postponed for some weeks on account of his illness, he suffered more or less from fever, and at times was so weak that he had to be carried on the march. When Unyanyembe was reached—on the 18th of February, 1872—Stanley handed over to the doctor a large amount of stores of every description, together with some goods which had been sent to Livingstone from England. The latter included four flannel shirts from his daughter Agnes, and two pairs of good English boots from Horace Waller. These presents were particularly wel-

come, as the doctor had patched and cobbled his clothes till they would hardly hold together. Stanley then hurried to the coast, in order to send back a number of trusty men as carriers for the doctor's goods. Moreover, he bore the precious journal, which dated from six years back, and contained a wealth of information about countries and peoples hitherto unexplored and unknown.

When Livingstone shook Stanley's hand for the last time, he was parting with the only white man he had seen in the last six years, and the last he would see on this earth. The farewell between these two men was of a most affecting nature, for both knew of the difficulties of the past and the future; and during the four months in which they had lived together in no common degree of familiarity, they had regarded each other with the greatest interest: the one, a veteran who had borne the burden and heat of the day; the other, a young knight who had but just won his golden spurs. Although as unlike as possible in character, Stanley was to take up much of the work which the doctor left unfinished, and carry it to a successful end. Moreover, he was to fill in the public eye as large if not so well-rounded a space; for although Stanley has little of the missionary about him, he has achieved such herculean labors in Africa, and has met with such unqualified success, that he may well be regarded as the greatest traveler since Livingstone's time.

In the meanwhile Livingstone was waiting at Unyanyembe for the men Stanley was to send. He employed much of the time in writing letters and noting down what he could learn from the Arabs. A few days after his parting with Stanley his fifty-ninth birthday occurred, and in his journal we find these words: "I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen; so let it be. David Livingstone."

In May he wrote a letter for the *New York Herald*, and it is in this letter that we find those words which have struck every reader with their pathetic intensesness, and which may now be seen inscribed upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey. Thus they run: "All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal the open sore

of the world." He was thinking, as ever, of the gaping wound which slavery had made.

When reflecting in his journal on missions and the necessity for liberality of mind and charity, he says: "I have avoided giving offence to intelligent Arabs, who having pressed me, asking if I believed in Mohammed—by saying, 'No, I do not: I am a child of Jesus bin Miriam,' avoiding anything offensive in my tone."

At last the men whom Stanley had sent off arrived, and they proved to be a very good lot. Some had been with Stanley when he relieved Livingstone, and others were recruited from the Geographical Society's expedition. The doctor started almost immediately—on the 25th of August—and reached the Tanganyika about six weeks later. Following the eastern shores, he rounded the southern point of the lake, and in bad health struck south, and then west for Lake Bangweolo.

The rainy season was upon them. Day after day it rained or drizzled or hailed, and the country rapidly underwent a change for the worse. Streams became rivers, and rivers mighty and resistless torrents. As the mountain slopes of Urungu were left behind, that disagreeable feature of African geography to which Livingstone introduced us—the "sponge"—became frequent. Where *terra firma* was met with, too often it was overlaid with knee-deep water. To make matters worse, the natives assumed an unfriendly attitude, and it became almost impossible to obtain food. Fever and an aggravated form of dysentery laid hold of the doctor's worn-out body, and reduced his strength to such an extent that once again he had to be carried by his men on a *kitanda*, a light palanquin with a wooden framework. They were splashing through the endless sponges round the east end of Lake Bangweolo, and pushing forward through innumerable difficulties. All the symptoms of his illness became more acute, and he suffered most excruciating pain. Several times he fainted from loss of blood, and a drowsiness seemed to steal over him ever and again. The entries in his journal became shorter and shorter, until at last only the dates appeared; he was too weak to write more. Yet we learn from Susi and Chuma, his faithful servants, that he frequently asked questions of the natives with regard to distant hills, the rivers they were crossing, whence they came and whither they flowed.

On the 27th of April, 1873, he last entry is made in the journal. It must have cost a great effort, for all day he had lain in a stupor, brought on by intense weakness. These are the last words that he wrote:

“27th April, 1873. Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.”

To the last he preserved his habit of faithfully recording the geographical features of his position.

On the following day he was gently lifted off his bed, laid in a canoe, and ferried across the river. He was then as gently replaced on the *kitanda*, and borne along. He was now near the village of Chitambo, at the southern extremity of Bangweolo, and the men hastened to reach this resting-place. Through dreary stretches of water they steadily splashed their way. Whenever a fairly dry patch was reached, he begged them to lay him down and let him stay. The brave fellows did what they could to encourage him, and on the evening of the 29th they reached the village. During the day he had been so faint as to be unable to articulate at times. Some of the men had been thoughtfully sent on in front to build a hut for him, and shortly after arriving the doctor was laid down upon his bed.

On the following morning the chief, Chitambo, came to call upon him, but the doctor was too ill to talk with him. In the afternoon Susi placed his watch in the palm of the doctor's hand, and held it there while for the last time the key was slowly and with difficulty turned. Some hours later, shortly before midnight, he asked Susi, “Is this the Luapula?” His mind was evidently failing.

An hour later, he asked Susi to bring the medicine chest. Selecting the calomel with great difficulty, he told Susi to pour some water into a cup, and then said in a low indistinct voice:

“All right: you can go out now.”

They were the last words that his fellow-creatures ever heard him speak.

Shortly before dawn on the 1st of May, a lad who slept within the hut to attend to his needs awoke Susi, Chuma, and two or three more, saying he feared the master was dead. They entered the hut, and by the dim light of the candle which was still burning they saw the doctor

kneeling on his knees beside the bed, his face resting on both hands, and his body leaning against the edge. They gazed in doubt for a few moments; but there was no stir, no breathing. One stepped forward and laid his hand on the worn and hollow cheek. It was cold. The master was indeed dead!

While in the act of praying to his God, the heroic soul had passed away. We shall never know what prayer he made; but, knowing the set purpose of his life, the great desire with which his whole being was possessed, we may well and with reverence think that in committing his spirit into the hands of the God who gave it he did not omit to plead for the healing of that great "open sore of the world," in probing which he had laid down his life.

The beauty of his character was not lost on the poor blacks who were with him. With a fidelity which is rare in story, and a sense of responsibility almost unknown to benighted Africa, his servants prepared to convey his body and personal effects back to his own people. They buried his heart and internal organs under a tree, and marked the grave so that it might be recognized. His body they dried in the sun, and embalmed in the best way they could. Wrapping it in calico and bark, and covering the whole with canvas, they set out on their long and difficult journey to Zanzibar. Numerous dangers threatened them, and time and again they were surrounded by hostile bands—hostile chiefly through a superstitious fear of the dead. But still they persevered; and, after behaving with a courage and devotion worthy of their beloved master, they at length brought his mortal remains safely to the coast, together with the whole of his personal effects. Nearly a year had been occupied by the journey. Not a note or jotting of all those last seven years of Livingstone's life was lost, and it is entirely owing to Susi and Chuma and their faithful companions that this is so. Our debt to these fine fellows no reward could wipe out. It is an enduring obligation.

On the 15th of April, 1874, the body, accompanied by Susi and Chuma, arrived in England. It was taken to the rooms of the Geographical Society, and there identified—partly by the false joint in the upper arm, which had developed when the lion mangled him long years before at Mabotsa.

Three days later, among those who had worked with him and for him, in the presence of the mighty dead as well as the mighty living, he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Moffat and Oswell, Steele and Webb, Waller and Kirk, Young and Stanley, were there to pay a last tribute of affection to their old comrade; and all who were present were closely drawn to him through ties of admiration for his character and sympathy for his cause. In former years, when he returned from Africa, he had received the ringing welcome of a nation. Upon that day when he came again for the last time, as he was laid to rest in the Abbey, that nation, stricken with grief though hardly yet aware of all his greatness, bade him a mute farewell.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Stanley's Search for Livingstone

IT was while resting at Madrid, after the fatigue of campaigning, that Henry M. Stanley, a war correspondent, received the now historic telegram from James Gordon Bennett who was the son of the then proprietor of the New York *Herald*, and managed the paper for his father. On October 16, 1869, he wired to Stanley in these words, "Come to Paris on important business," and on the same day Stanley left Madrid for Paris—and for the great opportunity of his life. Stanley may well be allowed to tell his story in his own words, and in his own striking manner.

On arriving at Paris in the dead of night, "I went," he says, "straight to the Grand Hotel and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

"'Come in,' I heard a voice say. Entering I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business in hand for you. Where do you think Livingstone is?'

"'I really do not know, sir.'

"'Do you think he is alive?'

"'He may be, and he may not be,' I answered.

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him. Of course you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!'

On Stanley's referring to the great expense of the proposed expedition, Bennett replied,—

"Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that draw another thousand, and so on, BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!'

No better man could have been found for the purpose intended than Henry M. Stanley. A Welshman by birth, an American by adoption, he had, in the Civil War, served on both the Confederate and the Northern side, and afterwards, as the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, had proved himself one of the most daring and successful of travelers. He had gone to Abyssinia during the English war with that country, and had won laurels as a war correspondent.

Before setting out on the expedition with which we are concerned he made a long and perilous journey through Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan and India to Bombay, whence he sailed for Zanzibar, arriving there on the 6th of January, 1871. He had with him two men, Farquhar, a Scotch seaman, and Selim, an Arab boy, whom he had engaged in Egypt as an interpreter and on whom he afterwards greatly depended.

Zanzibar is the gateway of Eastern Africa. Here Stanley engaged his carriers and soldiers and purchased his outfit, consisting largely of cloth, beads and brass-wire, the money then most current in Africa. It embraced also the animals, tents, ammunition, etc., necessary for the expedition. His comrades, in addition to the two named, consisted of John W. Shaw, an English seaman, a number of soldiers who had formerly served under Captain Speke, and a large number of carriers and negro attendants.

Other explorers had been in that region before him, and Burton and Speke had discovered Lake Tanganyika thirteen years before. The Victoria Nyanza had also been discovered, but no one knew what connection there might be between these two great lakes, and the vast region of Central Africa west of these lakes was utterly unknown. Livingstone had traversed it in part, but what he had done was still a sealed book. For a number of years he had been lost to sight in the heart of Africa, no one knew if he was alive or dead, and interest in his fate was so great that there could have been no more important mission than that given Stanley to "find Livingstone."

We cannot describe in detail Stanley's interesting journey. Leaving Zanzibar on the 5th of February, 1871, he soon plunged into savage Africa. His force was divided into five caravans, sent forward at intervals of a few days; the total number of the expedition amounted to nearly two hundred men.

Day by day the caravans proceeded, marching a few hours at a time, and covering but a few miles in a day. Although the outbreak of the rainy season or Masika, as it is called, was expected, the weather continued fine. Through a rich and rolling country, extremely fertile, producing numberless varieties of grain and fruit; across open plains and shallow valleys which were covered with an exuberant wilderness of growth, save in the cultivated neighborhood of villages; through glades of mighty trees—the ebony, the calabash, and the mango; over seas of grasses of many kinds, and amid islands of tree-clumps or tangled thickets, Stanley's caravans proceeded on their course two or three days' march behind each other. All went well until they came in for the first taste of the Masika when encamped at Kingaru. The place itself was unhealthy, and when Stanley renewed his march, most of his men were enfeebled by ague, fever, or dysentery, and the two valuable horses he had were dead.

On the 8th of April, 1870, between Imbiki and Msuwa, the expedition had their first experience of jungle. Added to the obstacles which "a wall of thorny plants and creepers" bristling on each side of a narrow path—but a foot in width—across which projecting branches stretched with "knots of spiky twigs stiff as spike-nails, ready to catch and hold anything," would naturally present to a train of donkeys laden with large bales, there arose from the decayed vegetation around such a breath of miasma, mingled with the poisonous stench of the rank undergrowth, that Stanley momentarily expected to find himself and his men succumb to an attack of jungle fever. This jungle was happily soon left behind, and on the succeeding days the road proved excellent. They had now reached an elevated and fertile country, where sugar corn, Indian corn and other plants grew luxuriantly and the banana flourished in abundance.

The expedition reached the country of Useguhha on April 16th, and at Muhalleh, the first settlement in this country, Stanley met a huge Arab caravan on the downward journey to Bagamoyo, from Tanganyika, and for the first time had tidings of Livingstone. The Arab Sheikh, Salim Bin Rashid, told him that he had actually lived for two weeks in a hut next to that in which Livingstone dwelt at Ujiji; that the great traveler looked aged and ill, and that his hair

was nearly white. Such tidings as these were enough to induce Stanley to strain every nerve to hasten his steps, and we can readily believe how exasperating to a man of his personal vigor and promptitude were the many delays and obstacles he had to contend with between this point and his destination.

The caravans had been twenty-nine days on the march, and they had covered 119 miles since leaving Bagamoyo. When encamped a day's march from Simbanwenni, Stanley experienced his first attack of the *mukunguru* or fever of East Africa. He was destined to have no less than twenty-three of such attacks before regaining the shores of the Indian Ocean.

The remedy, applied for three mornings in succession after the attack, was a quantum of 15 grains of quinine, taken in three doses of five grains each, every other hour from dawn to meridian. I may add that this treatment was perfectly successful in his case and in all others which occurred in the camp.

Proceeding onwards and ever westward, the party arrived at the Makata valley, which the rainy season had converted into a perfect savannah of slush and mire, and through which the carriers, as well as the beasts of burden, had the greatest difficulty in passing. Men fell out of the ranks; valuable bales of cloth, cases of powder and provisions were again and again, through the carelessness or stupidity of the carriers, allowed to get wet—no slight disaster; and what with the swollen streams and turgid pools, Stanley, who worked with almost superhuman energy, found the greatest difficulty in getting his caravan through at all. At the rate of less than a mile an hour, day after day, it dragged its slow length along, and it was with feelings of unusual relief that Stanley, with his men suffering from dysentery and other ills contracted from the long march through forty miles of water, sometimes four feet in depth, arrived on the 4th of May at Rehenneko and encamped on the hilly slopes of the Usagara country.

On May 22d two Arabs traveling west joined their caravans to Stanley's, and, leaving the uplands behind, together they crossed the absolutely waterless and shadeless desert plain of Marenga Mkali. This wilderness passed, they found themselves in Ugogo, amid fields of

matama and grain, and herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Crowds of men, women and children came together to see the Musungu (white men), who were subjected to the minutest examination, regardless of any personal feelings they may have had on the subject. But in face of the plentiful supplies which came pouring in, in exchange for *doti* of cloth and necklaces of beads, such excessive interest in their persons did not affect the Musungu. Indian corn, matama, honey, ghee (butter), beans, peanuts, watermelons, pumpkins and cucumbers, together with milk, were among the supplies which the country afforded; and what was of still greater satisfaction to the purchasers, the people themselves were easily satisfied as to the price. Far different was it with the Wagogo chiefs. The extortionate demands of Shylock paled before those which the chiefs of the many villages, through which the expedition passed, required Stanley to pay as tribute.

The expedition was now marching in a northwesterly direction, right on Unyanyembe. Marching as rapidly as possible, by June 27, Stanley sighted the suburbs of Tabora, and with guns firing, flags flying, and the soldiers and carriers dressed in their bravest loin-cloths, on the same day he made his entry, and the long march of the carriers hired at Bagamoyo came to an end.

Unyanyembe is the central district of the great country Unyamwezi, the most important and fertile country in the whole of that part of Central and Eastern Africa. It is a vast table-land, sloping in gentle undulations towards Lake Tanganyika, into which the country chiefly drains. The mountainous character of Usagara is wanting, as well as the fertile plains of Ugogo; but in their place league upon league of purple forests roll away into the hazy distance, and wide stretches of pasture, on which ten thousand flocks are grazing, separate these forest belts. A dozen powerful states are contained within this region, and the supremacy is continually passing from one state to another. The people of this great country, the Wanyamwezi, carry off the palm among the people of Central Africa. They are well developed and intelligent, enterprising and industrious, good traders and travelers. They are the inter-tribal porters of the continent, the prop of the Arab caravans, the reliance of the white man.

Tabora, which is situated in the midst of an extremely fertile

plain, contains over a thousand tembes and huts, and boasts of a large population. It was here that Speke and Burton dwelt for months together, and afterwards both Speke and Grant. The luxuries of Arabia, Egypt and Zanzibar are to be found in the Arabs' tembes, which are large and handsome. These Arabs, who are nearly all rich men, have imported everything they could need for an easy and luxurious life. Persian carpets, silver coffee services, wines and spices, and last, but not least, extensive harems. They own large flocks and herds, and numerous slaves, for household as well as trading purposes. In his intercourse with the Arabs, Stanley found the services of Selim, his interpreter, invaluable.

At Tabora Stanley not only found his first, second and fourth caravans, which he had despatched previously to his departure from Bagamoyo, but also fell in with the caravan which Sir John Kirk, British Consul at Zanzibar, had sent off, many months before, to relieve Livingstone. When Stanley first landed at Bagamoyo, he had found this caravan idling there, having been a hundred days searching for the few pagazis required to carry the bales and goods destined for Livingstone. Since the middle of May it had been ingloriously resting at Tabora. Stanley secured the letters for Livingstone, which the chief of the caravan had, and made it his business to look after the goods. To this consideration on his part it is probably owing that Livingstone ever received them at all.

On the 20th of September the expedition set out, this time in much reduced numbers. For the road was eminently dangerous, and Stanley was determined not to be saddled with inefficient followers, or a superfluity of baggage. The march to Ujiji was to be the work of a "flying column," the impedimenta or the useless were to be left, in more or less clover, at Unyanyembe. This was the program, though it was with a doubtful heart that Stanley—worn to a shadow almost by constantly recurring fevers—turned his steps towards the shores of the Tanganyika.

On the 3d of November, while encamped on the banks of the Malagarazi, Stanley learned from the leaders of a caravan that a white man, "old, with white hair on his face, and ill," had recently arrived at Ujiji from Manyema, and that they had seen him as lately

as eight days before. This could only be Livingstone, for Baker, the only other white man known to be in the interior, was comparatively young, and consequently would not be gray-haired. By dint of large bribes, Stanley aroused his men to something like excitement and energy, and pressing forward as speedily as possible, paying large tribute at every town, if only so as not to lose time, resisted continually by the savage chieftains of the country, crossing quagmires and streams, and, as the main track was infested by bands of warriors on the warpath, plunging into jungle depths and the wildest parts of a tropical wilderness, on November 10, the two hundred and thirty-sixth day from Bagamoyo, at the head of his men, he surmounted a steep and lofty ridge, and beheld the Tanganyika and Ujiji at his feet.

His faithful Wangwana pressed forward and gave vent to their feelings in the most boisterous and characteristic fashion. There, in front of them, lay the goal to which, through all their toil and privation, they had ever been pressing nearer. The days of trouble were over, the hour of triumph had arrived.

With his heart beating high with excitement, Stanley marshalled his caravan in order, and then with horns blowing, guns firing and flags flying, they descended the hill towards Ujiji. The people came out in crowds to meet them, and in the midst of the uproar, Stanley was accosted by Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone, who, in good English, told him that the Doctor was indeed alive, though poor in health.

The news had quickly spread that a white man was coming, and all the chief Arabs had gathered in front of the Doctor's house, there to await the new arrival. For the rest—is it not a matter of history and engraved in the hearts of thousands, to whom the story of the great traveler and missionary has been as an epic? But let Stanley tell his own tale once more.

“I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semi-circle of Arabs, in front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him, I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap, with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waist-coat, and a pair of gray tweed

trousers; I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

“‘Dr. Livingstone, I presume?’

“‘Yes,’ said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

“‘I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud:

“‘I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.’”

We have already given some idea of the intercourse of these two great travelers and need only to say further that Livingstone accompanied Stanley to Unyanyembe, where they bade each other a final “good-bye.” The parting of the two men was extremely affecting, and Stanley, who had conceived the very highest opinion of Dr. Livingstone during four months’ intercourse, has given us a vivid description of it—only a portion of which we can quote:

“We walked side by side; the men lifted their voices in a song. I took long looks at Livingstone, to impress his features thoroughly on my memory.

“‘The thing is, Doctor, so far as I can understand, you do not intend to return home until you have satisfied yourself about the ‘Sources of the Nile.’ When you have satisfied yourself, you will come home and satisfy others. Is it not so?’

“‘That is it, exactly.’

“‘Now, my dear Doctor, the best friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back.’

“‘Well, I will say this to you: you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travelers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home and bless you, my friend.’

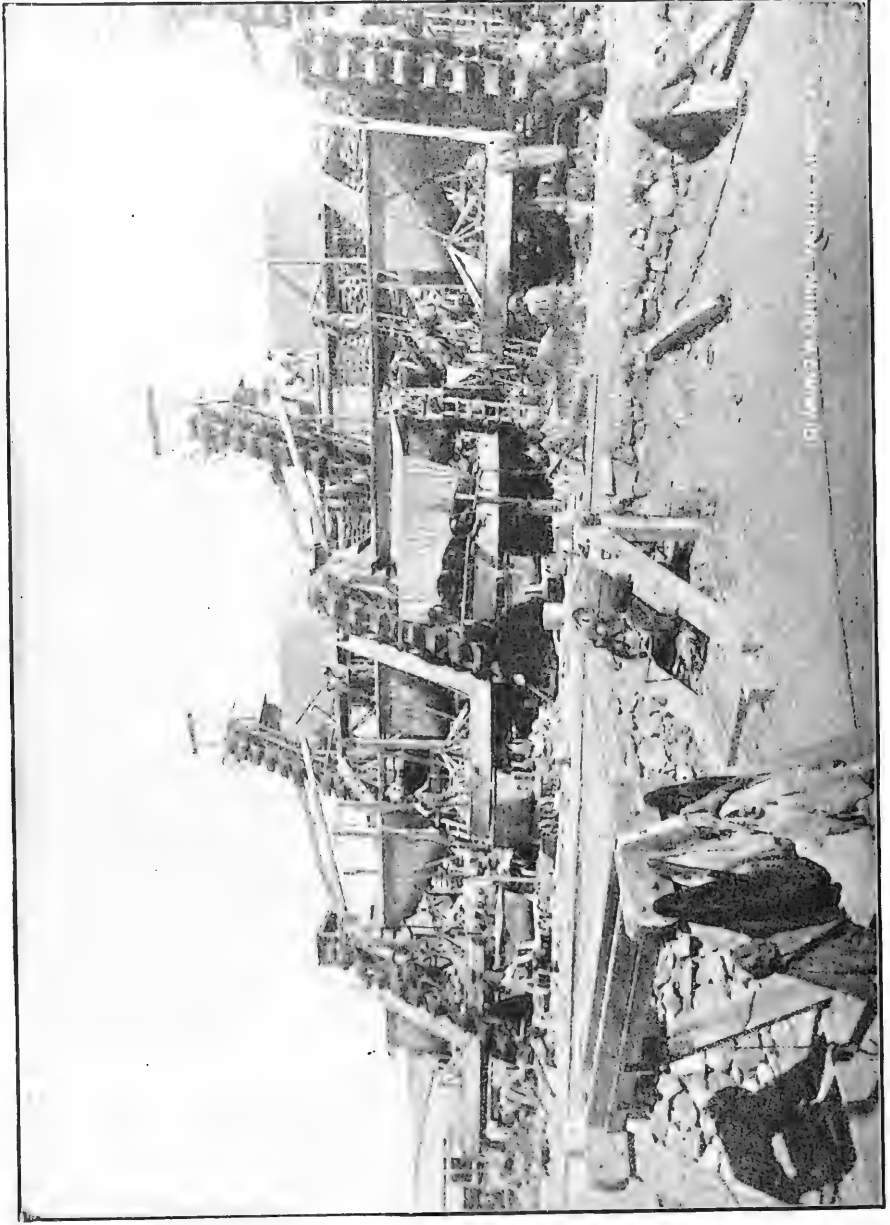
“‘And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell.’

“‘Farewell.’

“We wrung each other’s hands, and I had to tear myself away before I unmanned myself; but Susi and Chumah and Hamoydah—



SCENE IN MARKET SQUARE, KIMBERLEY, THE CITY OF DIAMONDS



THE RICHEST DIAMOND MINES OF THE WORLD, KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA



•
AFTER THE HUNT

Arabian nomads of the deserts taking their prey to the camp



"TREKKING ACROSS THE VELDTS OF SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA

the Doctor's faithful fellows—they must all shake and kiss my hands before I could quite turn away.”

The homeward journey followed much the same line of country as the outward, and at sunset on the 6th of May, the *Herald* Expedition entered Bagamoyo, having marched five hundred and twenty-five miles in thirty-five days, through howling tempests and inundated plains—struggling, wading and swimming, and all but succumbing. The end was at length reached—the double journey completed Stanley entered the town with the tattered stars and stripes of his adopted country flying before him; with his men wrought up to a state of excitement hardly short of madness, discharging their guns and yelling like a company of fiends—with the marks upon every single individual of illness, famine and toil—a sorry-looking crew—but for all that with the eyes of an admiring world upon them. Men whom Stanley had known in Zanzibar failed to recognize him now—he was so aged and his hair had become so gray. None, however, withheld the hand of congratulation and applause which the reliever of Livingstone had so well earned. None thought of aught but to do honor to him to whom honor was most justly due. Livingstone was alive, and able to go on with his great work; his journals had been brought safely from out of the darkness of the continent, and the records of his labors preserved; the New York *Herald* Expedition had fulfilled its purpose and more than justified its existence—for Stanley had succeeded!

CHAPTER XXXVII

Stanley's Journey Through Africa

THE death of Livingstone, the faithfulness of his African servants in carrying his mortal remains across hundreds of miles of the savage interior to the sea-coast, and the subsequent solemn interment at Westminster Abbey, roused public interest in Africa and its still undiscovered regions to the pitch of fever heat. Never had such an outburst of missionary zeal been known, never did the cause of geographical exploration receive such an impetus. Small wonder was it that Stanley, who helped to carry the remains of David Livingstone to their last resting place, registered a vow to unravel the mysteries of the Lualaba River, and clear up the doubts which existed as to the number, position, and extent of the great lakes; small wonder was it that those who should bear the expense of an undertaking of such magnitude came forward without delay.

Stanley had meanwhile accompanied the British arms into Ashanti, a country on the gold coast of western Africa, and served the *New York Herald* with signal efficiency as war correspondent in the defeat of the King, Coffee Calali, and the capture of his capital city, Coomassie. He was now ready to renew his explorations of central Africa.

As with the first, so with his second expedition into Africa, newspaper enterprise and munificence supplied the "sinews of war," the indispensable financial support. At the invitation of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Bennett of the *New York Herald* consented to share with the great English "Daily" the expenses of an expedition into Central Africa. Stanley was to be in command, and his commission was sufficiently ample for a man of even his calibre. He was to clear up all uncertainties about the lake region, to follow the course of Livingstone's Lualaba wheresoever it might lead, and to investigate the slave trade, tracing its sphere and influence throughout Central Africa. He was moreover to represent the two great English-speak-

ing nations in a befitting manner, no expense or care being spared to make the expedition one of lasting advantage to science, humanity and civilization. In a word Stanley was to seek to complete the great work which Livingstone, Burton, Speke and Grant had begun.

Of this expedition, which lasted for three years, during most of which time Stanley was lost to sight in Central Africa, we can deal here only with its most signal portion, that in which the explorer took up the work of Livingstone on the Lualaba and carried on to completion, in tracing the course of that great and mysterious river to its outlet in the ocean of the remainder of his work, that having to do with his exploration of the great African lakes, this, though replete with interest, can only be dealt with here in rapid abstract.

His first important achievement, after a journey in which he had to fight his way through an army of savages, was the circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza, which he accomplished by the aid of a boat brought for the purpose. In this he had many adventures, and at times had to fight his way through hordes of savage boatmen. Finally, landing on the coast of Uganda, his troubles came to an end, Mtesa, the king of that semi-civilized country, receiving him with the most cordial hospitality. In his intercourse with this friendly African monarch, Stanley laid the foundations of the later Christian work in that country, by converting Mtesa from Islamism to Christianity.

Stanley's work on the Victoria Nyanza was to fix its area at twenty-one thousand square miles and prove that its sole outlet was over the Ripon Falls. The hostility of the natives prevented him from investigating the other lakes of that vicinity, and after a study of the Alexandra Nile, which he found to be the principal feeder of the Victoria Lake, he made his way to Lake Tanganyika, reaching Ujiji May 27, 1876, nearly two years after his original outset. This lake he also circumnavigated and studied, and finally, near the end of August, he began his journey to the Lualaba, intending to take up the work exactly where Livingstone had laid it down.

As he advanced, with an enfeebled body of men—for fever and small-pox had played havoc with those left at Ujiji—the vegetation increased in luxuriance and the country in beauty. The wooded hills and forested plains were filled with animal life and everywhere the

villages betokened the presence of plenty. But Stanley kept his force together with the greatest difficulty, for the people of Manyema, the country through which they were passing, were reported to be cannibals, and the feelings of the Wangwana were thereby considerably exercised. Though Stanley had distributed £350 in presents to the people before leaving Ujiji—as a “refresher” to their drooping spirits—yet many desertions took place, and for a time the expedition was in a high state of demoralization. Nothing but firm treatment sufficed at such a crisis as this, and it was fortunate for Stanley that his indomitable character enabled him to grapple with the spirit of mutiny in a masterful way.

For more than two hundred miles the route lay along the valley of the Luama—a tributary of the Lualaba—and, at its confluence with the great river upon which Livingstone had spent so much time, thought and labor, Stanley realized that at last he was face to face with a simple problem—he was to follow the river to the ocean, and prove or disprove once and forever its identity with the Nile. He was to follow it into countries of which even the natives could give no account, deal with peoples whose very name was unknown, and finally trace it to an end no man could indicate.

At Mwana Mamba he met the Arab with whom he was to be afterwards—on this and other expeditions—so closely connected, Hamed Bin Mohammed, alias Tippu Tib, a man of remarkable character and of the greatest influence over the Arabs of that region.

The most terrible tales were told by the Arabs of the savages dwelling on the banks of the Lualaba. Dwarfs who shot with poisoned arrows, cannibals who regarded the stranger as so much meat, barbarians who wore no clothing and killed all men they met—these were some of the people to be met on the river, which in itself presented great difficulties. There were many falls and many rocks; and the river flowed northward for ever and knew no end. In the face of such testimony from men who had traveled for some distance down the river, Stanley's intention never swerved; he was determined to follow the Lualaba to the sea.

To help him attain this end, and to inspire his trembling followers with courage, Stanley engaged the services of Tippu Tib, who, in

return for £1,000 and rations for his escort, was to bring to Stanley's aid his own personal efforts and influence, assisted by a considerable force of men—about one hundred and fifty of whom were armed with rifles.

On the 5th of November, 1876, the Anglo-American Expedition left Nyangwé—the outpost, as it were, of the Arab traders of the lake districts—and proceeded on its arduous journey down the Luabala. As the name soon disappeared, and the river was rebaptized every few miles by the natives, Stanley gave it the name of Livingstone—after him who had given his life for a knowledge of it—and by this name it will hereinafter be mentioned.

For the first ten days the march along the bank led through a dense forest growth; so dense that often the travelers could not say if the sun were shining or the sky overcast. Dew fell from the leafage overhead in drops of rain; the narrow track became a ditch of wet mud; the air reeked with the poisonous fumes of fungi and the deadly breath of miasma. At times progress became so difficult that a whole day's march advanced them but six miles. The men were rapidly succumbing to weariness and sickness, and the Arabs in Tippu Tib's train clamored loudly for retreat. Even Tippu Tib himself came to Stanley and declared his unwillingness to proceed; although by doing so he forfeited his claim to the £1,000. Stanley was desperate. If he attempted to march without the great Arab, he knew that his expedition would be no more; that the Wangwana would desert to a man. By dint of argument, however, and the sum of £500, he induced Tippu to accompany him twenty marches further, at the end of which Stanley hoped he would be able to obtain canoes for the whole of his expedition and take to the river for the rest of the journey.

At Ukassa, rapids were encountered for the first time, and as the river suddenly narrowed at this point, dangerous eddies and whirls made progress slow and cautious. All this while the main body was marching with Tippu Tib and his followers, along the left bank, and Stanley, with some thirty companions, navigated the river in the boat.

On reaching Ikonde, one of the much-talked-of dwarfs was caught and brought into camp. A little over four feet in height, diminutive in proportions, and altogether puny in appearance, he did

not seem to represent a very formidable race. But these dwarfs are very nimble, and the arrows they shoot are invariably poisoned. Soon after, when the boat party was encamped on the bank, awaiting the arrival of the column marching by land, hundreds of wild savages attacked them, blowing their war-horns, and yelling their war-cries, and shooting clouds of poisoned arrows. All that day and through the greater part of the night the contest went on. Early next morning the fight was renewed, and continued with few interruptions till night. On the following day, reinforced by about a thousand neighbors in canoes, the savages attacked again, and this time with desperate fury. From the forest on the one side and the river on the other they came in vast numbers, showering their arrows on the gallant little band. In the midst of the battle, the advance guard of the land column made its appearance, and at the sight of the reinforcements the natives retreated. During the night, which was dark and stormy, Stanley crossed the river to the island whither those who attacked in canoes had retired, and under cover of darkness cut the canoes adrift and floated them down the river to his camp. Being now in a position to make his own terms, he rowed to the island on the following morning, and offered the surprised owners fifteen of their canoes if they would make peace. This they consented to do—Stanley reserving twenty-three for conveying his expedition down the river.

But the Arabs had had enough of this wild country, and its turbulent people, and Tippu Tib declared that he and his men would not go one step further to what they knew to be certain destruction. Only twelve of the stipulated twenty marches had been performed, but Stanley saw that the time had come for the final parting, and accordingly released Tippu Tib from his agreement—rewarding him with a draft for about £500, together with numerous presents for himself and his chief people. Through the fidelity and courage of some of the Wangwana, Stanley was able to arouse the enthusiasm of his own band in the coming voyage down the river, and with such good effect that, in finally leaving Tippu Tib and his camp behind, not one of the expedition had deserted.

On the following day the little flotilla was attacked from both banks at once. Hundreds of savages with gaily feathered heads and

painted faces dashed out at them, shooting their spears and shouting "Meat! Meat! Ah! Ha! We shall have plenty of meat!" But they were to be defrauded of the expected feast, for the well-aimed rifles of the Wangwana soon struck terror into their midst, and compelled them to seek the cover of the shore, and their meat in more legitimate quarters.

Again and again, as the expedition floated down the river, some twenty or thirty canoes would shoot out from the shore, despite the long-drawn cries of "Senneneh—Sen-nen-neh" (Peace, peace), which the interpreter of the party would raise; the cannibals ignored everything but the advent of so much food to their market! "We shall eat meat to-day. Oho! We shall eat meat."

The 6th of January, 1877, found the little band of daring spirits at the first cataract of the Stanley Falls. From this point for about sixty miles the great volume of the Livingstone rushes through narrowed and lofty banks, in a series of rapids interspersed with steep falls. Nearly the whole of the distance is impracticable for boats, and Stanley had to force his way along the bank, through jungle and forest and over cliffs and rocks, blazing a path through dense wood, and clambering over rugged and precipitous banks. The whole of the distance he was exposed to the murderous attacks of cannibal savages who, while the boat and canoes were transported, the necessary roads cut, and the camps made, never relaxed their efforts to exterminate the party. By the 28th of the month the seventh cataract was cleared, and once more the expedition was enabled to resume its voyage down stream.

The river, broadening out, now flowed on in a distinct westerly course, and this, coupled with the temporary cessation of hostilities, raised the wearied spirits and put strength into the weakened bodies of the party in a wonderful degree. For not long, however, were they to have peace, and in a few days they were passing through a running fire from either bank. Day after day, as they dropped down stream, new tribes appeared, but ever in the old garb of enemies. Gradually the river widened to about 4,000 yards, islands became more numerous, and the banks rose on either hand high and steep. But an eternal forest dwelt on the islands, the banks, and the interior, and the only

clear spaces here and there were occupied by villages or used as market places by the tribes of this fluvial region. Noble tributaries, from a furlong to a mile in width, occasionally swelled the ever-increasing river, and revealed by their magnitude the great extent of country drained by the many waters of the Livingstone.

Off the mouth of the Aruwimi, which is an important tributary to the great river on the right bank, and more than a mile wide at its confluence, a determined attack was made upon the travelers by about 2,000 savages. They had the largest canoes yet met with—some containing more than 100 men—and rushed to the fray with all the “pomp and panoply of war” which presumptuous ignorance and overweening pride in superior numbers led them to assume. Stanley coolly anchored his little fleet in mid-stream, and received them with such a succession of well-directed volleys that, in a comparatively short time, the heroes who had stalked to war sneaked gladly home. Thus ended the twenty-eighth pitched battle the unfortunate little fleet had been compelled to fight—harassing work indeed for strangers in a strange land. Truly might they be called Ishmaelites, for everyone's hand was against them, and theirs, perforce, against everyone.

A hundred miles or so west of the Aruwimi the Livingstone reaches its most northerly point, and amid a perfect maze of islands the canoes, with the “Lady Alice” ever at their head, threaded their course in a southwesterly direction. A greater danger now lay in their path, for, for the first time, their opponents were armed with guns brought up from the coast by native traders. When off the country of Bangala no less than sixty canoes, filled with men armed with fire-arms, attacked Stanley's party; and with the overpowering odds of over three hundred guns to forty-four—now the full strength of the expedition. Fortunately for Stanley, both his ammunition and weapons were of a better stamp. For nearly five hours the conflict waged, and then victory rested, as it had so many times before, with the ever-victorious expedition.

On the 9th of March, when encamped on the left bank for breakfast, a sudden attack made by natives, armed with guns, ended in another victory for Stanley, although it left him with fourteen men wounded. This was the thirty-second fight forced on him by the

savages he had encountered since leaving Nyangwé, and it proved to be the last. Three days later the wearied voyagers entered a wide basin, surrounded by lofty cliffs, white and gleaming, on the flat top of which grew green and succulent grass. Having an area of more than thirty square miles, the basin seemed to the eyes which had grown accustomed to the river—wide though it was, nearly five miles in places—just like a vast pool—and at Frank Pocock's suggestion it was named Stanley Pool, and the lofty white cliffs Dover Cliffs. Passing out of the pool, the roar of a great cataract burst upon their ears. This was the first of a long series of falls and rapids which were to continue until they reached Boma—a distance of 155 miles—in the course of which there were no less than thirty-two falls, and an average declination of the river of about seven feet per mile. Stanley gave to this enormous stretch of cataracts and rapids the name of "Livingstone Falls." The difficulties presented by man had, to a great extent, passed away, only to reveal obstacles offered by nature—obstacles, indeed, which were to deal a severer blow to Stanley and the expedition than had all the cunning and violence of those savages who regarded their fellow-creatures as so much prey.

At the Isangila Cataract—where the already explored "Congo" began—Stanley left the river, which had been so fraught with adventure, privation, and sorrow, and started on a direct line across country to Boma—the nearest European settlement, and about 60 miles distant. The long line straggled on, weary and footsore, faint from insufficient food—for a few bananas and ground nuts were all they could procure—and silent from suffering. When half the distance had been traversed, and no food was forthcoming, Stanley wrote a letter of earnest appeal to any Europeans who might be at Boma, and sent this letter by his ever faithful and willing coxswain, Uledi. A most generous and timely response was made by two gentlemen who represented an English firm there, and just as the poor wretched Zanzibaris were lying down by the roadside, gaunt with starvation and resigned to fate, the welcome appearance of Uledi at the head of a caravan of goodly supplies brought new life back to the weary souls, and supplied the sinews for the continuance of the journey.

On August 9, 1877, the more than decimated expedition marched

into Boma, 999 days after leaving Zanzibar, having traveled over 7,000 miles in that time. The reception accorded to Stanley partook of the nature of a triumph, and the first few days at Boma were given up to that delicious rest and oblivion of danger from which he had so long been an exile.

It would take many words to describe the joy and emotion, the surprise and admiration, with which the prowess of Stanley and the deeds of the Anglo-American Expedition were regarded. The feelings of all who took part may be very much more easily imagined than described. The "good master" had not only performed what he had set out to do, not only crossed those distant lakes even to the great Salt Sea beyond, but brought back his faithful Wangwana to their own homes at Zanzibar, there to reward them with his own hand, and see them with his own eyes at rest at last.

The price paid for this success was great. His white companions had all died, and with them in their deaths were no fewer than 170 natives. The financial cost was enormous. But the aim and end of the Anglo-American Expedition had been achieved, the great geographical problems of the dark continent solved, and Stanley had performed the task allotted to him, with a success so brilliant as to make him the cynosure of the admiring eyes of two hemispheres.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Stanley's Great Congo Expedition

STANLEY returned to Europe, but not, as he had anticipated, to his well-earned rest. On arriving at Marseilles, in his journey across Europe, he was met by representatives of Leopold II, King of the Belgians, who informed him that their sovereign contemplated some great undertaking in Africa, and that he looked to Stanley for assistance in prosecuting it with success.

This was in January, 1878, but it was not till the end of the year that the project took final shape and Stanley prepared to revisit Africa. In the meanwhile he was occupied by lecturing to great audiences, by a voluminous correspondence, and a careful study of the details of the proposed expedition. In June he published the account of his journey across Africa under the title of "Across the Dark Continent." The book had an immense sale, and gave an impetus to African projects which resulted in numerous undertakings. On the river Congo, lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, in West, East, and Central Africa, missions were established by several denominations; French, Portuguese, and German travelers set out to explore vast regions of the Continent; and there began a series of annexations by the European powers which have continued up to the present time.

In November, 1878, at the palace of the Belgian King, an association was formed for the purpose of utilizing the vast basin of the Congo for the benefit of the vaster world, and developing its natural wealth simultaneously with civilizing its people. Representatives of most of the European States were among the prominent members of this novel company, and it finally received the title of "The International Association of the Congo." To Stanley was offered the all-important post of chief of the expedition which was to initiate the work—an offer which recruited health and his characteristic enterprise led him to accept with hearty promptness.

The exact nature of the work before him may be considered under

three heads—philanthropic, scientific, and commercial. Philanthropy was to be represented by urgent attempts to bring the savage tribes infesting the upper reaches of the Congo to something like a reasonable toleration of the white man and the stranger. They were to be



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS ON THE LOWER CONGO

shown the benefits of peace and trade, and the advantages accruing to them by intercourse with the civilized world. Above all, they were to be secured from the horrors of the slave trade. Science was to be served by the contemplated surveys of the basin of the river which would reveal the physical geography and natural facilities and productions of the region. And, lastly, the work of the Association was to advance commerce, to provide an outlet for the great wealth of the

interior; an opening for the manufactures of Europe. By the medium of roads, rivers and bridges, by the founding of settlements and the cultivation of land, by the pacification of hostile tribes and the establishment of a secure main route, by means of the exchange of goods and other commercial methods, the Association was to achieve the gradual civilization of the Congo tribes and the opening of a vast field for the commercial energies of the world.

Proceeding first to Zanzibar, in the spring of 1879, Stanley engaged the services of about seventy Wangwana, most of whom were veterans who had crossed Africa with him. They were now to aid him in founding a state on the great river they had helped him to discover. Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, was reached on August 14th, from which point the expedition proceeded up the stream to Wood Point, thirty-four miles inland, where navigation for sea-going vessels ends. A few miles farther up begin the rapids, down which for fifty-two miles the river rushes from the plateau of interior Africa.

Here the expedition met with its first great labor. A road fifty miles long needed to be made to the upper level for the transport of the great supply of material of every kind which had been brought, including a number of steamers for navigation of the interior waters, portable wooden houses, and minor goods innumerable. A huge mountain mass stood in the way, and the roadway had here to be made by blasting the cliffs, a few feet above the surging rapids. The work to be done with the small force at command was so great that it took a year to complete it, during which six of the whites of the expedition died and thirteen retired invalided. Even many of the natives succumbed to the heat of the Congo canyon. But Stanley held his own and by May 1, 1880, the fifty tons of baggage brought had been transported over the well-built road to Manyanga, two hundred and fifty miles above the river's mouth.

At Manyanga, ninety miles above the lower rapids, the Upper Livingstone Rapids were reached and a new road had to be built to Stanley Pool, where the station of Leopoldville was built. Here begins the Upper Congo, which is navigable for the enormous distance of one thousand miles, forming a grand highway for commerce into

the heart of Africa. At Stanley Falls, at the head of this navigable stretch, broken water begins again and continues for nearly four hundred miles. But navigation is not confined to the Congo, but extends over many of its great affluents. The Kwa—into which flows the noble Kasai—the Ruki, and the Lulonga, on the south, and the Mobangi, the Itimbiri, and the Aruwimi, on the north—these streams furnish a vast stretch of navigable waters, which have since been utilized.

After a visit to Europe, Stanley returned with fourteen European officers and some six hundred tons of material, reaching Leopoldville on March 21, 1883, with these abundant supplies. On May 9th he set out for a voyage of exploration on the Upper Congo, with two steamers and a launch, having a whale boat and a canoe in tow. The force amounted in all to eighty men, the cargo to six tons. To quote Stanley himself:—

“We have axes to hew the forests, hammers to break the rock, spades to turn up the sod and to drain the marsh, or shovels to raise the rampart; scythes to mow the grass, hatchets to penetrate the jungle, and seeds of all kinds for sowing. Saws to rip planking, and hammers, nails, and cabinet-makers’ tools to make furniture; needles and threads for sewing all the cloth in these bales, twine to string their beads, and besides these useful articles in the cases, there are also countless ‘notions’ and fancy knick-knacks to appease the cupidity of the most powerful chief, or excite the desire for adornment in the breast of woman.”

The power by which the steamers were driven provided an inexhaustible source of speculation for the natives. The less philosophical supposed that a number of men were concealed in the hold, but the more astute rightly put it down to the “big pot,” as they called the boiler. But even these could not conjecture the thing that the engineer was always “cooking!” “Whatever it is,” said they, “it takes a long time to cook. That engineer has been cooking all day, and it is not finished yet.” Finally they fell back upon that invariable *dernier resort* of the African—“It is the white man’s medicine!”

The furious opposition which he had met in his former descent of the river was now gone, and Stanley filled the rôle of a peace-maker

by inducing some of the warring natives to conclude a treaty of peace. With many of the chiefs he went through the ceremony of blood-brotherhood, even doing this with the chiefs of the Bangalas, who had fought him furiously during his descent of the Congo in 1877. Iboko, the country of these people, was one of the largest and most powerful on the river.

As the little fleet of steamers puffed its way higher and higher up the mighty river, richer and richer grew the land. The soil was black with vegetable matter, and its fertility was extreme. Miles and miles of forest trees of great value lined the banks on either hand; gum copal trees covered with the parasitic orchilla—containing the germs of large fortunes—were seen for hours together. The many islands in mid-stream continually assumed new shapes, but their exuberance of vegetation was an enduring feature. The land was a land of plenty.

Passing slowly up river, exploring all important tributaries for a considerable distance, undergoing the ceremony of "blood brotherhood" countless times, making treaties with the great chiefs, this mission of commerce and civilization at length arrived at the foot of the seventh and last cataract of Stanley Falls. This was the destination of the expedition—the *Ultima Thule* of Stanley's "state building" on the Congo. The people who inhabited the islands and the mainland west of the falls are the Wenyas, who are great fishermen and dexterous boatmen. With these Stanley opened a "shauri" for the purchase of land on which to found a permanent settlement. After a great deal of agitation on the part of the natives, to whom the idea was entirely novel, and prolific outbursts of native oratory in many phases—fearful, cautious, prophetic, indignant, abusive, shrewd, philosophic, pacific, and finally friendly—Stanley bought for £160 worth of beads, knives, cloth, wire, looking-glasses, caps, brass rods, and other forms of an extensive currency, a considerable portion of a large island for founding his settlement. The station was situated just below the rapids, and possessed in a creek on the east side of the island an excellent harbor. The powerful tribe of the Bakuma dwell in the country east of the seventh fall, and of them Stanley made most cordial friends. With both the Wenyas and the Bakumas he concluded

treaties, insuring his people safe and permanent dwelling among them, and stipulated for a civilized method of conducting commerce, and the sovereignty of the powers of umpire in all matters of doubt or difficulty.

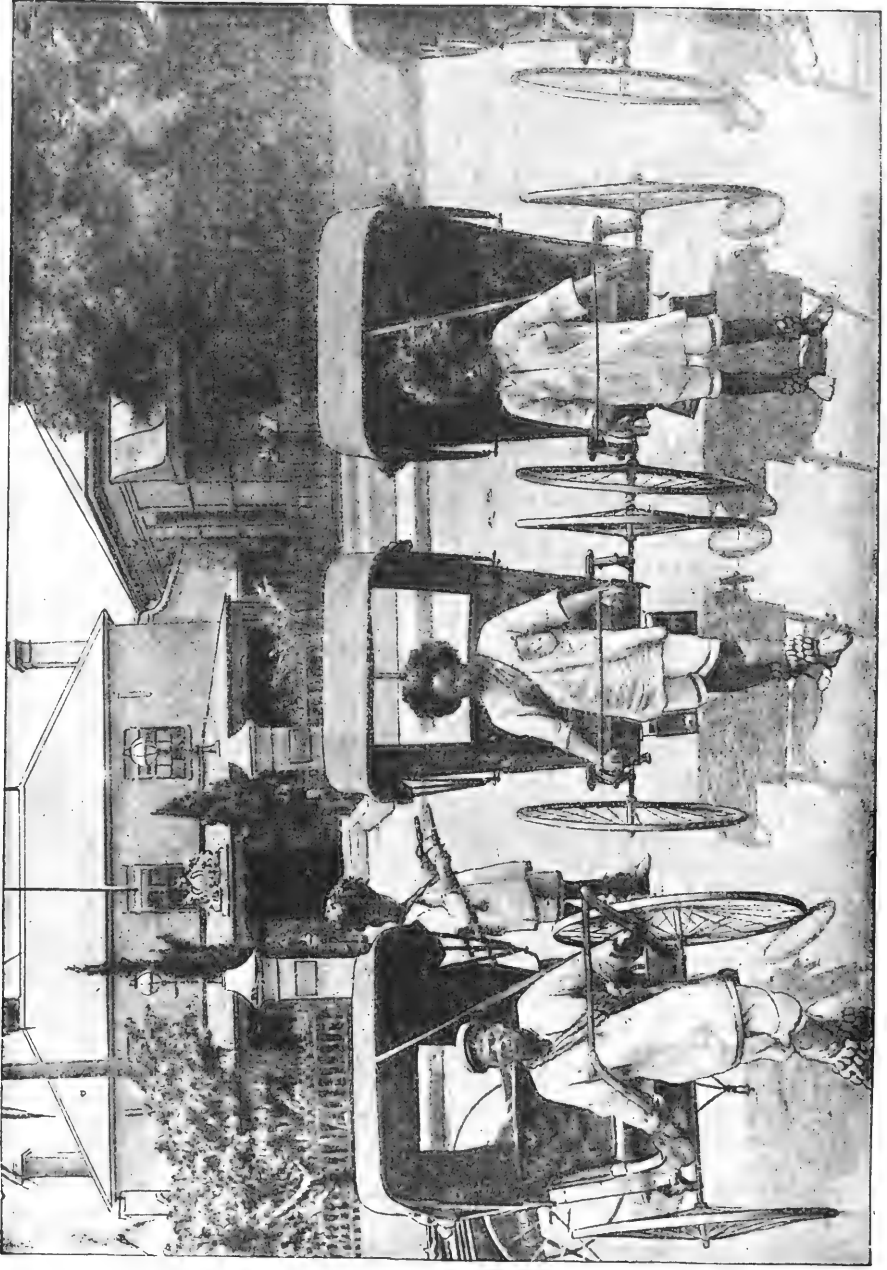
He then set his men to build a strong house, which was plentifully stored with provisions, tools, ammunition, cloth, beads, cowries, etc.; and gave the charge of the station to a Scotchman named Binnie,—a man of small physique, but with a lion's heart,—entrusting thirty-one armed men to his command. On the 10th of December, 1883, Stanley turned his back upon the falls, and began to descend the river. The little Scotchman was alone in the heart of Africa! It should be added here that he behaved splendidly, and in a very short time won the affection, as well as the respect, of the neighboring tribes.

Stanley's work was almost done. From point to point, along the river, he had placed stations, and obtained treaties which gave the Association sovereign rights. When the success of these stations had encouraged the natives, little difficulty would be experienced in filling up the gaps. The pioneering was accomplished, the seeds of federation were sown; and time, and time only, could combine the scattered links, and weld them into an unbroken chain. All the Congo tribes knew and honored "Bula Matari;" and nearly all had covenanted with him to keep the peace and advance his aims. The whole region had been touched by a master's hand, and quickened into vitality. The tribes of the Congo were ready for the final step—the confederation of their units into an undivided whole, ready for agglomeration into one great state.

On August 3, 1884, Stanley arrived at Ostend on his return, and presented his report to the King of the Belgians. From the work he had done has arisen the great Congo Free State, occupying much of the heart of Africa.

CAPE TOWN AND THE SURROUNDING HILLS, SITUATED ON TABLE BAY, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, SOUTH AFRICA





THE RICKSHAW BOYS OF DURBAN WHO CAN BE EMPLOYED TO DRAW PASSENGERS AROUND THE TOWN AT A GOOD
FACE FOR VERY LITTLE MONEY



A DERVISH CHARGE, SOUDAN WAR

A battle of the Soudan in which Sir Herbert Kitchener avenged the massacre of Hicks Pasha and his 12,000 men; also the death of the heroic Gordon which occurred a year later



A KAFFIR CHIEF



A MATABELE CHIEF

NATIVE TYPES OF AFRICA

CHAPTER XXXIX

The Relief of Emin Pasha

AMONG the remarkable achievements of African travel there is none of more striking and thrilling interest than that of Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, who through the operations of the Mahdists had been left stranded for years in the Egyptian Soudan. How Stanley found Emin is as interesting in its way as how Stanley found Livingstone. A tale of superabundant adventure will be briefly dealt with in the present chapter.

Readers of modern history are aware of the revolt of the Arabs under the Mahdi, of the capture by them of Khartoum, and of the death in that city of the famous General Gordon. In the spring of 1878, before this outbreak, Gordon had appointed Dr. Schnitzer, a Russian physician, as governor of the equatorial province of the Soudan. In accepting it, he adopted the Arabic name of Emin and was thenceforward known as Emin Pasha. His province extended from the borders of Uganda and the shores of the Albert Nyanza to some distance north of Gondokoro and the Nile, a region nearly 1,000 miles distant from Khartoum.

With the capture of Khartoum and the surrounding region by the Mahdists, Emin was cut off completely from civilization and for several years after 1884, nothing was heard from him. He was as isolated as Livingstone had been in the Tanganyika region. It was to find Emin that Stanley set out in 1887, as he had set out years earlier to "find Livingstone."

With the details of this famous expedition we must deal very briefly. On the 29th of April, 1887, Stanley left Leopoldville with the members and material of his expedition, in four steamers and three lighters, for the mouth of the Aruwimi, which river he proposed to follow in his march towards the Albert Nyanza. Building a stronghold here and leaving it in the hands of Major Barttelot, in command

of the river guard, Stanley plunged into the great forest of the Aruwimi on the 28th of June, with a force of about four hundred men.

Month after month rolled by, but no voice came out of the stillness to speak of his progress or safety. As time went on, and the suspense became more acute, expectation gave way to disappointment, and disappointment to misgiving and doubt. Now and again rumors came through native channels—rumors of famine and disease, fighting, defeat, capture—rumors even of death. They came to the east coast and the west, and thence were sent to Europe. They filtrated through the Soudan and reached Egypt. The Khalifa and his fanatical lieutenants seized them and converted them into reports of Mahdist triumphs. Emin was defeated, and he and Stanley captured! The clouds thickened, and the continuing silence deepened the gloom which hung over the equatorial province. Where was Stanley during all these months? It was not until 1889 that the answer came in letters from the long-vanished traveler.

On leaving his rear-guard entrenched at Yambuya, Stanley, with the main body of the expedition, followed the bank of the Aruwimi, and very soon made acquaintance with that native hostility which was to dog his steps almost to the very end. For, at their approach to the first town of importance, the natives, warned by the loud beating of their watchman's drum, set fire to their frail huts, and withdrew into ambush in the forest, there to await the passing of the advancing strangers. Now the approach to these towns in the river valley was in itself a glaring example of the subtleties of savage warfare, for the path was honey-combed with shallow pits, which were filled with splinters, so sharply pointed as practically to be skewers, and hidden from the sight of all but the most experienced by a light layer of leaves and branches. To add to the deception, these approaches were cleared by the forest people for some hundred yards or so, and formed—what is so unusual in Central Africa—a wide and direct avenue to the village. The real approach would be narrow and tortuous, making a wide detour, and the apparently direct path all the more alluring. And then, with a fine sense of strategic warfare the natives would pour their poisoned arrows and spears upon the expedition at the very moment when the discovery of the hidden pits had thrown it into

confusion and panic. One can readily imagine the effect of such an experience upon the bare-footed and half-clothed Wangwana from Zanzibar, and appreciate more fully the command Stanley must have acquired over his men to have rallied them time after time, and induced them to present an orderly front to their hidden assailants in the dense jungle on either hand.

From the 5th of July to the middle of October the expedition kept by the bank of the Aruwimi. The river presented a noble aspect, varying in width from 500 to 900 yards, and dotted over with islets frequently covered with a dense tropical growth.

Despite the number of men who had been wounded by the peculiar mode of defence adopted by the natives, as well as by their actual attacks, the expedition marched on without actual loss till August 1st. On that day, however, the first death occurred, and in the next nine days' march through a wilderness where food was unobtainable, several members of Stanley's force succumbed to their injuries, and matters began to have a serious aspect. On August 13th, on arriving at Avi-sheba, five men were killed by poisoned arrows, and Lieutenant Stairs was badly wounded. Two days later, a number of men under the command of Mr. Mounteney Jephson, lost their way, and until the forces were united, six days later, the liveliest apprehensions were entertained of their annihilation by the utterly savage natives.

For a hundred and sixty days—from the end of June to the middle of November—Stanley and his followers hacked and hewed their way through this deadly forest jungle. "Take," wrote that wonderful man to his friend, Mr. Bruce, "take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees, ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colors murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above; queer noises of birds and animals; crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rushed away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress, or

in some dark recess; strong brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us."

The last month spent in forcing their way through the forest was a memorable one. The Arabs had devastated the region through which the expedition was now passing; and of inhabitants, and, consequently, of food, there was no trace. In their feeble condition this was even worse than active hostility. The fungi, the wild fruits—especially a large bean-shaped nut—formed the staple of food—food that had to be sought and found and gathered in great quantity before it could satisfy the pangs of the famished people.

At length Stanley reached the district of Ibwiri, and at the same time the eastern limit of the great forest. The joy with which the whole expedition hailed the open grassy country which lay before them was unbounded. The forest—which, according to Stanley, covers an area of at least a quarter of a million square miles, or, in other words, five times the area of England—had oppressed them with its gloom, had fostered the fever and ague, the dysentery and other ills from which they had suffered so greatly, and had sheltered the relentless savages who dogged their every step. Now at Ibwiri their sufferings terminated for a time.

"Ourselves and men," wrote Stanley to Sir William Mackinnon, "were skeletons. Out of 389 we now only numbered 174, several of whom seemed to have no hope of life left. . . . The suffering had been so awful, calamities so numerous, the forest so endless apparently, that they refused to believe that by and by we should see plains and cattle, and the Nyanza, and the white man, Emin Pasha. They turned a deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties, for, driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with the ammunition, and were altogether demoralized. . . . We halted thirteen days in Ibwiri, and reveled on

fowls, goats, bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, yams, beans, etc. . . . They were still 126 miles from the lake; but, given food, such a distance seemed nothing. . . . After 160 days' continuous gloom we saw the light of broad day shining all around us, and making all things beautiful. We thought we had never seen grass so green or country so lovely. The men literally yelled and leaped with joy, and raced over the ground with their burdens. Ah! this was the old spirit of former expeditions, successfully completed, all of a sudden revived!"

At 1 P. M., on the 13th of December, 1887, after a brief camp for rest and refreshment, the expedition moved on its eastward march. And now let Stanley tell his own tale.

"Fifteen minutes later, I cried out, 'Prepare yourselves for a sight of the Nyanza.'

"The men murmured and doubted, and said:

"Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed! Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us?"

"At 1.30 P. M. the Albert Nyanza was below them!

"Now it was my turn to jeer and scoff at the doubters, but as I was about to ask them what they saw, so many came to kiss my hands and beg my pardon, that I could not say a word. This was my reward."

About six miles in front of them lay Kavalli, the objective point of the expedition; and beyond Kavalli, the blue expanse of the Albert Nyanza.

We must omit describing how Stanley met Emin, and found that during the years of his isolation he had defended himself and his province against the Mahdists. His powers of holding out longer, however, were fast passing away, yet when Stanley sought to induce him to retire he found it difficult to obtain any definite answer. Emin still hoped to be able to sustain himself against his enemies, and Stanley could not convince him to the contrary.

What the great traveler now did was to return by the long route through the forest with the hope of reaching his rear guard under Major Barttelot. He failed to find them until he had nearly reached Yambaya, and did so learn that the major had been killed, and out

of the two hundred and fifty-seven men only seventy-one were left, many of them unfit for service. The stores had also largely disappeared, but more were left than the few men could carry.

Most men, under such discouraging circumstances, would have abandoned the enterprise, but Stanley was of heroic mould, and a third time set out to traverse that frightful forest. In this third journey the expedition narrowly escaped starvation, but they kept on until the lake was reached again, to find that Emin's men had rebelled against him and that he was a prisoner in their hands.

The irresolution of Emin was at an end. When Stanley next met him he consented to return, and on the 10th of April, 1889, his followers and those of Stanley set out, this time directing their steps, not towards the Congo, but on the shorter route to the eastern coast. It was a journey difficult enough in its way, and one in which some important geographical discoveries were made. It ended on the 5th of December at Bagamoyo, the port of Zanzibar.

Thus was completed this remarkable work of exploration and relief, the most stupendous in its way ever ventured upon. Stanley had twice crossed Africa, in different latitudes, had established a great African state, and had made discoveries of the most far-reaching importance, and his name stands next to that of Livingstone, in the front rank of modern explorers.

CHAPTER XL

Cameron's Journey Across Africa

VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, a commander in the British navy, had the distinction of being the first man to cross Africa from east to west, preceding Stanley in this exploit. He passed through numbers of hitherto unknown countries, had multitudes of adventures, and finally reached the coast a complete wreck, on the verge of death. As the first after Livingstone to reveal the mysteries of tropical Africa, the story of his exploits is one of leading importance.

Like Stanley, he went out to "find Livingstone," sent by the Royal Geographical Society of London, Dr. Dillon, an old friend of his, accompanying him. Leaving England in November, 1872, he proceeded to Zanzibar, where stores and men were obtained, among the latter being Bombay, who had been the chief of Captain Speke's followers. On February 2, 1873, the party reached Bagamoyo, its starting point on the mainland. Here carriers were hired, about two hundred of them, and in a few days more the party set out on its long and toilsome march.

Though the journey through what is now German East Africa was replete with adventures and misadventures, it covered somewhat familiar ground, and we shall pass on with the travelers to the Arab settlement of Unyanyembe, of which we have spoken in the story of Livingstone and Stanley. Here a long delay was made, owing to the difficulty of obtaining carriers to continue the journey. Fever attacked the whites of the expedition, Cameron, Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy, the last named having joined at Aden. Its effects were so serious in the case of Dillon and Murphy that they were obliged to retrace their steps to the coast, during which Dillon, in a paroxysm of the fever, killed himself.

On October 20, 1873, Cameron received an important letter, signed by Jacob Wainwright, of the Livingstone expedition. Obscure

in its phraseology, it indicated the death of some one, and when Chumah, the bearer of the letter, was questioned, he confirmed the fear that it was Livingstone that had died. This sad fact rendered the main purpose of the expedition useless, but there were hopes of obtaining some of the deceased hero's effects and also of completing the researches he had attempted, and Cameron determined to push on.

On February 18, 1875, he arrived at Lake Tanganyika, the great central sea which had been discovered fifteen years before by Captain Burton, and took up his temporary residence at Kawelé, a port of Ujiji. Being assured that there was no possibility of traveling west of the lake for three months more at least; and it being very important to wait until a caravan set forth for the coast at Zanzibar, as Cameron wished to forward the box of Livingstone's papers that had been left at Ujiji; he formed a plan of exploring the southern shores of the lake, which had not been thoroughly examined.

The scenery on the shores of this lake he found to be most beautiful, and the tall red sandstone cliffs, their color mingling with the vivid green of the thick foliage on the banks, with the deep blue of the sky overhead, and the blue of the great expanse of water stretching around, presented a brilliantly colored picture that cannot soon be forgotten.

Rounding two headlands, Cameron came upon the part of the lake which had not yet, as he believed, been explored. On nearing the southern end the scenery became very grand. Enormous masses of rocks piled upon each other to an immense height, sometimes in the shape of obelisks, pyramids, and vast temples, overgrown with trees jutting out from every crevice, with gigantic creepers fifty or sixty feet long, overhung the lake, with great caves and hollows discernible through the thick fringe of vegetation at their base. On these shores some gorillas, looking larger than men, were seen, but they quickly vanished out of sight.

On May 9th Cameron had found his way to Ujiji again, and there he was gladdened by the sight of a letter from home, *only* a year old! This letter had had a curious fate. The caravan by which it was sent had been dispersed by robbers, who seized everything, including the letters, but *they* in turn were defeated by another caravan, and the

packet of letters was discovered on the body of one of the robbers who had been killed.

On the 2d of May a move was made on the westward journey. After crossing the Tanganyika to Kasenge, Cameron marshalled his men for the long land journey before them, and once more he had to endure the old fractiousness and reckless carelessness of his men; the only way of keeping them together was for him to march in the rear of the party, and even then they would very often lie down in the jungle until he had passed, and so escape his notice.

The dreaded country of the Manyema was now entered, and here the men were ordered to march in close ranks, as stragglers would run the danger of being seized, killed and probably eaten by the cannibal savages. Yet, as he went on, Cameron found the natives decidedly well disposed to him as a fellow-countryman of Livingstone, whose gentle kindness when he passed through this country had not been forgotten by them. After crossing the river Luama, which is a broad tributary of the Lualaba, at last this great river was reached, and Cameron and his men were taken across it in canoes to Nyangwé, an important town and central depot for the traders, on its banks.

Cameron had intended to follow the river down to the sea by the route which Stanley afterwards took, but the difficulty of obtaining canoes was insuperable. The people would not take cowries; the only payment that would have satisfied them was slaves, and these of course he had not. Abandoning this plan, therefore, and taking three guides whom Tippu-Tib provided, he struck a southerly course again, in the hope of discovering some mysterious lakes of which he had heard a great deal. This necessary change of plan left to Stanley the work of exploring the greatest of African rivers.

On the 10th of June, after long delays, the journey to the coast was actually commenced, in the company of Alvez, a rascally Arab ivory and slave trader, who was going to Benguella with a troop of seven hundred slaves, augmented, before leaving the country, to one thousand five hundred; and many sad and horrible sights, which he was powerless to prevent, had to be endured by the heart-sick traveler. Yet the small size to which Cameron's party had been reduced rendered it necessary to accompany some large caravan.

The country of Ulunda was entered on the 27th of July, 1875. The privations of hunger now began to be felt severely by Cameron and his men, as beads were no longer of use, and the people would exchange provisions only for slaves, cloth and gunpowder, none of which could be given them. The great river of South Africa, the Zambesi, was now not far distant, and we find that on August 8th it was only fourteen miles to the south of the camp. Cameron remarks that by a short system of canals the two rivers, the Congo and Zambesi, might be united, so closely do they approach each other even at this part.

On October 10th Cameron finally left Alvez and his crew behind him, and again set forth alone. The first place of any importance that was reached was the town of Kagnombé, which is of considerable size, being three miles in circumference; but as large space is occupied by cattle and pig-pens and tobacco-gardens, the population is not so large as the size of the town might lead one to expect. The expedition had now reached Portuguese West Africa and in this town was the house of Signor Goncalves, a very kind-hearted old Portuguese gentleman, who entertained the travelers most hospitably. The novelty of anything like civilized life again was a perfect delight to Cameron. There was actually a clean white cloth spread upon the table! and the meal, consisting of biscuits, butter and other "canned delicacies," washed down with wine and coffee, was a royal feast to him after the long privations of the way. But, alas, he was to find that those privations were not yet at an end!

The men day by day became more and more helpless, and Cameron, pondering on the one hundred and twenty miles that had still to be traversed to the coast, made up his mind that something decisive must be done. The result of his cogitations was this: to abandon tent, boat, bed and everything, except his instruments, journals and books, and, with a few of the strongest men, to push on without delay for the coast, and send assistance from thence as speedily as possible to the ailing men who were behind. Having decided on this move, it was quickly carried out. Everything was left but about twenty pounds weight of things, which were carried by the men in turns on the way. Bombay was left in charge of the other men, and forced

marches were then begun through a mountainous country, which greatly increased the labor of walking.

At last, terribly exhausted and in almost the last stage of weakness and pain, the summit of the lofty range they had for some time been ascending was reached. "What was that distant line upon the sky?" They gazed and gazed, and then joyfully knew that it was the sea! Then the march was resumed, but it was only at a crawling pace, so utterly was their strength worn out.

The next morning, when Cameron went to bathe, he was puzzled by discovering that his body was marked all over with great purple spots, and that a slight bruise on his ankle had developed into a large sore; also when he began to smoke his morning pipe, he discovered that his mouth was bleeding. Though he did not know it then, the fact was that the poor and insufficient food he had subsisted on for some time had brought on an attack of scurvy. On they went that day across a rough and waterless plain, "intersected by ravines and dry watercourses, up and down the sides of which we clambered in the dark, slipping about and bruising ourselves. But what did it matter? The next morning would see us at Katombéla," the European settlement. Towards evening one of the men who was in advance shouted, "Here's the camp, master!" and there was the messenger returning, and, best of all, bearing with him a basket containing wine, bread, tins of sardines and a sausage; and although from the state of his mouth Cameron could not eat without pain, he managed to make something of a supper.

The next day, long before the rising of the sun, full of excitement in the prospect of reaching the sea that day, he was on the march. Then came the joyful end of the long marches and weary labors, and this is what he says of it:

"I ran down the slope towards Katombéla swinging my rifle round my head, which I believe was almost 'turned' for very joy; and the men, carried away with the same sense of relief, joined in the running till we approached nearer the town. Then I unfurled my colors and went forward more quietly. Coming towards us I saw a couple of hammocks with awnings, followed by three men carrying baskets; and on meeting this party a jolly-looking little Frenchman

jumped out, seized the baskets and instantly opened a bottle to drink 'to the honor of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west.' For this hearty welcome I found I was indebted to Monsieur Cauchoix, an old officer of the French navy, who had settled as a merchant at Benguella. Hearing of my approach between ten and eleven o'clock the night before, he had immediately started off to meet me. His other baskets were also full of provisions, which he distributed to my men, throwing loaves of bread at the hungry mortals; after which we moved on, and in a few minutes arrived at a house which he owned in Katombéla."

Arrangements were at once made for sending relief to the men behind, and then Cameron very unwillingly found himself so seriously ill that he had with all haste to be carried in a hammock to the hospital at Benguella. His tongue was so swollen that it projected beyond his teeth, blood flowed copiously from his mouth, and his body was an extraordinary sight, covered with blotches of a variety of shades, purple, blue, black and green, the rest of the skin being a deadly white. He was indeed in a dangerous state; and probably if the illness had come on a few days before, his life must have been lost. As it was, with careful nursing and the gradual administration of natural food, the crisis passed; before long, he was able to eat and go about again as usual, and had the satisfaction of seeing the remarkable kaleidoscopic appearance of his skin rapidly fade away.

There is little more to be told. From Loanda the men who had accompanied him from Zanzibar were sent back in a schooner he specially bought for the purpose, and Cameron himself took passage in the steamer "Congo" for Liverpool, where he arrived on the 2d of April, three years and four months after his departure.

CHAPTER XLII

Sir Samuel Baker and the Slave Trade

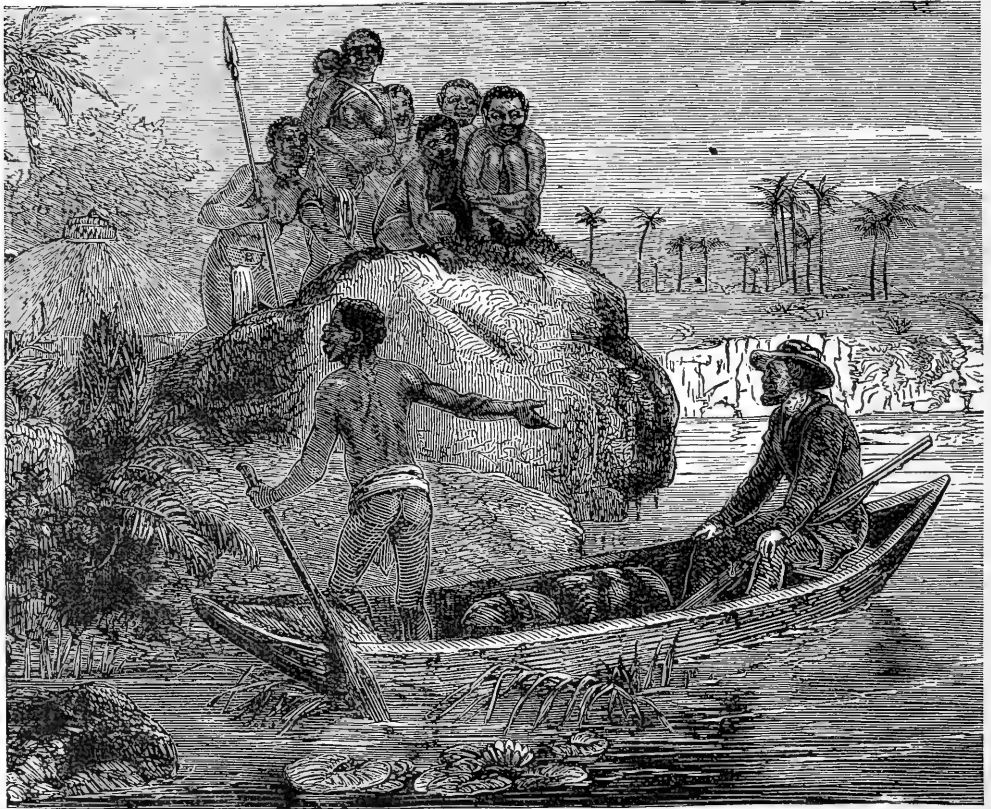
UNTIL recently the worst sore in Africa was its horrible traffic in slaves, but, thanks to the efforts of European governments, this evil now no longer flaunts itself before us. What the awful character of this loathsome business was may be gleamed from the following description, penned by one of the first men who endeavored to mitigate its horrors:

“The people for the most part engaged in the nefarious traffic of the White Nile are Syrians, Copts, Turks, Circassians, and some few Europeans.

“Throughout the Soudan money is exceedingly scarce and the rate of interest exorbitant, varying, according to the securities, from thirty-six to eighty per cent.; this fact proves general poverty and dishonesty, and acts as a preventive to all improvement. So high and fatal a rate deters all honest enterprise, and the country must lie in ruin under such a system. The wild speculator borrows upon such terms, to rise suddenly like a rocket, or to fall like its exhausted stick. Thus, honest enterprise being impossible, dishonesty takes the lead, and a successful expedition to the White Nile is supposed to overcome all charges. There are two classes of White Nile traders, the one possessing capital, the other being penniless adventurers; the same system of operations is pursued by both, but that of the former will be evident from the description of the latter.

“A man without means forms an expedition, and borrows money for this purpose at one hundred per cent. after this fashion. He agrees to repay the lender in ivory at one-half its market value. Having obtained the required sum, he hires several vessels and engages from one hundred to three hundred men, composed of Arabs and runaway villains from distant countries, who have found an asylum from justice in the obscurity of Khartoum. He purchases guns and large quantities of ammunition for his men, together with a few hundred pounds of

glass beads. The piratical expedition being complete, he pays his men five months' wages in advance, at the rate of forty-five piastres (nine shillings) per month, and he agrees to give them eighty piastres per month for any period exceeding the five months advanced. His men receive their advance partly in cash and partly in cotton stuffs for



BAKER'S ARRIVAL AT RIONGA'S ISLAND

clothes at an exorbitant price. Every man has a strip of paper, upon which is written, by the clerk of the expedition, the amount he has received both in goods and money, and this paper he must produce at the final settlement.

“The vessels sail about December, and on arrival at the desired locality, the party disembark and proceed into the interior, until they arrive at the village of some negro chief, with whom they establish an

intimacy. Charmed with his new friends, the power of whose weapons he acknowledges, the negro chief does not neglect the opportunity of seeking their alliance to attack a hostile neighbor. Marching throughout the night, guided by their negro hosts, they bivouac within an hour's march of the unsuspecting village doomed to an attack about half an hour before break of day. The time arrives, and, quietly surrounding the village while its occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-stricken, the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings, and the men are shot down like pheasants in a battue, while the women and children, bewildered in the danger and confusion, are kidnapped and secured. The herds of cattle, still within their kraal or 'zareeba,' are easily disposed of, and are driven off with great rejoicing, as the prize of victory. The women and children are then fastened together, the former secured in an instrument called a shéba, made of a forked pole, the neck of the prisoner fitting into the fork, secured by a cross-piece lashed behind; while the wrists, brought together in advance of the body, are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with a rope attached to the women, and thus form a living chain, in which order they are marched to the headquarters in company with the captured herds.

"The Egyptian government had been pressed by some of the European powers to take measures for the suppression of the slave-trade: a steamer had accordingly been ordered to capture all vessels laden with this infamous cargo. Two vessels had been seized and brought to Khartoum, containing eight hundred and fifty human beings!—packed together like anchovies, the living and the dying festering together, and the dead lying beneath them. European eye-witnesses assured me that the disembarking of this frightful cargo could not be adequately described. The slaves were in a state of starvation, having had nothing to eat for several days. They were landed in Khartoum; the dead and many of the dying were tied by the ankles, and dragged along the ground by donkeys through the streets. The most malignant typhus, or plague, had been engendered among this mass of filth and misery, thus closely packed together. These creatures brought the plague to Khartoum, which, like a curse

visited upon this country of slavery and abomination, spread like a fire throughout the town, and consumed the regiments that had received this horrible legacy from the dying cargo of slaves."

Such a horrible state of affairs could not be permitted to continue, and in 1869 the Egyptian government engaged the famous traveler Sir Samuel White Baker, who had discovered the Albert Nyanza five years before, to head an expedition for its suppression. Mr. Baker was placed at the head of one thousand four hundred infantry, two hundred cavalry, and two batteries of artillery, with orders to proceed at once into the district of Gondokoro, which lay one thousand four hundred and fifty miles distant. On this perilous journey he was accompanied by his wife. He writes: "Had I been alone it would have been no hard lot to die upon the path before me, but there was one who, although my greatest comfort, was also my greatest care. I shuddered at the prospect for her, should she be left alone in savage lands at my death; and gladly would I have left her in the luxuries of home instead of exposing her to the miseries of Africa. It was in vain that I implored her to remain, and that I painted the difficulties and perils still blacker than I supposed they really would be: she was resolved, with woman's constancy and devotion, to share all dangers and to follow me through each rough footstep of the wild life before me. And Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.'"

Mr. Baker selected his bodyguard from two regiments accompanying the expedition, and part of them were black and part white. These he armed with Snider rifles and jocosely named "the forty thieves." Passing Khartoum and proceeding to the point where the "Blue Nile" unites with the "White Nile," they advanced rapidly up the latter, under a fresh breeze which blew from the north. Continuing up the stream until he reached a point where it is joined by the Sobat, he entered the Bahr Giraffe, the main river being impassable on account of the masses of vegetation which float upon its surface, and the large number of floating islands which it contains. This

floating vegetation proved so impassable an obstruction that, after fighting it for many weeks, the expedition was forced to retire, baffled, to Khartoum, Baker determining to return in the following season. On this occasion he succeeded in overcoming the obstructions, and reached Gondokoro on April 15, 1870.

"Upon my arrival at Gondokoro," says Mr. Baker, "I was looked upon as a spy sent by the British government. Whenever I approached the encampments of the various traders, I heard the clanking of fetters before I reached the station, as the slaves were being quickly driven into hiding-places to avoid inspection. They were chained by two rings secured round the ankles, and connected by three or four links.

"Gondokoro was a perfect hell. It is utterly ignored by the Egyptian authorities, although well known to be a colony of cut-throats. Nothing would be easier than to send a few officers and two hundred men from Khartoum to form a military government, and thus impede the slave-trade; but a bribe from the traders to the authorities is sufficient to insure an uninterrupted asylum for any amount of villainy. The camps were full of slaves, and the Bari natives assured me that there were large depots of slaves in the interior belonging to the traders that would be marched to Gondokoro for shipment to the Soudan a few hours after my departure. I was the great stumbling-block to the trade, and my presence at Gondokoro was considered as an unwarrantable intrusion upon a locality sacred to slavery and iniquity. There were about six hundred of the traders' people at Gondokoro, whose time was passed in drinking, quarreling and ill-treating the slaves."

With such people to deal with Baker had a task that seemed destined to failure. He had been at Gondokoro but a few days when he saw signs of discontent among his men, who had evidently been tampered with by the traders' agents. This developed into something approaching an insurrection, which the leader had no small trouble to quell. Though he succeeded in this, he saw that he had almost hopeless material under his command.

"From that moment," he says, "I knew that my expedition was fated. This outbreak was an example of what was to follow. Previous to leaving Khartoum I had felt convinced that I could not succeed with such villains for escort as these Khartoumers: thus I had applied

to the Egyptian authorities for a few troops, but had been refused. I was now in an awkward position. All my men had received five months' wages in advance, according to the custom of the White Nile; thus I had no control over them. There were no Egyptian authorities in Gondokoro; it was a nest of robbers; and my men had just exhibited so pleasantly their attachment to me, and their fidelity. There was no European beyond Gondokoro: thus I should be the only white man among this colony of wolves and I had in prospective a difficult and uncertain path, where the only chance of success lay in the complete discipline of my escort, and the perfect organization of the expedition. After the scene just enacted, I was assured that my escort would give me more cause for anxiety than the acknowledged hostility of the natives."

Having been instructed by the khedive to annex the surrounding territory to his province, Baker selected the 26th of May as the time when it would be officially annexed to Egypt. On that day, the troops, numbering one thousand four hundred men, dressed in bright uniforms, gathered around the flagstaff which had been erected; and the proclamation was read, which declared the khedive ruler of the country and possessor of its soil. The flag was then drawn up to the top of the staff, and the officers saluted it with drawn swords. After this the artillery fired a salute, and the region around Gondokoro belonged to Egypt's ruler. The natives watched the proceedings with astonishment, and were told in response to their questionings, that all this pomp was for their benefit, and that the new-comers only sought their good, and to protect them from the slave-traders.

Baker at once endeavored to set the natives to work; he partially succeeded in this, and for a time everything bore a promising look. But the warlike Bari had restrained their destructive propensities as long as they could, and began to show signs of hostility. There succeeded a war with these people in which they showed the greatest courage and ferocity, and in which the men under Baker's command manifested great lack of soldierly qualities. He succeeded in subduing them at last, largely by the aid of his faithful "forty thieves," or body-guard, upon whom alone he could safely depend.

Early in 1871 Baker set out on a trip to the Albert Nyanza. On his return he stopped at Fatiko, a slave-trading station established

by Abou Saood, a crafty Arab, and one of Baker's chief enemies. It was he who had instigated the attack of the Bari upon Baker's troops. He now put on a smiling countenance and welcomed his visitor as though he was his dearest friend. But Baker was not deceived and laid his plans to set free all the slaves in the vicinity.

He had not only the crafty Arab to deal with, but as crafty a negro, Abba Rega, the king of the province, whose professions of amity were followed by a treacherous assault upon the troops. Baker, however, was equal to the occasion. He formally annexed the region as Egyptian territory, and took measures to break up the slave trade in that quarter. As for Abba Rega, his succession of attacks led to the destruction of his town and the villages of the district.

Baker now set out for the capital of Rionga, a friendly African king, with whom he performed the ceremony of blood brotherhood and whom he found a valuable aid.

One further hostile movement he had to deal with, an attack on the camp of Abdullah, one of his subordinate officers, fomented by Abou Saood. Baker, learning of the assault, hurried from Rionga's capital to Abdullah's assistance. He found that the attack was led by Wat-el-Mek, in command of his irregular forces, whom the Arab had induced to mutiny. This was the last attempt to destroy Baker's forces. His victory proved the death-blow of the slave traffic in that region. From that time peace reigned, the natives were secure in their homes and the future looked bright for the native Africans.

CHAPTER XLII

In the Land of Gorillas and Pygmies

M. DU CHAILLU was a Frenchman who became a naturalized American. In the autumn of 1855 he left America for the West Coast of Africa with the intention of remaining several years in that country. He started from the settlements on the Gaboon River, to explore a great tract of country lying between the seashore and the ranges of mountains which were said to rise to great heights along the central line of the continent. He was possessed of exceptional advantages for this purpose, as he had previously resided several years on that coast, where his father had formerly possessed a factory; and he had a knowledge of several of the languages of the native tribes on the coast. The first journey that he planned was up the Gaboon River into the land of the Fans, who were reputed to be a race of warlike cannibals; but Du Chaillu was brave, and had always found the natives well inclined to him, and, besides, to catch a sight of and obtain the skin of a gorilla was worth encountering some risk and danger. While waiting on the coast with the object of becoming acclimatized, he studied the habits of native tribes, and perfected himself in their languages; and he tells some curious stories of customs prevailing among the Mpongwe, the principal tribe there. When a king dies another is elected by the general vote, and the way in which he is informed of his new dignity is as follows: he is surrounded by an immense crowd of his future subjects, who set to work to treat him in the most outrageous manner—they spit in his face, kick him, throw filth at him, pound him with their fists, all the while lustily abusing and cursing him, his father, his grandfather, his mother, his sisters, and every one of his ancestors. It is as much as to say, “You are not our king *yet*, and we’ll make the most of our liberty by thrashing you before you have the power to thrash us!” After about half an hour, this strange scene comes to an end; he is taken to the house of the old king, a silk hat (the symbol of royalty) is placed upon his head, he is

attired in a red robe, and thus installed as king. After this, some six days are spent in riotous feasting and drunkenness.

The principal object of Du Chaillu was the discovery of a great ape which had long been supposed to dwell in this part of Africa, the monster of semi-human shape and aspect now well known as the gorilla. It was then little more than a tradition and our traveler was the first to make the world familiar with its haunts and habits.

He started up the Muni River July 27, 1856, with some natives who promised to lead him to the monster's abiding place. It was at an encampment at the height of about 5,000 feet above the sea that the first indication of the vicinity of gorillas was perceived by the negro guides, who noticed the sugar-canes in some places beaten down, torn out by the roots, and lying about in fragments that evidently had been chewed. After several times catching sight of the animals, which, however, disappeared too quickly for a shot to be fired, Du Chaillu at last killed one, and this adventure must be given in his own words:

"Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the natives' way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp lookout is necessary. And presently I heard, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees. This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They once more looked carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right; and then we marched on cautiously. The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on. Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our

party, he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar. The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like that of an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch." In another place Du Chaillu says that he believes he has heard this roar at a distance of three miles. "His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed."

The people of this country, the Fans, were fortunately very

friendly, but there is no mistaking the fact of their being cannibals. The men are tall and finely made; they go about almost naked, wearing only the skin of a wild cat or tiger round their middle. Their teeth are filed to a point, and are sometimes blackened besides, and this gives them a peculiarly ferocious look. They wear their hair in long thin plaits, and hang all sorts of "fetishes"—monkeys' fingers and tails, human hair, skin, teeth and bones, claws and skulls of birds, and bits of metal—round their necks. Although they were very well disposed, and constantly sent the white man presents, he would never accept cooked food from them, for fear it had been dressed in one of the vessels in which they prepare their horrible human repasts.

Although these people possess only spears, they are very clever in killing elephants. Their plan is to choose a likely place, and then gathering a number of the thick cords of the trailing vines, fasten these together between the trees until a long network is made, and their object then is to drive a frightened elephant towards the spot. When he is caught in the nets, there is no escape; the more he tries to tear the vines, the more he is entangled in their meshes; and then the natives hurl their spears at him till he is covered with them, looking like a huge porcupine, and soon expires from loss of blood. But this sport is dangerous, and men are often killed by the infuriated beasts.

Du Chaillu several times tried to rear and tame the young of the gorilla and other apes, but in each case the little thing died. Joe, a young male gorilla hardly three years old, was a most savage and morose little brute. He rushed savagely at any one who approached him, and on one occasion, when he had escaped, it required four men to hold him when he was caught at last. Even with Du Chaillu, who used to feed him, he was vicious and treacherous. He would come readily to eat out of his master's hand, and while fixing his eyes upon his face in a seemingly innocent way, would suddenly dart out his foot to lay hold of Du Chaillu's leg, and several times he tore large pieces from the part of the pantaloons which he had seized. A young female gorilla afterwards caught was equally fierce, and the natives were all glad when the troublesome little creature died; but a young *nshiego mbouvé* that was afterwards secured soon became very friendly and amiable; by the time he died, "Tommy," as he was called, had become

quite a pet companion of his master's. Poor Tommy's one great vice was an inordinate love of brandy: on one occasion the traveler found his brandy bottle broken in pieces on the floor and Master Tommy coiled up at its side in a state of maudlin drunkenness.

Du Chaillu made another excursion to Africa in 1863, the story of which, told in his vivacious style, is very interesting, and is especially notable for the discovery of a tribe of dwarfs or pygmies, the existence of which had been known from old Grecian times, but which Du Chaillu had the honor of being the first of modern travelers to see. He has thus to his credit the discovery for the modern world of both the gorilla and the pygmy.

Traversing the thick forest on the way to Yengué, he came suddenly upon twelve strange little houses built at random in an open space; and on asking Kombila, his guide, what these were, was told they were dwellings of the Obongos. Thus he describes them, and later on it will be seen that he saw and measured some of these peculiar little people.

"How strange the houses of the Dwarfs seemed! The length of each house was about that of a man, and the height was just enough to keep the head of a man from touching the roof when he was seated. The materials used in building were the branches of trees bent in the form of a bow, the ends put into the ground, and the middle branches being the highest. The shape of each house was very much like that of an orange cut in two. The frame-work was covered with large leaves, and there were little doors which did not seem to be more than eighteen inches high, and about twelve or fifteen inches wide. Even the Dwarfs must have lain almost flat on the ground in order to pass through. When I say door I mean simply an opening, a hole to go through. It was only a tiny doorway. But I managed to get inside one of these strange little houses, and I found there two beds, which were as curious as everything else about the premises. Three or four sticks on each side of the hut were the beds. Each bed was about eight inches, or, at the most, ten inches in width. One was for the wife and the other for the husband. A little piece of wood on each bed made the pillows. It was almost pitch dark inside, the only light coming from the opening or door. Between the two beds were the remains of a fire, judging by the ashes and the pieces of burnt wood."

These little people mostly live on serpents, rats and mice, and what berries and nuts they can collect in the forest. On the next occasion the traveler was more successful and found the pygmies. On coming to one of their settlements everything appeared to be deserted, but Du Chaillu lay flat on the ground at the door of one of the little huts, and put his arm in at the entrance in the dark. Sweeping it round, he suddenly grasped hold of something; then a piercing shriek was heard; he had caught some one by the ankle, and unceremoniously dragging the creature out, it was found to be a poor wrinkled-looking old woman. Two poor women were discovered in the other huts, and when dragged out they began to shriek and cry and wring their hands, probably thinking that their last day had come, and it was for a long time in vain that the Ashangos assured them that the Oguisi did not mean to harm them.

“For the first time,” says Du Chaillu, “I was able to look carefully at these little Dwarfs. They had prominent cheek-bones, and were yellow, their faces being exactly of the same color as the chimpanzee’s; the palms of their hands were almost as white as those of white people; they seemed well proportioned, but their eyes had an untamable wildness that struck me at once; they had thick lips and flat noses, like the negroes; their foreheads were low and narrow, and their cheek-bones prominent; and their hair, which grew in little, short tufts, was black, with a reddish tinge. After a while I thought I heard a rustling in one of the little houses, so I went there, and looking inside, saw it filled with the tiniest children. They were exceedingly shy. When they saw me they hid their heads just as young dogs or kittens would do, and got into a huddle, and kept still. These were the little Dwarf children who had remained in the village under the care of the three women, while the Dwarfs had gone into the forest to collect their evening meal—that is to say, nuts, fruits and berries—and to see if the traps they had set had caught any game.”

The finding of these little people was Du Chaillu’s last success. He afterwards met with serious misfortunes, and was forced to fight his way through hostile tribes to the coast. At last, on the 21st of September, 1866, the mouth of the Fernand Vaz was reached, and once more the traveler looked on the sea. Six days afterwards, though

he had now neither money nor property remaining, he was kindly taken as a passenger by the captain of a vessel that was there loading for London, and for the last time left the shores of the land where he had spent so many days of exciting adventure, of anxious toil, and of friendly converse with the poor simple black men whom he had made his friends.

CHAPTER XLIII

A Brave German Among the Cannibals

OF those travelers who, starting from the north, have penetrated to the heart of Africa, the two most daring and successful have undoubtedly been Sir Samuel Baker and Dr. Schweinfurth, the German naturalist and explorer. Schweinfurth was no novice in travel. In 1863 he had traveled for two years through Egypt and Abyssinia, and advanced to Khartoum, where his purse having become empty, he was compelled to return to Germany, bringing with him a magnificent collection of plants to enrich the European museums. But he longed to go back to complete a more extended plan of exploration which he had conceived, and at last, in 1868, having received a grant of money from the Humboldt Institution, he set forth on his long and now famous journey to Central Africa.

Of his experiences on the way to Khartoum little need be said. He went by steamer down the Red Sea to Suakin, and thence overland to the Nile, arriving there, the real starting-point of his journey, on November 1, 1868. His course now for some distance lay by boat up the Nile to the Gazelle River. In the neighborhood of Kaka an unfortunate adventure befell him, that of being nearly stung to death by bees. Sitting quietly in his cabin one day, he heard shouts from his men, who, trudging along the bank, had been towing the boat, but now rushed frantically on board again, pursued by a swarm of bees that they had disturbed among the grass. The bees closely followed them, and a scene of wild confusion ensued on board. The savage insects were everywhere. Schweinfurth covered his face with his handkerchief and flung his arms about, but the more he gesticulated, the more irritated the furious insects became. They stung him mercilessly on his cheeks, his eyelids, beneath his hair, until perfectly maddened, he leaped overboard; but even then they did not leave him alone, for whenever he raised his head above water the stings rained upon him afresh. He was compelled to go on board again, and there taking a

big sheet he enveloped himself in it, and under its shelter had to set to work one by one to crush the bees enclosed with him beneath it. At last, after three hours, the buzzing subsided, and the men setting fire to the reeds on the bank induced these insect plagues to shift their quarters. One of the traveler's dogs had been stung to death; and as for himself, though with pincers he was able to remove the stings from his face, those beneath his hair produced small ulcers which were painful for several days.

Passing up the White Nile through the country of the Shillooks, and reaching the mouth of the river Sobat, Schweinfurth there made a very fortunate acquaintance in the person of Mohammed Aboo Sammatt, an influential ivory merchant, who offered to accompany him into the interior, and in the event, from first to last, proved a most valuable companion and friend. On arriving at the confluence of the Bahr-el-Ghazal with the White Nile, great annoyance and delay was caused by those masses of vegetation blocking up the river which Baker had previously met with.

"Two hundred of our people," he says, "sailors and soldiers, were obliged to lug with ropes for hours together to pull through one boat after the other, while they walked along the edge of the floating mass, which would bear whole herds of oxen, as I subsequently had an opportunity of seeing."

On March 25th, joining several other caravans that were starting for the interior, Schweinfurth and his men, leaving the river, started on their inland journey to the west, traveling through the countries of the Dyoor, Dinka and Bongo tribes. One great nuisance on the way was the tremendous noise which the Nubians of the caravan would constantly make at night. When tipsy with their national drink, "merissa," they banged for hours together the kettledrums which hung at the entrance of the seriba, or village. After vain remonstrances, Schweinfurth took the liberty of sprinkling the parchment of these huge drums with muriatic acid, so that the next time they were drummed upon they split across, and thus, for a time at least, he obtained peace.

After an excursion into the Mittoo country, where, as everywhere, he collected abundant fresh botanical and zoological specimens, prepa-

rations were made and a start accomplished, on January 7, 1870, for the Niam-Niam campaign, the journey through the land of the cannibals. Loathsome as was their habit of eating human flesh, the traveler found them friendly for the most part, possessed of considerable knowledge of several of the arts of life, such as those of pottery and working metals, and physically a very fine race. He thus describes a Niam-Niam warrior:

“With his lance in one hand, his woven shield and trumbash in the other—with his scimitar in his girdle, and his loins encircled by a skin, to which are attached the tails of several animals—adorned on his breast and on his forehead by strings of teeth, the trophies of war, or of the chase—his long hair floating freely over his neck and shoulders—his large keen eyes gleaming from beneath his heavy brow—his white and pointed teeth shining from between his parted lips—he advances with a firm and defiant bearing, so that the stranger as he gazes upon him may well behold, in this true son of the African wilderness, every attribute of the wildest savagery that may be conjured up by the boldest flight of fancy. It is therefore by no means difficult to account for the deep impression made by the Niam-Niam on the fantastic imagination of the Sudan Arabs. I have seen the wild Bishareen and other Bedouins of the Nubian deserts; I have gazed with admiration upon the stately war-dress of the Abyssinians; I have been riveted with surprise at the supple forms of the mounted Baggara; but nowhere, in any part of Africa, have I ever come across a people that in every attitude and every motion exhibited so thorough a mastery over all the circumstances of war or of the chase as these Niam-Niam. Other nations in comparison seemed to me to fall short in the perfect ease—I might almost say, in the dramatic grace—that characterized their every movement.”

But strong as they were, they were terribly frightened by European firearms; and on one occasion, when a quarrel was imminent, Aboo Sammatt lighted a lucifer-match and, applying it to the roof of a hut, showed he could “make fire,” and they submitted at once. And when afterwards Schweinfurth gave them matches to strike for themselves, no English display of fireworks was ever more admired, or more brilliantly successful—their own method of striking a light being the primitive mode of rubbing two dry pieces of wood together.

On the 19th of March, the Welle, a grand river flowing to the west, and 800 feet in breadth, was reached; and at this point ambassadors from Munza, king of the Monbuttoo, came to greet the travelers on their entrance into his kingdom. Nearly all the people of this part of Africa are cannibals; and though some prefer to conceal from the traveler their indulgence in human flesh, the Niam-Niam make no secret of it at all. They string the teeth of their victims round their necks, and have stakes erected round their buildings adorned with the skulls of the men they have eaten. The Nubians who accompanied Schweinfurth had all the time the greatest dread of the natives, for they knew, if one of them lagged behind, what would be his certain fate; and they asserted that even the bodies of the dead were often found to have been disinterred and carried off by the Niam-Niams for their horrible banquets.

The people of Monbuttoo, ruled over by King Munza, are very like the Niam-Niam, and they, too, are undoubted cannibals. A grand reception was awaiting the traveler in the king's palace. Immense crowds of natives had flocked thither to gaze on the white man, and officials with sticks marched about among the mob in the open space, vigorously knocking the little boys on the head, for all the world like parish beadles in England. Behind the king's seat hundreds of ornamental lances and spears, all of pure copper, were ranged closely together, and in the glare of the noonday sun these shone like a line of flashing torches. After a delay of more than an hour, during which the king was being adorned in his harem, the trumpeters began to blow their enormous ivory horns, the drums made a deafening noise, and a number of officials with heavy iron bells added to the din. Then, looking neither to right nor left, with a long, firm stride, came the king, Munza, and flung himself down on his chair of state. His arms, leg, neck, and breast were all covered with copper rings and chains, and a large copper crescent was placed on the top of an enormous sort of chignon about a foot and a half high, forming part of a crown made of closely plaited reeds covered with three layers of parrots' feathers, and crowned with a plume of the same. His whole body was smeared with the unguent of powdered cam-wood, and his single garment was a large piece of fig-bark, which, falling round his body, served as waist-

coat and breeches in one. He carried in his hand a sickle-shaped scimitar, which served as a sceptre, and by his side were two little tables covered with refreshments for his royal use, hidden by napkins of fig-bark. He was about forty years of age, slim and erect, with regular features, but a hard, cruel look in his eyes and about his mouth.

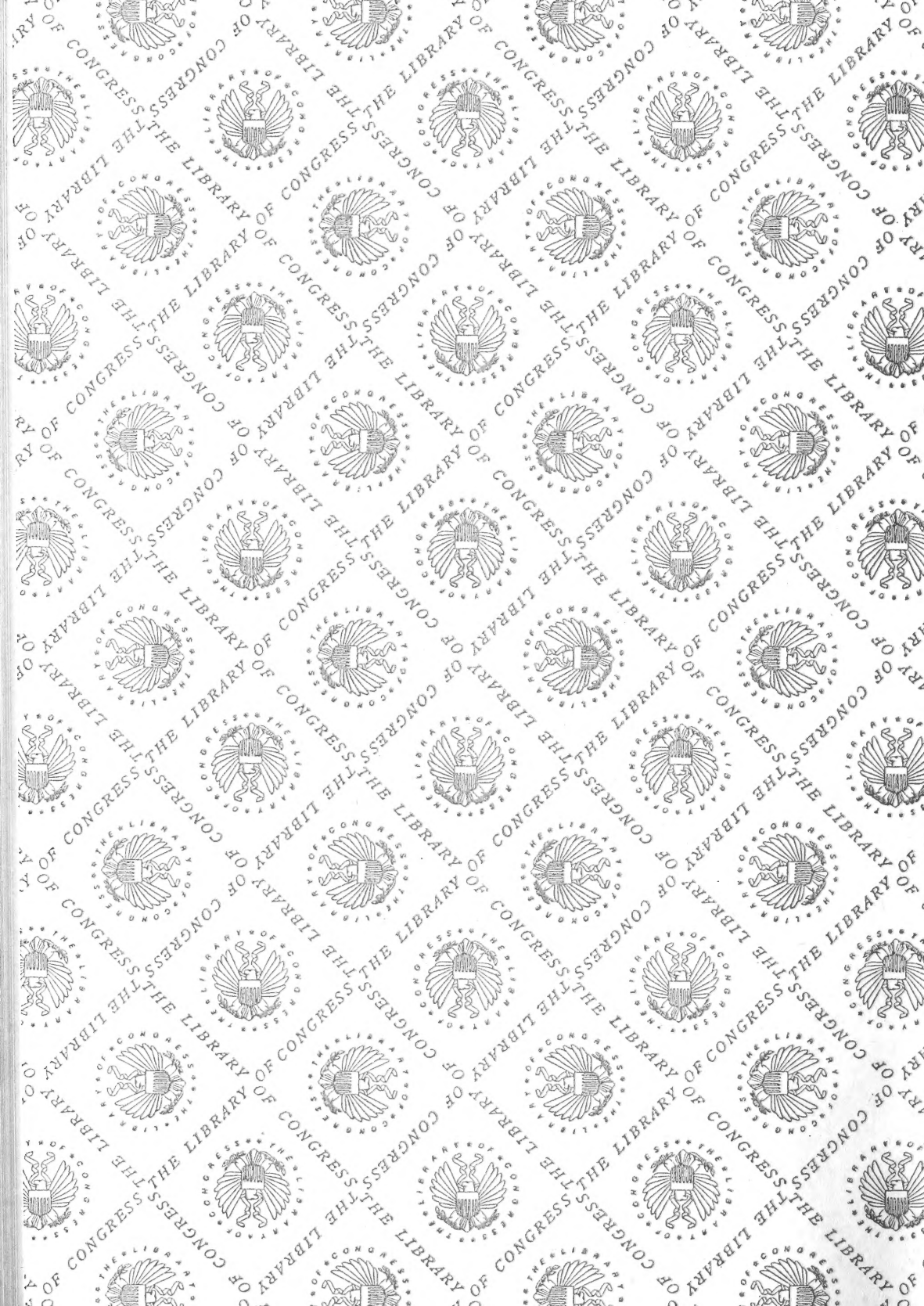
The presents, consisting of a telescope, silver platter, porcelain vase, a piece of carved ivory to show how the material was worked, a book with gilt edges, a mirror, and a large quantity of magnificent beads, were then exhibited; but the king, though carefully looking at them, did not say a word of approval. The next morning Munza sent the traveler a house in a rather peculiar way. Twenty natives appeared carrying the walls, woven with reeds, and others came behind carrying the roof. They then gravely put this together, and there was the house deposited close to Schweinfurth's tent and ready for use!

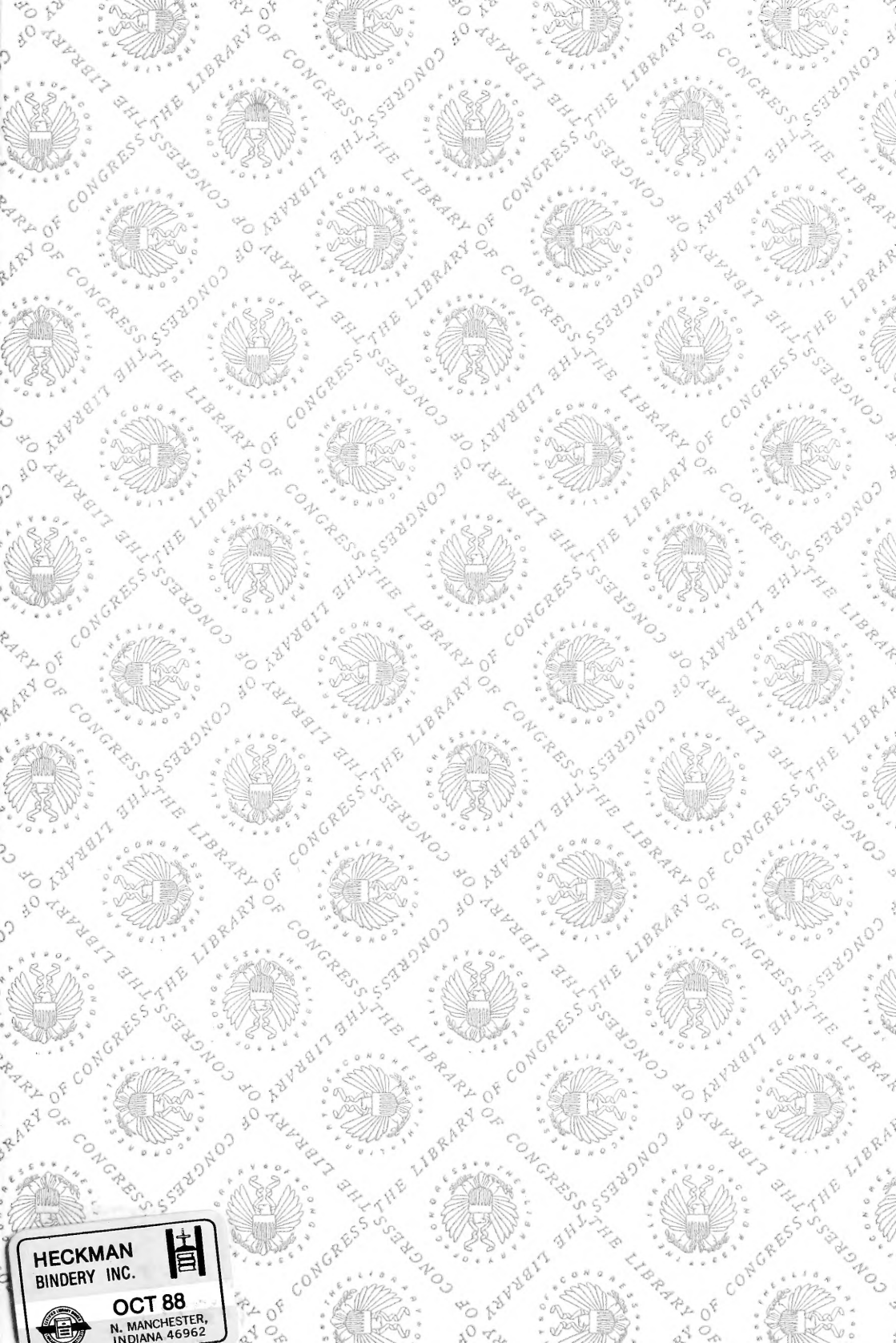
After Mohammed had concluded his bartering with the king, he wanted to push on farther south to obtain more ivory, and this journey was intensely desired by Schweinfurth, who hoped to be able in this way to reach the Congo, and at last emerge upon the European colonies in the southern latitudes; but Munza would not permit this southward march, as he wanted to keep all the traffic to himself, and finally the traveler had very reluctantly, in company with Mohammed and his party, to turn his face northwards again. It was while at the Monbuttoo court that he first saw an actual specimen of the race of Pygmies similar to those seen by Du Chaillu. The king had a regiment of several hundred of these little warriors, who belong to the Akka tribe, living in a territory toward the south; and one day Mohammed seized hold of one of them, and, despite his energetic resistance, carried him to Schweinfurth's tent for inspection. "I looked," says the traveler, "and there, sure enough, was a strange little creature, perched upon Mohammed's right shoulder, nervously hugging his head, and casting glances of alarm in every direction. Thus at last was I able veritably to feast my eyes upon a living embodiment of the myths of some thousand years!" He was dressed like the Monbuttoo, and had a miniature lance and bow and arrows. His stature was 4 feet 10 inches, probably above the average height of his nation. He jumped about with extraordinary agility, and the interpreter said that the Akka leap

through the grass like grasshoppers, and are so bold and clever that they shoot their arrows into the elephants' eyes and drive their lances into their bellies. After this Schweinfurth met with several hundreds of these diminutive warriors, none of whom, though full grown, exceeded in height the first one seen. He also secured one of the pygmy boys, whom the king gave him as a present to take to Europe, and the boy having no relations living, there was no one to object. Though little "Tikki-tikki" (the Niam-Niam name for the dwarfs) soon was quite reconciled to the change, and accompanied his master everywhere, delighting in hunting and the fights he witnessed, he so overgorged himself with eating that an illness was brought on, from which he died in Berber.

Schweinfurth's journey ended in a serious misfortune, a fire breaking out in a village in which he was staying and spreading with such rapidity that his journal and nearly all his effects were destroyed. Much was irretrievably lost, but the traveler was too stout-hearted to give up. From memoranda saved, and from memory, he constructed the greater part of his journal again, though of course the specimens collected, with which he had hoped to enrich the museums of Europe, were gone. At one time he even resolved to make another journey into the Niam-Niam country, but the hostilities going on there prevented his realizing this project. Returning to Khartoum, and thence to Suakin on the Red Sea, he embarked for Europe, and arrived on November 2, 1871, after three years and four months' absence, having during that time visited kingdoms till then unknown, and accomplished more than any other traveler in the way of adding to our knowledge of the natural history of the great central regions of the African continent.







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